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ONLY THE NAVAL RESERVE

BY RALPH E. CROPLEY

IN the history of the world there has never been a time when the sea has held the same dramatic appeal to mankind that it holds to-day. Many a ship sails from port and is never heard of again. Others return with their bridges shot away, their funnels riddled with shell-holes, and gaping wounds in their sides, and bring us tales almost unbelievable.

In comparison with the number of ships passing through the war zone, the number sunk has been almost infinitesimal; but this is due, not so much to the efficiency of the British Navy as to the merchant-ship men themselves. Without their unrecorded pluck and endurance during the past three years, as Admiral Jellicoe has said, 'the Navy, and indeed England, could not have existed.' It is they who have gathered the great armies of the Allies from the ends of the earth. It is they who fuel and provision the dreadnoughts. With their lives the Allies have purchased every ton of food they have imported.

As members of the Naval Reserve, they have hunted submarines in all kinds of weather. They have swept the sea for mines, and hardly a day has passed when some of them have not been blown up. They man tugs, salvage the wounded, and convoy the well. They have been called upon for every

sort of service — to navigate unlighted coasts, zigzagging at full speed, day and night, through dense fog, without blowing a whistle; to bring their torpedoed craft into port, expecting every moment to have her sink beneath them.

Some day the historian, and after him the poet, will tell their story. This chronicle of war, gathered piecemeal from the laconic narratives of imperturbable survivors, — British answers to Yankee questions, — from old sea friends of mine, under the mellowing influence of tobacco, and pieced together from odds and ends of information is here set down with a due sense of its inadequacy.

But, whoever tells the story, it stirs the blood to read of the *Avocet*, which left the river Meuse in calm weather and with a smooth sea, *en route* from Rotterdam to England. The land was still on the horizon when three German aeroplanes out of Belgium swooped down on her. Two were light aircraft, while the third, a battle-plane, was handled with great skill, attacking the ship from an elevation as low as eight hundred feet. The great plane would fly over her from stem to stern so as to have her full length for a target and not her beam only. But each time that it laid a course parallel to the ship, the *Avocet's* officers would swing her to

port or starboard, to get her out of line. Then the enemy overhead would sweep around in a circle, and the manœuvre would begin once more.

The two smaller aeroplanes were less skillfully manœuvred, flying across the ship from starboard to port and from port to starboard. If any one of the three had dared to descend to a lower level, the Avocet must have been hit and sunk; but the crew with their rifles maintained a constant fire upon them. Finally, the chief officer was fortunate enough to explode a distress-signal rocket within a few feet of the battle-plane, and the most formidable antagonist had to keep a higher altitude.

The fight lasted half an hour. The Germans dropped thirty-five bombs, all of which fell close, several missing the mark by not more than seven feet; and throughout the fight the Avocet was in danger from floating mines as well. Furthermore, before running out of bombs, the battle-plane turned its machine-gun on the ship, hoping thereby to kill the crew or drive them to cover, so that, being no longer so cleverly handled, she would be an easier mark for the bombs.

When the three Huns flew away, the Avocet's decks were littered with shrapnel; yet nobody was hurt, and the lookout man in the bows stuck to his post throughout. He actually reported a floating mine dead ahead, while the fight was at its hottest, so faithful a watch did he keep.

Even in these mad days, we can still wonder at the rash courage of the merchant skipper of the Straton, dashing in amid the wreckage of the sinking Runo, and saving two hundred lives despite the mines which could be seen floating about her. And who can fail to admire the dauntlessness of the old fishermen of Britain and of France, — men retired from the sea a score of years ago, — who, when their sons

took up mine-sweeping, went back to the worn-out trawlers condemned by the Admiralty as unseaworthy, and with antiquated gear resumed the dragging of their trawls, assisted by the grandsons!

For over two years the majority of the Allies' merchant ships traverse the danger zone and the Mediterranean without armament or convoy, and in many cases without wireless outfit. This statement is equally true of the transports: witness the case of the Ramazon, from which only three men were saved after she had been literally shelled to pieces by a U-boat.

Another case was that of the Mercian. She was jammed to the gunwale with some three thousand troops bound for Gallipoli. She had no gun nor was she convoyed. A submarine came up and began shelling her. Captain Walker took the wheel himself and for over two hours drove his comparatively slow-moving ship in flight. Not once did his nerve fail, while the storm of shrapnel fell all over the ship. A brother captain of his told me that Walker's coat was literally riddled though not a shot wounded him; that there were about ninety troops killed on board. During the chase some of the troops and crew, thinking the game was up, attempted to launch a boat. As it was being lowered, one fell slipped and the bow dropped, spilling out all except about fourteen, who clung to the thwarts and seats. Suspended thus with one end dragging in the water, the boat retarded the Mercian's speed and allowed the submarine to gain. Somebody had presence of mind to get an axe and cut the davit-falls which held the boat, and let her drop away. In going down she miraculously missed the propeller, which, however, cut off the leg of one of the wireless men. Two hours later, the men who had clung to the boat were all picked up by the

transport Cardiganshire. They had all got to the lifeboat, which floated, although full of water. Some one, it seems, had hauled the wireless operator aboard, and put a tourniquet on his leg. The poor fellow was taken on to Malta, where he died. Captain Walker, by his nerve, saved the Mercian and twenty-nine hundred of the troops from destruction. If he had worn the uniform of the Army or Navy he would have received the Victoria Cross. As it was, I am told that he received from his government the Military Medal, only because the officers of the troops he had on board demanded it for him.

In one case justice has been done a merchant sailor, for he has received as noble a reward, I think, as was ever bestowed. The Teviot, a little tub of a cargo boat, some 330 feet in length, was leaving Ostend, and it was understood that she would be the last boat to leave that port for England and safety, as the Germans were in the act of entering the town. People fought desperately for a chance to board her, and she was crowded with refugees.

She was commanded by Captain Braithwaite — a man of forty-odd, robust and thick-set, with a complexion like raw beef, an accent thicker than gruel, and a resounding laugh that seemed to start in his boots.

Just as the Teviot cleared the breakwater and pointed her nose toward England, Braithwaite saw a party of nuns being chased along the beach by German soldiers. Without a moment's hesitation, although the sea was fairly rough and refugees were clinging to the ship almost by their finger-tips, he backed his little craft toward the beach until he almost put her aground, then lowered his lifeboats, and, in spite of the rifle-fire along the beach, rescued eighty nuns, including the Mother Superior.

In an agony of terror, the poor nuns fell on their knees on the sand, and prayed that the boats might arrive in time. What a picture! the lifeboats in the surf, and the British tars splashing through it, each with a sister in his arms.

A letter endorsed by Cardinal Mercier was sent to Captain Braithwaite, in which the Mother Superior wrote that she had no hesitancy in saying that his action had saved the nuns from outrage. She added that, so long as her holy Order exists, prayers will be said for him and his children and his children's children, and that all the influence that the Order can command will always be employed for the benefit of his family.

Prayers could not save him, poor fellow. He was drowned not long ago in the Mediterranean, when the big ship Aragon was torpedoed. Knowing him, as I did, and knowing the part that he played in the Dardanelles with his transport, the Cardiganshire, pushing her always to the fore, and seeing to it that his chief officer got the Military Medal rather than himself, I am sure that he went down on the Aragon's bridge because there were still troops on board when she sank.

I have seen recently a letter from an officer of the Wilson Liner Toro, which was torpedoed in the Chops of the Channel two hundred miles from shore. Her crew of twenty-five took to the boats, twelve in one, thirteen in another, when the German pirate came alongside and called for the captain and took him aboard the submarine. Unless the submarine has been destroyed, he is interned in Germany today; for only by delivering captains there can the U-boat crews get their prize-money for breaking the laws of God and man.

Having stowed the Toro's captain below, the commander ordered the masts

and sails of the lifeboats destroyed before the eyes of the desperate crew. Then he shouted, in excellent English, 'Now, row, you British bastards, row!'

For men in an open boat, two hundred miles from land, with oars for motive power, the chances are slim. Of the two boats from the *Toro* one has never been heard from. The other, after five days of rowing, when the oars were practically worn out, was picked up about fifty miles farther from land than where the ship was sunk. The rescuing craft was bound for *Sierra Leone*; she took the men there, where they trans-shipped for England aboard another vessel, which was in its turn torpedoed. It took the survivors of the *Toro* just nine weeks to make the two hundred miles!

On Tuesday evening, July 31, 1917, at eight o'clock, two hundred miles from shore, the *Belgian Prince* was torpedoed without warning. After the men had taken to the boats, the submarine steamed in among them and ordered them alongside. The captain was taken below, and the crew, thirty-eight of them, were lined up on the deck, which was just awash. Then the Germans removed their life-belts and stove in the *Prince's* boats with axes, and going below, closed the trap-door. Thereupon, the U-boat promptly got under way, and steamed about two miles from the sinking *Prince*, where she submerged, offering her deck passengers the alternative of drowning, or swimming back two miles to the wreckage of their ship. The chief engineer happened to be provided with a pneumatic waistcoat. But for that, the ship might have gone down leaving no trace behind. He blew up this waistcoat of his, and for several hours supported a cabin boy, till the boy died from exposure. Finally, the engineer was himself picked up, after being in the water eleven hours. Another en-

gineer did manage to swim back to the wreckage of the ship.

Less familiar, perhaps, is the case of the *Anglo-Californian*, early in July, 1915. She had left Montreal a week or so before, heavily laden with war materials. She had been advised of the sinking without warning, just four days earlier, off the Irish coast, of the big *Leyland Liner Armenian*, with a cargo of American mules; and it was but two months since the *Lusitania* massacre! Thus her officers and crew were keenly alive to the prospect of the new type of murder; and so, when a submarine emerged astern of her and fired a shell, Captain Parslow yelled down the tube to the engine-room to speed her up. At the same time, he sent out S.O.S. signals, and a number of destroyers started in his direction.

The submarine on the surface showed greater speed than the *Anglo-Californian*, and, as she rapidly overhauled her, fired shell after shell. It was not long before the wireless was put out of commission, and things looked pretty blue for the ship. Finding that he could not escape, Captain Parslow adopted the tactics of a cornered animal, manœuvring his ship so that he kept her pointed at the enemy, thus preventing him from firing a torpedo with any good chance of success. The U-boat steamed round and round the big cargo boat, doing her best to get into a position where she could deal her a death-blow, all the while pouring shells into her. Frequently she came so close that rifle-fire was effective.

Throughout it all, amid that rain of death, Captain Parslow stood on the bridge and outmanœuvred the German assassin. Finally a shot struck the bridge itself. The concussion killed Parslow outright and mutilated his body terribly. His son, the second officer, who stood beside him on the bridge, was knocked down, but not

hurt. As the submarine was then close in and using rifle-fire, young Parslow crawled on his stomach across the shell-torn floor, grabbed the steering-wheel, and, keeping an eye on the enemy through holes in the canvas about the bridge-rail, manœuvred the ship as cleverly as his father had done. Another shell burst on the bridge and broke a spoke of the wheel, but young Parslow still gripped it, and there he stayed until the British destroyers appeared — four hours after the fight began — and the submarine was forced to submerge.

The Anglo-Californian's casualties were nine killed and eight wounded. As she entered Queenstown Harbor on the morning of July 5, she was a monument of German frightfulness, — her sides riddled with shell-holes, her decks splintered, and fragments of shrapnel embedded in them. Her escape was accomplished by no other means than the indomitable spirit of the Parslows, combined with their masterly seamanship.

The captain of the little collier, *Wandle*, in August, 1916, was blown off his bridge by the concussion from a shell, but picked himself up and saw to it that his crew replied to the submarines shot for shot, until he finally sank her. The *Wandle* had a triumphal progress up the Thames to London, her shattered bulwarks and shell-torn superstructure giving abundant proof of her daring.

The *Tintoretto* was bound from Gallipoli to Alexandria, empty. She had no wireless and her only armament was an old 12-pounder. Two U-boats lying alongside a supply ship came across her course. All three made for her. The *Tintoretto's* first shot was a lucky one: it hit one of the submarines, which, for some reason or other, blew up. The other one was driven out of range of the 12-pounder, and the *Tintoretto's* captain — his name was

Trantor — went aft and with his own hands chopped a hole in the deck, so that his 12-pounder could be tilted to cover the submarine; whose gun out-pointed it. The second U-boat was sunk at last, and then Trantor took on the supply ship. Although she was slower than the *Tintoretto*, she had a 4.7 gun, and Trantor was forced to run from her. On reaching Alexandria, his crew collapsed. Trantor was the toast of the town; but I have yet to learn that he has received from his government the recognition that his exploit deserved.

Captain Kinneir, of the *Ortega*, — an 8000-ton passenger liner then plying between Liverpool and Valparaiso and Panama, — was ordered to lay to by a German cruiser just north of Cape Horn. He steered his ship into Nelson Straits, a narrow, uncharted passage, with towering mountains on either side, — the gloomiest place in the world, — and got away because his pursuer dared not follow. There is no anchorage in the straits, and no ship of half her size had ever before ventured into them.

We have the record, too, of Frank Claret, captain of the *Minnehaha*, which went down four minutes after she was struck, forty-three of her crew being either killed or drowned. The captain rescued many of his men personally, swimming about and helping them to places where they could hold on till they were picked up. On the bridge or in the water, he was still master. One of the engineers was enormously fat. When the torpedo struck, he had on nothing in the world but an undershirt. Donning a life-preserver, he went overboard, and finally managed to hoist himself onto a raft, where he found a camp-chair waiting for him. There he enthroned himself with much comfort. The pleasant sight did much to cheer the crew as they clung to float-

ing wreckage. Chief Officer Abbey gave his life-belt to an injured fireman, then became exhausted himself before help could reach him. One of the wireless boys took a message from the captain on the bridge, went back to the wireless room, and was drowned as he was sending the message. This was the Minnehaha's first trip under convoy, after escaping disaster for over three years unescorted.

And what of Custance of the Arcadian, who took so many of us pleasure-seeking travelers to Bermuda, or entertained us royally during excursions to 'the land of the Midnight Sun.' A little slip of a man he is, whose eyes would not blink in a gale of wind — a man who takes everything terribly to heart. He arrived in New York on Christmas Day, 1917, after an absence of five weeks — arrived ready, as usual, to go to sea again, though he had just been torpedoed and had struggled a hundred miles into port, in the teeth of a gale, with the ship gradually sinking beneath him, and a crew of Chinamen who had to be held at bay with a gun.

It was Custance, in command of the tiny mine-sweeper Mingary, who held off three submarines and saved the battle cruiser Warspite as she was limping home from the Jutland battle. For two years he never saw his family, but stuck to his perilous mine-sweeping job around the Shetland Islands, that hell of storms and Germans! From the big cruising steamship Arcadian he went to his little mine-sweeper, and led the line in that hazardous work, once having the whole after part of his craft blown off. Then for a time he was on the Maid of Honor, a patrol yacht, every night convoying ships across to France and coming back by day.

Now, the nature of this work of the Channel patrol is forcibly described in this fragment of a letter from one of those engaged in it: —

'The weather round about here has been too damnable for words lately and life on a patrol boat has been no cinch. Came down harbor yesterday in a regular blizzard, — could barely see fifty yards ahead at times, and about three inches of snow all over the ship, — freezing like the devil. There's an infernal no'westerly wind blowing, and this packet rolls about like a sick-headache. It's no joke monkeying about in a tiny craft of this size, hunting "tin fishes." In daylight it's bad enough, but at night it's extremely dangerous, as one can't see the seas and one's liable to half swamp one's self in turning. And as far as any comfort below goes, there isn't any. Everything is damp and cold, and the steward loses the greater part of your food in bringing it to you, and what you finally receive is a cold unpalatable mess. Yet, by God! it's something to be out here having a chance to bag a bally German swine!'

The Admiralty finally put Custance in hospital, but as soon as they let him out, off to sea again he went, and he is now doing most valuable service as commodore of a convoy.

The seafaring men who have ferried so many of us across the Atlantic have certainly upheld the traditions of their forefathers. They have fought with their heads as well as with their guns, like Haddock of the Olympic, who hoodwinked the Germans with his dummy dreadnoughts. To Haddock, and to Haddock alone, it is due that so many troops got to Gallipoli on unarmed transports while the Grand Fleet remained intact in the North Sea.

Haddock is a master of marine camouflage. His dummy Queen Elizabeth kept the whole Austrian fleet bottled up in the Adriatic. She was nothing more formidable than the old Royal Mail Liner Oruba, which used to

un from New York to Bermuda. In his connection it is diverting to remember how our German-American press denounced England as a liar for saying that the famous battle-cruiser *Tiger* was not sunk by a submarine in the Mediterranean. The real *Tiger* was at that time, and still is, with the Grand Fleet in the North Sea, and I hear regularly from a former merchant-ship officer who fought aboard her in the Jutland battle, after she was said to have been sunk, and who has been raised to the rank of lieutenant-commander for valor. But her replica, Haddock's dummy, — the old American Liner *Merion*, of the Philadelphia-Liverpool line, — lies at the bottom of the Mediterranean.

Captain Braithwaite, of whom I have already spoken, was present on a transport when the submarine let five transports go by in order to plug the dummy *Tiger*; he told me that it was most ridiculous to see men hustle canvas 6-inch guns below whenever a neutral ship hove in sight; and that, when the torpedo struck her, many men loaded ashore astride wooden 14.7 guns. The torpedo worked more havoc on the dummy's decks than with her side, or to get her down so that she would have the freeboard of a battle-cruiser, she had been loaded with cement and stones, and the explosion filled the air with flying missiles which fell back on her decks. The strangest feature of the whole episode is that, although loaded beyond the safety mark with a very heavy cargo, the dummy did not sink for twenty-four hours.

Haddock's 'Suicide Squadron' of old liners is no more; but without their aid in convoying the transports to the Dardanelles, the German fleet might have succeeded in breaking through the coroll spread by the British Grand Fleet about the North Sea; for that fleet would have had to be weakened to sup-

ply ships for the service which the dummies performed.

It is unnecessary to introduce the *Carmania* to the American traveling public. Soon after the war began, she was prepared for service as an auxiliary cruiser. She came across to Bermuda and was taken up a tortuous channel to the Navy Yard. It is a wonder to this day how such a leviathan ever got safely into and out of that channel.

From Bermuda she steamed south, looking for the Kronprinz Wilhelm and the big *Cap Trafalgar*, which had been transformed into raiders. Three hundred miles off Rio de Janeiro she fell in with the *Cap Trafalgar*, protecting neutral steamers which had been sent out to coal the German raiders. Each ship was of about 20,000 tons and over 600 feet in length, and they were built for passenger liners, not fighting ships.

The *Carmania* was commanded by a regular naval officer, but she was navigated by merchant-ship officers.

The *Cap Trafalgar* was much more heavily armed than the *Carmania*. Her guns were 6-inch against the *Carmania's* 4.7. The fight lasted two hours; then the *Cap Trafalgar* rolled over on her side and sank. About one hundred and fifty shots were fired on each side. The *Carmania's* fire was aimed at the water-line, whereas the *Cap Trafalgar* fired at the *Carmania's* superstructure. The latter's main bridge was shot away, and she was manœuvred during most of the battle from the second officer's bridge at the stern.

When the *Cap Trafalgar* sank, the *Carmania* was on fire fore and aft, and had not the British cruiser *Bristol* come to her assistance, she would have been gutted, as her whole water-system was shot to pieces. It was a wonderful battle, and the skillful manœuvring of the merchant-ship men kept the *Carmania* bow on to the *Cap Trafalgar*, thereby offering a smaller target.

After the battle the *Carmania*'s dead were buried, and the British cruiser *Marlborough* accompanied her to Gibraltar for repairs. The long trip of several thousand miles was accomplished safely; but she was navigated entirely from the tiny bridge at the very stern, the bridge on which the second officer keeps watch when she goes in or out of port. The fight took place in mid-September, 1914.

The other day the *Carmania* passed up the Hudson River, and a British merchant officer in the Naval Reserve, who was looking from my office window, came to the salute. That shows how merchant men feel toward the *Carmania*; for her fight with the *Cap Trafalgar* was the first big sea-battle of the war, and the merchant-ship men proved thereby their value to the nation.

The three Americans who refused to leave the tug *Vigilant*, and who brought her into port after she had been abandoned by her captain and the rest of the crew, are certainly worthy of niches in some Hall of Fame. She was one of the American tugs purchased by Great Britain, and started across the Atlantic under her own steam. It was in the late autumn of 1916; even in a calm summer sea such a voyage is a risky thing for a tugboat, and she was in difficulty from the start. During the entire trip she was smothered in huge seas; in mid-Atlantic she was so sorely tried that, when the *Holland-America Liner Ryndam* came along, the *Vigilant*'s captain deemed it his duty to abandon her and save the lives of his crew, for he had abandoned hope of getting her safely across.

But the three Yankees—Ferguson, Smith, and Welch—thought differently, and chose to stay by the ship. After the *Ryndam* had disappeared below the horizon, the weather grew worse, till the little tug was having a taste of the most violent gale seen on the Atlantic

in 1916. She was simply buried beneath great seas, all the gear on deck went by the board, and at last the steering-gear got jammed and the tug was thrown on her beam-ends. As she wallowed in the trough, it seemed impossible that she could live; but the next minute found her still there, with Ferguson battened in the pilot-house, Welch at the engine, and Smith in the stoke-hold, firing the boiler whenever the lurching allowed him to keep his feet for a moment.

Live she did, or we should never have heard the tale. For three days the men had neither food nor drink; yet, weak to the point of exhaustion, and sustained only by their own Yankee grit and the incalculable good fortune which often smiles upon a daring adventure, they brought the *Vigilant* into Bantry Bay.

There are, of course, records which furnish more exciting reading; but until we entered the war, this was the first real exhibition for many years of old-time Yankee seamanship.

I have talked with many a naval officer about the part played by the fishermen of France and England in the war. One and all are loud in their praise, for the fishermen have proved to be, in very truth, the eyes and ears of the Navy. They have kept the sea in weather so vile that they would never have dreamed of facing it in times of peace. They have gone everywhere and done everything—done work for which no gold could adequately reward them. I know of a fishing trawler, without a gun, which pursued a U-boat and by sheer persistence forced her to submerge and let the merchant ship she was chasing make her escape. And there is the story of a fisherman at a trawler's wheel, who, when the wheel was smashed in his hands by a shell from a submarine, kept on steering with the broken spokes while his mates fought on. Of the fisherman skipper of the *Pelican* it is told that he

alone refused to abandon his craft when a mine got entangled in the mine-sweeping tackle as it was being hauled aboard; and, before anybody realized the danger, the mine was close alongside. The least lurch would have caused the vessel to be blown to atoms. Expecting, each moment to be his last, the captain worked to clear away the mine. His nerve won the day; but as the mine drifted astern, for some unknown reason it exploded, and nearly swamped the lifeboat standing by.

This mine-sweeping business is terribly hard on the nerves. One moment a group of ships will be sailing along together on a tranquil sea. The next moment there comes a flash and a bang, and a ship and her crew have disappeared. And this is almost a daily occurrence somewhere in the danger zone. Because these hardy seamen do not wear the brass buttons of the regular Navy or Army, the general public has not shown the interest in them that it should have shown, nor has their valor been adequately rewarded.

The following copy of a letter written by Captain Chave of the Alnwick Castle to her owners was published in the English newspapers: it describes a typical experience of the sort that merchantmen have had to go through during this war.

FRENCH S.S. VENEZIA
At Sea, March 28, 1917.

THE UNION CASTLE MAIL S.S. Co.,
LONDON.

GENTLEMEN, —

With deep regret I have to report the loss of your steamer Alnwick Castle, which was torpedoed without warning at 6:10 A.M. on Monday, March 19, in a position about 320 miles from the Scilly Islands.

At the time of the disaster there were on board, besides 100 members of my own crew and 14 passengers, the captain and 24 of the crew of the collier

transport Trevoze whom I had rescued from their boats at 5:30 P.M. on the previous day, Sunday, March 18, their ship having been torpedoed at 11 A.M. that day, two Arab firemen being killed by the explosion, which wrecked the engine room. . . .

I was being served with morning coffee at about 6:10 A.M., when the explosion occurred, blowing up the hatches and beams from No. 2 and sending up a high column of water and debris which fell back on the bridge. The chief officer put the engines full astern, and I directed him to get the boats away. All our six boats were safely launched and left the ship, which was rapidly sinking by the head.

The forecastle was now (6:30 A.M.) just dipping, though the ship maintained an upright position without list. The people in my boat were clamoring for me to come, as they were alarmed by the danger of the ship plunging. The purser informed me that every one was out of the ship, and I then took Mr. Carnaby from his post, and we went down to No. 1 boat and pulled away. At a safe distance we waited to see the end of the Alnwick Castle. Then we observed the submarine quietly emerge from the sea, end on to the ship, with a gun trained on her. She showed no periscope — just a conning tower as she lay there — silent and sinister. In about 10 minutes the Alnwick Castle plunged bow first below the surface; her whistle gave one blast and the main topmast broke off; there was a smothered roar and a cloud of dirt, and we were left in our boats, 139 people, 300 miles from land. The submarine lay between the boats, but whether she spoke to any of them I do not know. She proceeded northeast after a steamer which was homeward bound about four miles away, and soon after we saw a tall column of water, etc., and knew that she had found another victim.

I got in touch with all the boats, and from the number of their occupants I was satisfied that every one was safely in them. The one lady passenger and her baby three months old were with the stewardess in the chief officer's boat. I directed the third officer to transfer four of his men to the second officer's boat to equalize the number, and told them all to steer between east and east northeast for the Channel. We all made sail before a light westerly wind, which freshened before sunset, when we reefed down. After dark I saw no more of the other boats. That was Monday, March 19.

I found only three men who could help me to steer, and one of these subsequently became delirious, leaving only three of us. At 2 A.M., Tuesday, the wind and sea had increased to a force when I deemed it unsafe to sail any longer; also it was working to the northwest and north-northwest. I furled the sail and streamed the sea-anchor, and we used the canvas boat-cover to afford us some shelter from the constant spray and bitter wind. At daylight we found our sea-anchor and the rudder had both gone. There was too much sea to sail; we manœuvred with oars, while I lashed two oars together and made another sea-anchor. We spent the whole of Tuesday fighting the sea, struggling with oars to assist the sea-anchor to head the boat up to the waves, constantly soaked with cold spray and pierced with the bitter wind, which was now from the north. I served out water twice daily, one dipper between two men, which made a portion about equal to one third of a condensed-milk tin. We divided a tin of milk between four men once a day, and a tin of beef (6 pounds) was more than sufficient to provide a portion for each person (29) once a day.

At midnight Tuesday-Wednesday, the northerly wind fell light, and we

made sail again, the wind gradually working to northeast and increasing after sunrise. All the morning and afternoon of Wednesday we kept under way, until about 8 P.M. when I was compelled to heave to again. During this day the iron step of our mast gave way and our mast and sail went overboard, but we saved them, and were able to improvise a new step with the aid of an axe and piece of wood fitted to support the boat-cover strongback. We were now feeling the pangs of thirst as well as the exhaustion of labor and exposure and want of sleep. Some pitiful appeals were made for water. I issued an extra ration to a few of the weaker ones only.

During the night of Wednesday-Thursday the wind dropped for a couple of hours and several showers of hail fell. The hailstones were eagerly scraped from our clothing and swallowed. I ordered the sail to be spread out in the hope of catching water from a rain shower, but we were disappointed in this, for the rain was too light. Several of the men were getting light-headed and I found that they had been drinking salt-water in spite of my earnest and vehement order.

It was with great difficulty that any one could be prevailed on to bail out the water, which seemed to leak into the boat at an astonishing rate, perhaps due to some rivets having been started by the pounding she had received.

At 4 A.M. the wind came away again from northeast and we made sail; but unfortunately it freshened again and we were constantly soaked with spray and had to be always baling. Our water was now very low and we decided to mix condensed milk with it. Most of the men were helpless and several were raving in delirium. The foreman cattleman, W. Kitcher, died and was buried. Soon after dark the sea became confused and angry; I furled

the tiny reef-sail and put out the sea-anchor. At 8 P.M. we were swamped by a breaking sea and I thought all was over. A moan of despair rose in the darkness, but I shouted to them, 'Bail, bail, bail!' and assured them that the boat could not sink. How they found the bailers and buckets in the dark, I don't know, but they managed to free the boat, while I shifted the sea-anchor to the stern and made a tiny bit of sail and got her away before the wind. After that escape the wind died away about midnight and we spent a most distressing night. Several of the men collapsed, others temporarily lost their reason; and one of these became pugnacious and climbed about the boat uttering complaints and threats.

The horror of that night, together with the physical suffering, are beyond my power of description. Before daylight, however, on March 23, the wind permitting, I managed with the help of the few who remained able, to set sail again, hoping now to be in the Bay of Biscay and to surely see some vessel to succor us. Never a sail or wisp of smoke had we seen. When daylight came, the appeals for water were so angry and insistent that I deemed it best to make an issue at once. After that had gone round amid much cursing and snatching, we could see that only one more issue remained. One fireman, Thomas, was dead; another was nearly gone; my steward, Buckley, was almost gone; we tried to pour some milk and water down his throat, but he could not swallow. No one could eat biscuits; it was impossible to swallow anything solid; our throats were afire, our lips furred, our limbs numbed, our hands were white and bloodless. During the forenoon Friday, another fireman, named Tribe, died, and my steward Buckley died; also a cattleman, whose only name I could get as Peter, collapsed and died about noon.

To our unspeakable relief we were rescued about 1:30 P.M. on Friday, 23, by the French steamer Venezia of the Fabre Line, for New York for horses. A considerable swell was running, and in our enfeebled state we were unable properly to manœuvre our boat; but the French captain, M. Paul Bonifacie, handled his empty vessel with great skill and brought her alongside us, sending out a lifebuoy on a line for us to seize. We were unable to climb the ladders, so they hoisted us one by one in ropes, until the 24 live men were aboard.

The four dead bodies were left in the boat, and the gunners of the Venezia fired at her in order to destroy her, but the shots did not take effect.

I earnestly hope that the other five boats have been picked up, for I fear that neither of the small accident boats had much chance of surviving the weather I experienced. At present I have not regained fully the use of my hands and feet, but hope to be fit again before my arrival in England, when I trust you will honor me with appointment to another ship.

I am, gentlemen, your obedient servant,

BENJ. CHAVE.

To collect these little stories of the sea has required a deal of perseverance. For these men will talk to you about the excellent work of the American destroyers in the war zone, about what some other skipper has done; but never will you learn from the lips of a British merchant-ship officer of his own gallant deeds, of the stout heart he has shown in saving his ship and the lives of men, women, and children imperiled by the Teuton murderers. There have been no conscientious objectors among them. They have done what it has been necessary for them to do, facing death daily and hourly,

THEIR WAR

BY HETTY HEMENWAY

I

It was before the war, and women of the British Empire did not take their young sons as seriously as they do now.

Edwin was seventeen years old. His voice had changed, and he had reached an age when he was a mystery to his mother. His manner was aloof; he behaved like an alien in his own home and toward his own family — a curious alien in a far-away country, lonely and rejoicing in his loneliness. From a rude and boisterous lad who had filled the house with jarring, joyous noise, he became suddenly taciturn and silent for days. When his mother scolded or cajoled him, a little wistfully or fretfully, as the case might be, he looked down at her from his strange new height, and said, as if it cost him a physical effort to say so many words, —

‘I don’t know what you mean.’

He seemed so embarrassed at being asked questions or talked to about himself that she took pity and tried to let him alone. She felt instinctively that he was preoccupied by some inward process, so marvelous, so delicate, so absorbing, that to be asked questions was like interrupting a painter before his unfinished canvas, or an inventor at his engine. The eyes he turned toward her had the same harsh look of absorbed devotion suddenly disturbed. ‘Let me alone,’ they said.

She became quite plaintive about it, wondered if he did n’t love her any more; and when she asked he bantered

her. Bantering was his defense, and with it he parried any sentiment or attempts to get at the real him.

Silent and gruff to the point of surliness, except for irritating fits of rough puppy play, he stood quite aloof from the world about him. He read with avidity books of adventure and travel, and was mad about machinery, and would spend hours in a sort of blissful coma or grouch, oblivious, so far as the rest of the world was concerned, over a broken-down automobile, or tinkering in the blistering sun the engine of his motor-boat. He was fond of music, and went passionately to the theatre, always with other youths of his own age, where, fortified by a row on each side of him, he blushed and grinned at the antics of the chorus girls.

His hair was always rumpled; he wore a soft shirt, a despicable tie, an old Norfolk jacket, and looked too uncouth for words.

‘Edwin Byrne, what can I do to make you look like a gentleman?’ his mother would say at least three times a day.

Naturally, therefore, she was greatly surprised one afternoon at the theatre, when, as she scanned the house with her opera-glasses, she spied Edwin in a seat at the back, in the orchestra pit — faultlessly dressed, his blond hair soaked with water, and wearing a suit which she did not even know that he possessed.

He was staring straight ahead of him. ‘He’s not afraid to show how much he loves music, because he has

no idea that any one is watching him,' thought the mother, astutely; and from this point of vantage, therefore, she watched. She saw Edwin get up and of his own free will speak to a middle-aged lady a few rows in front of him. The lady seemed well acquainted with him, and he sat down beside her and conversed with perfect ease and cordiality. His mother watched him, agape. She had chronically worried about his manners when she was not present to remind and prompt him, as she had done since he was six years old; to whisper, 'Don't forget to be very polite to Mrs. S——.' If she had only known, it was this very admonition that made his manner toward Mrs. S—— positively adamant in its abject frigidity.

A little girl who was seated on the other side of her mother poked a vivacious word into the conversation occasionally, and then drew back, twisting her hands with embarrassment. Edwin hated little girls, especially pert little girls with grown-up manners — at least so his mother had always supposed. Yet he sat beside the strange lady during the rest of the opera.

After the curtain went down, as Mrs. Byrne was getting into her carriage, she saw her son helping the other lady into hers. The girl's smart dress came only to the top of her boots, and her hair was tied up in two great childish bows. She was talking in the same affectedly grown-up manner. 'Why, she's not such a child after all,' thought the mother; 'she might be fifteen!' It had not occurred to her before that a girl who reached only to her tall son's shoulder could be his contemporary. She tried to signal from her carriage, but the boy had disappeared. On her way home she stopped at a friend's house for tea, and burst out about her son.

'Edwin's got a girl! It's that fear-

fully common Mrs. Gilbert's daughter. I recognized them at the play; is n't it too delicious!'

And her hostess, Mrs. Betts, an invalid, who took an eager interest in all young people's affairs, laughed, and said archly, —

'He's such a dear, handsome boy! I suppose he will have a hundred affairs before he's through; but the first is always so amusing!'

When Mrs. Byrne came home she found Edwin, again in his old Norfolk coat, his hair ruffled, sitting in the back drawing-room, reading the newspaper, his feet on the damask sofa.

'I saw you at the opera this afternoon, but you did n't see me,' she said archly, frowning at his muddy shoes.

He gave her a startled, terrible look.

'Who was the nice-looking lady and the pretty girl you were talking to? Was it Mrs. Thomas Gilbert?' continued his mother pleasantly, trying to account for the horror in the boy's eyes.

'What girl? I don't know. Guess her name's Gilbert. Met 'em — somewhere. Don't know 'em at all,' stammered Edwin.

'Mrs. Thomas Gilbert,' continued the mother cordially; 'I never met her, but I know who she is.'

Silence.

'Don't they live on Albert Square?' Mrs. Byrne pursued. 'Did n't the father make his money in bath-tubs?'

'Guess so. Don't know anything about 'em,' almost shouted Edwin.

'Why, I dare say they are nice enough people.'

Mrs. Byrne remembered a little book she had read, called *Adolescent Boys*, in which the writer advised mothers to ask nice girls of their own choice to their houses, rather than let boys seek companionship at random. And after all, bath-tubs are perfectly respectable! So, after a pause, she said. —

'Would n't you like to ask that little girl here, or go to the theatre?'

But this natural suggestion was met by a look of such positive hatred and agony that she was really frightened and hastened to change the subject.

'What do you think of the news?' she asked, reading over Edwin's shoulder the staring headlines of his paper: 'Austria's ultimatum to Servia? Every one was talking about it where I went for tea.'

'It looks like a mix-up,' said Edwin, enormously relieved by the change of subject.

'Not war!' murmured his mother, and scolded him for putting his muddy shoes on the damask sofa. Her thought of the mix-up was, 'Nothing will come of this,' meaning, 'Nothing that will remotely affect Edwin or me personally.'

Other mothers, reading the headlines that same evening in quiet homes throughout Canada, were asking the same thing: 'Will this affect us?' 'Not war,' was their startled opinion; and while with Mrs. Byrne they voiced the general conviction and waited with the almost pleasurable horror and awe which perverse human nature experiences on the brink of a cataclysm, within the week their homes across the sea felt and were stirred by the strange vibration that arose, swaying, gaining in impetus, as on the highways, under the windows of Germany, the mightiest army in the world marched by.

But when, in its time, came the invasion of Belgium and the declaration of war by Great Britain, then instantly the panicky thought of mothers throughout Britain's great dominion was, 'Who is to fight this war?'

'Thank Heaven, Edwin is only seventeen!' thought one Canadian mother to herself.

Edwin, in those first days of war, was thrilled out of his usual silence,

and his voice became hoarse with excitement. It rang through the house and his leaping footsteps shook the stairs whenever a newsboy was heard at the street-corner. It was he who came bursting in to give the first news calling, —

'Mother! Mother!'

'I'm here,' she called back. She was sewing in her room.

'Canada calls for volunteers, mother; see, for volunteers.' He held a newspaper in his hand.

'Oh!' she said. At that moment all over the country women were saying, 'Oh!' The cry was echoed in the pantry, and in the nursery, and across the vast plains from the ranchmen's homes.

Down the street a newsboy went shouting, —

'Canada calls for volunteers for the mother country!'

'Hear that!' said Edwin.

He threw his arms round his mother's neck and hugged her with all his brutal young strength. His face was aglow as if with rapture.

Mrs. Byrne, looking up at him, was listening.

'Thank goodness, he's only seventeen!' she comforted herself. 'They surely won't take boys as young as he.'

She kept saying it in Edwin's hearing.

'Oh, I think mothers are so brave nowadays; they don't think of themselves at all. I don't know how I'd bear it; but I am so lucky, for they can't want boys as young as seventeen!'

Silently she reckoned up the young men she knew, whose death would be a personal loss to her or her friends, and she sighed with relief. She had none to give.

Five weeks later — just four months before Edwin's eighteenth birthday — he came into the room where his mother was waiting for tea. He kicked the wood-fire for five minutes, whistled, spilled the matches, swore under

his breath, and kicked them into the ashes.

'I've enlisted,' he said.

He looked guilty and ashamed, and he kicked the matches steadily and un- easily, his eyes bent on the floor.

His mother continued fussing with the tea-cups. Presently she said, 'I expected it.' Her hand did not tremble, but for some reason she blushed like a young girl.

Instead of shopping and doing errands that afternoon, as she usually did, she walked. She walked in an un- accustomed part of the town. She went into a little park — an island of dusty green among shabby old houses — and sat down. The sun was very hot, in the later afternoon, slanting through the trees and zigzagging dazzling patterns on the walks and iron benches. She had forgotten her parasol, but she did not take the trouble to move into the shade. She sat motionless; her face was flushed from the heat, and its refined and delicate lines sagged with weariness, showing the innocent sadness and quiet pathos that we see sometimes on the faces of middle-aged, quite conventional women, when they are asleep or quite alone and off-guard, or after they are dead and laid out in their caskets.

In the distance a hurdy-gurdy was playing war-tunes. People passed to and fro on the gravel walks. The air was sweet and drowsy, with the chirping of sparrows and the high, sweet voices of children and the incessant purring and calling of the city.

There were three figures which sat silently on the benches that hazy October afternoon. A heavy, sodden woman in the corner, who was talking to herself and crying in a luxurious drunken stupor, dizzy and lulled from her misery; a young fellow with a consumptive's cough, who was reading a stray page of a newspaper which the wind had been blowing about for days

in the dirt; and the lady in lilac and black, sitting in the full glare of the sun, without a parasol.

A boy and a girl walked by and saw nothing. The boy was tall and slender; the girl reached only to his shoulder; but she was doing all the talking, in a shrill, very young voice, with a little grown-up emphasis, and she twisted her hands nervously and excitedly as she talked.

The mother watched them; she watched Edwin every time the piquant, sharp face, the soft mouth with its incessant flow of words, was turned upward in his direction. Impossible not to follow the expression in Edward's eyes as he looked down at the top of her head, with its big bows bobbing. They walked side by side in the checkered sunlight, and the birds chirped, and the children called in their high, sweet voices, and the Vesper bells tolled the hour.

The mother stared after the retreating figures. She was aware of a sense of consternation. Her eyes clung to Edwin's slight figure disappearing under the trees beside that of the girl. It brought a choking feeling into her throat, and she was reminded quite suddenly that she had had Edwin in this very spot sixteen years ago, being wheeled in his perambulator — a big, handsome, placid baby. She remembered how she had smiled to herself at the majestic and austere gait of the nurse — 'Just as if,' she had thought indulgently, 'she were pushing royalty!'

The sun was very hot; she felt withered and close to tears. She got up abruptly and walked away.

The intoxicated woman watched her, grunting and murmuring to herself. The girl and boy came walking back slowly and sat down on the bench the lady had vacated.

'I like you best of anybody I know,' he said.

His voice trembled, and his eyes, sustained by some hidden energy, gazed steadily ahead. It was as if a shy animal had come suddenly out of his cave because he was hungry.

'I think I love you,' he said.

The girl sat motionless and silent, but the big bows fluttered like a butterfly poised on the chalice of a flower.

'I think it is time to go home,' said she, with a grown-up manner of acute propriety; her thin face, her little, thin, vivacious face was unable and too young to conceal its ecstasy. For a moment her head brushed his sleeve. 'I like you,' she said, in a little sharp voice. 'I like you a hundred times better than mother or father,' she added, with a frightened look at the sacrilegious thing she was saying. Her eyes were on a level with Edwin's shoulder. She could smell the dry-grass odor of his rough tweed jacket. She sat silent and immovable as a statue, and so did he. 'I love you,' she said.

II

Edwin went into training. He came home only occasionally. He looked as gawky and boyish as ever, but his uniform gave him prestige in his home. The servants showed at once that they recognized the change. As they waited at table, they watched the glittering word inscribed across his shoulder-straps: 'Canada.' His mother's attitude underwent a change, too. It reflected some of the tenderness and the infinite pride which she felt underneath, and was not tinged as formerly with much of a parent's patronizing, possessive, and slightly contemptuous authority. Edwin squirmed a little under the new deference of her manner.

When he came home from the training-camp on his hasty visits, he was always out at tea-time. His mother wondered, and guessed shrewdly where

he had been. At a bazaar where she was serving tea to soldiers, she noticed a girl who glanced often in her direction. Mrs. Byrne was immediately and subtly aware that she was an object of exciting interest to this girl, with a thin face framed in the big bows on the back of her hair. She went up to speak to her. The girl blushed, twisted her hands with embarrassment, and looked at her with very bright, shrewd eyes.

'I want to talk to you,' Mrs. Byrne said, pleasantly, 'because I have seen you twice before, and because you know Edwin.'

The girl's eyes devoured her when she said, 'Edwin.' With him she was a grown-up young lady, but with his mother she was a child on the rack before a stranger.

Beyond the most ordinary courtesies she had nothing to say. Mrs. Byrne smiled at her and she squirmed bashfully.

'What children they are!' the mother thought; 'what children! what children!'

A hint of amused condescension lurked in her smile, the polite surface reflection of an inner jealousy.

Nevertheless, when her son came home for a night, she intended to say to him, 'Edwin, dear, don't you think it would be nice? I'd so enjoy meeting the little Gilbert girl. She and I worked together at the bazaar. Could n't we have her here to dinner? We could go to the theatre afterwards.'

She had thought this all out carefully. She meant to say it in a matter-of-fact way that would not ruffle her son's new dignity, for she had not forgotten the horror in his eyes the night after the opera, when she had suggested this same thing. She plucked up courage to make her little speech as he was drinking tea, although she was conscious that Edwin was pre-occupied and not listening to her mild

chatter. Absent-mindedly he pulled her little dog's ears. Suddenly he said, —

'Oh, by the way, mother.'

'Yes?'

'Hum, by the way,' he said again; then, stumblingly, — 'Er — Doris Gilbert told me she met you at some bazaar or something. They've been very nice to me, and I thought it would be only decent to ask her here to dinner, you know, and then go to the theatre, I suppose. There's a ripping show in town now; I'd rather like to see it. You could send a note around by Jameson, could n't you?'

Mrs. Byrne's tone was suitably cordial, yet matter-of-fact.

'Why, yes; I think that would be a good idea. If they've been polite to you, you must be cordial in return.'

Edwin seemed reassured, but he continued to pull Jackie's ears without looking at his mother. He could guess that hateful amusement in her eyes bent cautiously on the tea-table.

'She would n't be allowed to go to the theatre without an older person, I suppose,' he said hesitatingly; 'so won't you come with us?'

'Why, certainly; I'd love it,' declared Mrs. Byrne enthusiastically.

She sat down and wrote the note, and Edwin took it and gave it to the errand boy. He returned to the library and, without looking at his mother, he lay down on the sofa and picked up a magazine.

'Edwin, dear, don't put your feet on the sofa.'

'I'm sorry, mother.'

He realized helplessly that the tenseness of his anticipation was being communicated to his mother. He felt suddenly unable to endure her presence, and lounged out of the room, whistling. He wandered uncertainly all over the house, loitering at the windows and staring out, and finally up to the fourth floor, which was not used

now. The big room at the corner had been his nursery before he went to school. The air was parched and motionless. He opened a window from which the iron bars had never been removed, and stood looking out. The evening wind blew past him. It tasted curiously and faintly of the sea. He stood there, twisting his hands like a nervous girl and staring out over the crouching roofs. It was sombre late afternoon, and the deep-tinted sky had absorbed all the warmth from the streets, leaving them dreary and wind-blown except for shafts of sunlight which glittered coldly on iron gateposts and window-panes. Carriages passed in a preoccupied procession, and a solemn hubbub arose from the city.

The boy at the window leaned his curly head against the iron bars. He felt remote and deliciously concealed in the darkness. His eyes were full of an almost painful preoccupation and avidity, and he sighed helplessly from the intensity and burden of his mood, his inability to cope with the fierce raptures and melancholy of his first love. Beneath it all there lurked a foreboding that made the wistfulness of it terrible.

'At this time next year I'll probably be dead,' he said to himself.

He had enlisted, he was going to the war, and yet, until that moment death had seemed immeasurably remote. It had always been remote, except once when he was a small boy, when, for some reason, it had seemed near. He had cried of nights before going to sleep, and his mother had sat by his bed, and he had told her that he was sick, just because he felt too terribly ashamed to tell her that he was afraid. It was in this very corner room — in that little iron bed, now shrouded and pushed into a shadowy corner — that he had felt this fear. How it all came back, that agony of dread, clutching at

his heart! Edwin smiled compassionately, and a little tremulously, at the small boy that he had been, with rumpled hair and scared eyes, sitting up in bed and crying to his mother and his nurse that he was sick. Now he closed his eyes and patently throttled this self-same fear. When he opened them again, a lamplighter was coming down the street, touching the lamps, which flared up faintly in the pale twilight. A grocer's boy swung himself whistling on to his team and the horse trotted off contentedly, with no one holding the reins.

'They'll go, too,' thought Edwin, leaning out and seeing that the lamplighter and the grocer were youngsters. The fear began rapidly to abate. 'We'll all go, all the boys together,' thought Edwin; and he felt suddenly quite comforted and happy again. 'All together,' he repeated to himself. 'Just for a moment we'll be alone, and then all together.'

The grocer's boy was whistling on his team, and a newsboy took up the tune. 'All together — all together — all together,' the refrain seemed to be. The boy at the window felt such a flood of comradeship surging through him that it carried away the fear. No thought of religion, none of the conventional religious and patriotic sermons which had been dealt out to Edwin and his friends at training-camps by fervid ministers, came back into his head.

Now, at the window in his old nursery, it was just this feeling that gave him almighty comfort. 'We'll all go together.' And although he could not put his emotion into words, his pulse raced and he rejoiced to be part of that glorious company of boys — all together, and reckless in their desire to do a big share, surging, yelling, racing down to die.

An errand boy was coming down the street with a note, and Edwin saw him

away off, and his heart gave a great, joyful bound and immediately he knew that he hated the thought of death, and all his boundless, boyish optimism rose and assured him that he, at any rate, would not be killed.

Doris arrived. Hair crimped, bows immense, her face radiant and anxious with the effort of appearing quite sophisticated and at ease.

'Overdressed,' Mrs. Byrne decided, as she welcomed her warmly, a vague superciliousness stealing into her manner.

It was not a very gay party, and Mrs. Byrne wondered if it were her fault. Edwin and the girl with the grown-up manners baffled her. They were so terribly polite to her, and addressed all their conversation to her, instead of to each other.

After dinner she kept saying, 'Now don't mind me; I'm an old lady and don't expect any attention.'

But instead of putting them at their ease, everything she said in a playful or laughing manner made them more polite toward her, and more formal and more distant toward each other.

But at the theatre she sat one seat away, because they had not been able to get three seats together, and suddenly those two had a great deal to say. 'What *do* they talk about?' she wondered. All through the rest of the performance Mrs. Byrne asked herself if they could be engaged. No; the idea was too absurd. She only a baby — and Edwin! Why, he was a child, too, of course. She watched his big hand on the back of the seat, the strong blue veins running to the finger-tips, and the square set of his shoulders. 'He's only a child,' she thought, stubbornly.

The 'children's' low tones reached her occasionally.

'You'll forget me.'

'No, I won't.'

'Yes, you will.'

'No; you don't know.'

'Don't know what?'

'I'll tell you some day.'

And so on — a duet, meaningless and stupid except for the two who understood it; the love-language of the race.

III

It was the language that Edwin was to carry in his speechless heart for two years. After the evening at the theatre his mother saw little of him. He seldom got home now. His regiment was awaiting orders to proceed secretly to France. Although she was expecting it momentarily, when the summons came it of course seemed sudden. Coming home from a walk, on one of those interminable autumn afternoons, the door was opened by her housemaid who explained in French, —

'Mr. Edwin's home from camp. He's leaving in an hour. We tried to get hold of you. He's leaving for the other side. He's up on the fourth floor.'

As Mrs. Byrne brushed by her, the woman tried to compose her face to conceal that extraordinary excitement, almost pleasurable, partly nervous, which we see on the faces of people under the stimulus of a tragedy.

His mother sped up to the fourth floor, that part of the house which was never used now. She went up the stairs carpeted with sheeting, which had been laid down to keep the dust out. The stairs were still barred by a little white gate that had been put up to keep Edwin from falling when he was a baby. The blinds were drawn. A streak of light fell across a door ajar.

Edwin was standing in the dismantled room. He loomed up very big, a giant against the dwarfed child's furniture that was stored there, shrouded in sheets like shriveled ghosts. Once he had not been able to reach his head above the table. He stood motionless

in the middle of the room, the streak of sunlight striking him full in the eyes. What was he doing in that deserted nursery? Why was he there? At the rustle of his mother's dress he started, and his face lost its dreamy expression.

'It's you,' he said.

She went up to him and leaned against him.

'So you have to go at once, Edwin,' she said. She stroked his arm.

They sat down on two little children's chairs in the middle of the shrouded room. They seemed to have nothing to say to each other. No; they were strangers so far as communion went, with the strange, terrible shyness which exists between members of the same family.

She held his hand, and leaned harder against him. It reminded her of an incident long ago, when she had sat just like this — with Edwin's father. He was only a few years older than Edwin was now, when he married her, and he had seemed grown up to her! Oh, yes, entirely so, grandly grown up! She continued to lean against Edwin. For, after all, he might not confide in her, he might not tell her all his innermost thoughts as he probably did that little silly Doris, but he was flesh of her flesh, bone of her bone, just the same, — hers more than he could ever be anybody else's, — and he loved her. He had nothing to say to her but what he would say to a stranger; but he had come from her body, she had suckled him at her breast, his first look of recognition had been for her. The first time he had held out his arms, it had been to her. The first word he had spoken had been, 'Mother.' Every memory and impression, every tendency of his childhood which would be the background upon which the remainder of his life would rest, was built upon her. She leaned against him and willed him to put his arm around her.

'My only one — my only one!' she moaned to herself. Aloud she said, 'Edwin, dear, don't forget to write to your Aunt Louisa from France. She's so sensitive — she'll be heartbroken. Now don't forget to send a card or something, and don't forget about writing me very often, darling; and remember about boiled drinking water, and all the little things like that. Be careful and sensible; there's no use in running any more risk —'

But Edwin was not listening. He withdrew his hand.

'Mother,' he said, abruptly, with a sort of desperation, 'I suppose I'm too young to get married?'

Mrs. Byrne was taken aback.

Afterwards, in going over and over it in her mind, what he had said and what she had said, she feared that she had not been sympathetic enough. Of course, it was too absurd — married at seventeen! But it was not easy to tell him so, poor child. You see he felt that way, leaving for the front. This war made all such little affairs so poignant, which normally would have passed with a shrug.

'It really would n't be fair to yourself or to her,' she said, in her reasonable voice, the voice which she had used toward him as a child, and which intimated, 'You're old enough to know better.' 'It would n't do at all, dear; in four or five years, if you feel the same way —'

'But,' said Edwin, coloring horribly, his eyes on the floor, 'but supposing I should get killed — of course I won't,' he added, grinning.

'Oh, you won't!' cried his mother. But his words and his sheepish smile made her feel almost giddy. Beneath the terror cowered another sensation. How ridiculous that he should think that he cared seriously for that little common chit; that his mind should be on her now!

'You must n't take it so seriously, Edwin,' she said. 'You'll know dozens of girls before you find the right one. Just because this is your first —'

Instantly she felt Edwin harden. It was the tone of patronage in her voice; the insinuation that he was too young to know the real thing.

The clock was striking downstairs — six. They went down together into Edwin's room, and he showed her some of the things he had bought for his outfit. It was getting nearer to quarter past six; she felt herself beginning to tremble. She watched Edwin put on his overcoat. Was it possible that he was going! The taxi was churning outside. What an incessant, impertinent noise it made! She wanted to scream it down. Thoughts whirled through her brain with the swiftness of a dream. What did he mean by going up to that forsaken nursery? How hard he had tried to say, 'Supposing I am killed,' when he had pleaded with her in his dumb way to find him old enough, and she had refused to admit the dignity of his childish love! By her patronizing attitude she had scoffed at it. After all, perhaps he was just reaching out his hand to grasp it alive, to fulfill it. Did he have a premonition that he would never know fulfillment?

Edwin reached for his hat. He put his arm around her and looked away. She longed to throw her whole weight against him, to let him see how she was trembling, how he was taking her life away, and the life of this waiting, breathless house with him. He was so dumb, so far away, even when he kissed her! But all of a sudden, looking up at him, she saw that Edwin was struggling with tears. Yes, he was almost crying — Edwin, who had not cried since he was twelve years old! who would rather die than have his mother see him cry!

'O Edwin!' she said; and there was

a mixture of triumph in the despair of her cry.

He broke away from her, ran down the steps, lifted his cap, got into the taxi — and was gone!

That night she heard the sound of marching feet in the distant street. She sat up in bed and listened to that sound. It seemed as elemental and eternal as thunder or the beating of waves. The window was open, and the city was very still. Tramp, tramp, tramp. Presently it grew fainter and ceased. She shut the window and lay down and slept, but all night they marched with her in her dreams, and sometimes they passed close to her and their faces were averted — but she knew them. They were all — every one of them — Edwin's.

IV

Soldier boy, soldier boy, where are you going?

That rollicking air she had sung to Edwin, that small, placid boy sitting in her lap. Her nurse had sung it to her. Just a nursery song, with its sinister question, 'Where are you going?' It ran through her head night and day, and whenever she heard marching men, they marched for her to that tune. Now, after two years, she still found herself humming it unconsciously when she was alone. It was with her as she read Edwin's letter.

It was autumn when Edwin left. The last of the year came round once more and passed into winter. Edwin was still in France. The second autumn of his absence was interminable. The atmosphere seemed to be waiting quietly, hopelessly, as a prisoner in his cell waits for death.

Mrs. Byrne's house was quiet. It seemed to be waiting, too. It had been waiting silently these two years. Mrs. Byrne could hear the sound of her own breathing as she sat in the library,

reading Edwin's letters. She read his latest one, received that morning, and she sighed. For months he had been talking of leave, and always it was delayed. His letters were not very satisfactory. They were stilted and were like the required letters which boys write home on Sundays from boarding-school. Edwin's letters were dumb and immature, like himself. They evoked tenderness because of their self-consciousness and inadequacy, but they were not the spontaneous and precocious accounts of impressions of the war which could be read aloud, with tremulous, surreptitious pride and a fluttering heart, to a little circle of admiring friends.

Mrs. Byrne had a friend who made a collection of such letters. She was the invalid Mrs. Brett, the eager confidant of many young people in town; also of their mothers, from whom she begged these letters from the front.

'I don't care what the graybeards and writers who've never been there have to say about it,' she said to Mrs. Byrne. 'The men over thirty-five talk too much. I want to hear what the boys, who are doing it, say. It's *their war*, you know.'

There was one letter which struck Mrs. Byrne's fancy. She kept looking at it.

'That was given me by a little girl friend of mine. She would n't tell me his name — but she had reams from him, so I guess it was her very best friend. Such fine, interesting letters, too. She only gave me parts. Read it,' she said to Mrs. Byrne, who could not take her eyes from its closely written pages.

'You ask me,' said the young writer, 'what the war is like. Sometimes it's all right; but when I think about it, it reminds me of an incident when I was a little boy. Some one gave me a glass jar with a cover, and I went out into

the garden and collected all the insects I could find. At first I thought it was fun to see them go spinning desperately round and round, the big ones racing over the little ones, and all so anxious. It gave me a kind of pleasure to watch them, because they could n't escape; but afterwards I felt kind of sick and I buried them in a corner of the garden where I never played; but always I had the feeling that *it* was still there, and at night I dreamed I was one of them, just a speck running desperately in circles, too, and all of them on top of me, and trampling me, and no way out, just to keep on running hideously.'

Mrs. Byrne was so much touched by this letter that she asked her friend to give it to her.

'Edwin used to collect insects like that and torture them,' she said. 'It was a phase he went through when he was little.'

'We all go through phases, as we develop. The world is going through a phase like that now,' said Mrs. Brett. 'Presently it will feel sick, too, and we grown-ups will have that guilty feeling that "*it*" is still there. All these young bodies under the earth,' she murmured to herself.

Mrs. Byrne took the letter home and put it away among Edwin's. The handwriting on all the letters was the same. Wistfully, Mrs. Byrne, sitting in her library that autumnal afternoon, re-read Edwin's short prosaic letters to herself. The postscript of the last one was more encouraging.

'I surely expect to get leave soon, for six weeks — any time now.'

So he wrote to Doris 'reams,' her friend had said, and he told her everything, and when he came back he would want to marry her — or at least be formally engaged. He was twenty now. Mrs. Byrne knew that she would not oppose it. Could she still tell him he was too young, when for these two

years he had been enduring the things which only the very young have the fortitude to bear?

She read the postscript again, in which he spoke so confidently of a 'fur-lough.' Blithely he would come sailing home over the sea within whose treacherous gelatine heart lurked the enemy waiting with patience. The house would ring with his voice. The cadence of his laughter would break the spell of these silent halls and rooms. He would come back, familiar and amazing; but — the mother smiled tenderly and very queerly — but only to be out all the time with some one else, in some one else's house. Hers was the biggest and the grandest house in town, but she was sure it was the quietest. Its stillness was intense, as if the rooms were waiting, holding their breath to listen. The shadows were deepening and reaching out shaggy arms up the white stairway.

Gradually it seemed to Mrs. Byrne that some one was calling from the fourth floor, 'Mother! Mother!' It was only her imagination, but it recalled something of long ago which had slipped from her memory — how Edwin used to call to her at one time, when he was little, and had fits of being afraid at night.

'Mother, mother, I'm sick!' She could all but hear him now, like that. She had known that he was not sick, but afraid; but she had said nothing, and had sat night after night by his bedside till he dropped off to sleep again.

French-Canadian mothers hold to a superstition that when their sons fall in battle they can hear them calling, 'Mother, mother!' Mrs. Byrne thought of this and she listened; but only the wind moved restlessly through the fog on the banks, and the sea strained at the aching pebbles and whispered to the impassive shore.

V

The same surly waters. An untidy, hurrying seaport town on the channel. A bleak park rustling with filthy papers and débris. Some overturned benches, and the tossing sea, and a soldier's form silhouetted against it. A very young soldier, one could tell by the solid boyishness of his shoulders, and by that particularly naïve and youthful look at the back of the head.

A woman sat watching him, but the soldier did not see her. He was looking out to sea. She approached him and spoke to him, holding out her hands with the gesture of a beggar. He regarded her with pity and aversion, not unmixed with fright. He walked away, pretending not to see her, and entered the hotel. He was ragged and dirty and emaciated; his long, straight hair fell over his forehead, and his eyes looked through it like an unkempt dog's. This gave him a shaggy, almost ferocious expression.

He lounged into the hotel and bought a box of cigarettes from the woman at the desk. She smiled at him uncertainly. She was a middle-aged woman, with a big, motherly breast.

'Monsieur part chez lui en permission?' she asked.

He smiled at her shyly, a smile on his lean face which always appealed to women.

'Qu'il est jeune, qu'il est beau!' thought the woman. She watched him go upstairs, smoking a cigarette.

Upstairs, in the dreary vastness of the hotel bedroom, with the lace curtains and plush furniture heavy and grim with dust, he overhauled his kit. He took out some of his filthy clothes and, putting them in the grate, he lit a match and burned them. His face wore the same look of aversion with which he had regarded the woman.

He stretched himself on the bed and

went to sleep. His long, fair hair came over his eyes, and gave him that shaggy, half-ferocious aspect, and he slept with a frown on his face — the pathetic, innocent frown that we see on the faces of children in slumber.

There came a knock on the door, and a telegram was pushed in from underneath. There came three knocks, but the boy did not waken. Soldiers who have been on the firing-line do not waken easily; but the rustle of the paper under the door worried the sleeper. Once he started, shouting in his sleep; then he smiled, started up, and saw the yellow square of paper lying on the floor. It seemed to be blinking at him.

Fifteen minutes later, the woman at the desk saw him come downstairs and pass out through the door. He had his kit in his hand.

'Le bateau ne part que ce soir, monsieur,' she called after him.

'I am not going home; I'm going back,' he said, pointing in the opposite direction. He showed her his telegram, which was a summons back to the front. His senior officer had been killed, and his furlough had been postponed indefinitely. Edwin smiled, for fear she should fathom the depth of his disappointment; and she was touched by the appeal of that smile, with the infinite sadness of its youthfulness.

Outside, the bleak wind whistled over the dreary park. The ocean tossed and sifted, sobbing softly. The soldier walked away in the direction he had pointed.

Soldier boy, soldier boy, where are you going?

Back went Edwin, of course, to the noise of modern warfare, and, through the noise, suffocated and stunned to nothingness by the screaming of the shells, the rasping voices of young men calling hoarsely to one another.

They were making a trench-attack.

With startling suddenness, from one of the countless intersecting, criss-cross ditches which looked like excavations in a desert, yelling, kicking against the mud, came a company of brown-clad figures.

‘One, two, three, four, charge!’

The brown line struggled forward, heads down, running, feet kicking against the grip of the mud. The faces and the bodies of the men were contorted with the effort of running ankle-deep in mud, like men drowning. They ploughed forward, held back by something, like men passing through a bog. The atmosphere was full of specks and masses, as if seen through dirty spectacles. Against this tornado of black hail, the line wavered. Some fell back in somersaults, and rolled over and over with hideous suddenness. It gave the line the appearance of a child’s toy attached to a string which was being bobbed forward and backward without ever getting there — or of insects struggling out of a disrupted home.

One slim, brown-clad figure forged ahead with marvelous safety, head down, straight, fair hair tossing in his eyes, which had the expression of eyes held open under water. He waved his arms and called hoarsely. His human voice was stifled to emptiness under the crying of the shells, but it was wonderful to see him running safely amid the hailstorm of bullets, and the green-and-blue flare of the trench-fuses, and the explosions of the shells devouring and burrowing into the dumb, shuddering earth. The mud was whipped like the sea under the rain of the bullets all about him, and he kept on running.

The brown line moved forward with horrible slowness. It was made jagged by the dozens who fell rolling over and over. The leader, panting desperately, and gathering all his strength for the leap, was struck down a few yards

away from the opposing trench, where, against the shadow of the rampart, was silhouetted a grim row of helmets.

The brown line passed over the leader, trampling him into the soft mud, and jumped into the trench. One comrade stopped for the breath of a second.

‘That you, Edwin?’ he called to the crumpled body, choking blood.

Queer that that huddled, writhing figure in the mud, four yards before the enemy’s trench, could still think; but his head was full of fancies and thoughts which seemed to fill the whole world, like insects, innumerable countless insects which swarmed. They swarmed inside of a glass jar, they ran ten deep over each other, and he felt sorry for them to the point of sickness, because of their eagerness to live. His whole being crawled with utter repulsion, and he tried to rouse himself and shake them off in a frenzy of disgust and horror, for they were treading upon him — he could feel them treading him hideously to death.

He screamed to his mother and nurse that he was sick, and his mother came and sat by his bedside, and he was ashamed to tell her that he was afraid. The world was full of troubled, noisy darkness. It traveled a long way off. His mother was a long way off, too, but some one was there with him. Strange, and stranger still that those big bows of ribbon pressing against his shoulder could hurt him so much.

VI

Mrs. Byrne took Edwin’s death quietly. She was outwardly contained and, as usual, an attitude of crushed, desperate bravado appealed to her friends as wonderful. ‘No one would know,’ people said, admiringly; and no one did know. Only her face betrayed her. It became old and curiously small and withered, and when her friends

comforted her a little too persistently and tried to penetrate the frozen armor of her grief, she said simply, —

‘I never loved any one but Edwin.’

Her pent-up despair was physically painful, and she felt no desire to relieve herself by sharing it. She was afraid she would ‘break down,’ as she expressed it. She did not feel the necessity of crying except, overwhelmingly, in the presence of people — boys especially, tanned square-shouldered boys in khaki.

One sat in front of her with his sister, in church. The clergyman read the lesson — from the thirteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians: ‘Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.’ The boy sat erect and decorous, and his untroubled glance roamed the church; but Mrs. Byrne, sitting behind him, suddenly wanted to cry out and beat her breast as savages do in an ecstasy of religious fervor. ‘Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.’ Above all, ‘Hopeth all things’ — yes, that was like Edwin. It was like all the boys in this war. She was so overcome with emotion that she had to leave the church.

She was at a dressmaker’s only five days after the official news of Edwin’s death. Many people were ordering mourning, it seemed. Two war-widows were ahead of her. She was put into a fitting-room and politely requested to wait. A discussion was going on on the other side of the partition. A girlish, high-pitched voice, contending, and the worried, low tones of an older woman.

‘Darling, it would n’t do.’

‘Why not?’ in a hard, sharp staccato.

‘Because, dear, you’re too young; it would make a very wrong impression.’

‘What impression?’

‘Why, that you were engaged, or something. It would be absurd, dear. I’m older; take my word for it.’ And then, in gentle remonstrance, ‘There was nothing serious between you.’

Mrs. Byrne listened. There was dead silence on the other side of the partition; then the curtain trembled; some one was crying. Between the curtain and the door Mrs. Byrne could see a girl with her head in her mother’s lap: an incongruous picture, draped in a long, black garment of imposing mourning. The mother, horrified, was trying to calm her, but she would not be calmed. The big black bows on the small head shook convulsively.

‘I — don’t see — why I can’t wear it! I — will, too — wear it. I will — have crêpe on — me. Stop — saying — “hush!” If — he — was old — enough — to fight this — war — I’m old enough — We were — we were the next thing to engaged.’

She raised her tear-stained face, and, still crying, her head on her arm, she drew the mourning more closely about her thin shoulders; choking desperately, as she rose she tripped all over the absurd garment.

‘How can you say it was n’t serious, when I’ll never forget him or be happy again — never — never — never!’ she cried to her mother, who cringed and with a horrified face continued to say, ‘Sh — sh!’

But it was too late; some one had heard — the little lady in the next fitting-room, whose dress was half unbuttoned, and whose mild face as she drew aside the curtains looked scared as only mild faces can look.

‘Don’t,’ said Mrs. Byrne; ‘don’t say “sh!” Oh, Mrs. Gilbert, let her wear it. He did like her. He loved her — the best; but I thought just what you did — that he was — too young; but you understand.’ She choked, and her face became quite queer. ‘We found

them old enough to send them out there to the horror.' She fumbled with palsied hands at her unbuttoned waist; she tried helplessly to control her voice. 'She's right; this is her sorrow. Let it be black, all black. It's all black for them.'

Just then the dressmaker came in. She found the two ladies staring hysterically at each other, and a little girl half-dressed in a mourning gown which had been designed for a stately widow.

'Mrs. Byrne, I'm ready for you,' she said. 'That's a stunning dress your daughter has on, Mrs. Gilbert; but I could give her something more suitable.'

'We'll order this,' said her customer.

'With crêpe on it, and like this,' said the girl, with cheeks aflame.

Mrs. Byrne tried on her gown and went home. She hurried all the way as if she were afraid of being too late for an engagement. She opened the front door with her latchkey and stole stealthily up the four flights to the sheeted room at the corner. A little white gate stood open expectantly. Two stubby little children's chairs were drawn up amicably together in the middle of the room. Over by the window a chair looked as if it had been placed there for her by some one. Alone amid the whispering memories of this shrouded room, Mrs. Byrne allowed herself the luxury of thinking of nothing but Edwin.

At the dressmaker's, a very young girl, self-important but painstaking, as a bride should be, was still selecting and fussing over her mourning.

A GENTLEMAN UNAFRAID

LETTERS OF EDWIN AUSTIN ABBEY, 2d

SUDBURY, *May 12, 1915.*

DEAREST MOTHER, —

Went to the Post Office and found your letter. It was good to hear from you, and your feeling about the Lusitania. The dishonor to the flag is great, but it seems to me more a dishonor to manhood and humanity. I can see very little patriotism or flags or countries; it is more a struggle of mankind to defend the principles of humanity and chivalry which the Creator has handed down, even though the defenders themselves have abused and sinned against the very principles they now defend. It is as though the world has sinned to

a point where it divided, the one half going over the bounds of human possibility, the other stopping and reaching back to former good and true tradition to resist the impulse of the lost half to swallow it up as well.

I feel that we are only at the beginning and must really fight for existence. Germany has shown herself to be a terrible menace, and she is beginning to feel confidence in her own resources to defy the world. No country or flag can be mine except the United States, but if I could go to this war as a citizen of the world, I would pray to be allowed to do it.

TORONTO, *May 15, 1915.*

Yesterday afternoon Mr. I—— called me up and said that Mr. H—— was going to put me in charge of a bridge about to be built in the Muskoka district; I saw Mr. H—— and he said that if I wanted the job I could have it. It is a position that I could have desired only in my dreams. The bridge is a good size and on a curve, which requires special engineering work to lay out; and not only that, but the centre piers will have to be sunk to rock-bottom, through about forty feet of mud by means of compressed-air caissons. Not only will I have complete charge of all the engineering work, but, as the contract is to be carried out on a cost plus per cent basis, I will also have to keep strict account of all labor and material and be responsible for any waste or uneconomic methods in the construction. In other words, I will be General Manager of the whole job, and this will be even harder because I have only two helpers when I could easily use five. My ability will be taxed to the utmost, which is the desire of my heart.

And yet, mother, I went in to Mr. H—— this morning and told him that I could only accept the position with the understanding that, if the United States declared war and called for volunteers, I would leave at once. I am so full of that, it drowns out every ambition or desire or thought of the future that I have. I have nothing but a great big desire to give myself to help in this battle against evil.

BALA, *May 19, 1915.*

I want to tell you what I said in that letter that never reached you. The affair of the Lusitania has gone through me again and again. I feel as if I could not just go ahead as I have since the war started, making plans for my own advancement, or my own family's wel-

fare. It is not the isolated case of the Lusitania, or that Americans were among those to suffer, but the realization that it has brought of the actual conditions in Europe and the German attitude. It seems to me that the only remedy is in the thousands of men who feel called to offer themselves for whatever they are worth. Just now, it seems to me that America is in an impossible position. Honor demands that we enter the war, humanity that we stay out. I will do nothing until the United States course is definitely decided; but above everything in the world, I want to go to the war, and I want you and father to tell me that I can govern myself by what knowledge and judgment I have, with the surety of your confidence in me to do right. I think I can manage to serve in some way, if only you will give me the inspiration of your approval and trust, you and father.

TORONTO, *May 24, 1915.*

I can't say how grateful I am that you can feel able to give me for whatever purpose may be intended, for now I shall definitely plan to offer my services in some capacity in the war. This bridge-work here came in such an unasked, unexpected way, at a time when such opportunities are almost unthought-of, that I feel that I must keep on with it at present; but if I cannot enlist here, I will plan to go directly to Europe in the fall.

BALA, *May 27, 1915.*

Your letter came yesterday A.M. It almost answered the thought in my last, — I mean the following guidance as well as one can see it, — and I feel just as you do about seeing this work through if I can. Of course I have thought of Red Cross work, but there are many who are only fitted for that; and many Americans who would only think of doing that. My wish would be

to go into the Army and let the Superior governing decide my duties. However, there is no doubt a Guiding Hand in all these matters. I believe in following, just as you; but I think there is inward guidance as well as outward. What I meant by humanity restraining the United States is the fact that, in spite of all our failure in national protest against outrages, still our very spirit has been standing between the nations and their people that are in Germany's power. The thousands of Belgians who have nothing in the world are fed and clothed by us because Germany in the nature of our 'friendly relations' cannot help but permit it. This would be cut off in case of war. Through us the Allies are able to be in some way cognizant of the condition of their prisoners of war, and Germany cannot openly resent our investigation and supervision in such matters. Our representative in the German Court is a guaranty against open ill-treatment of the thousands of interned and noncombatant enemies in Germany. Once the United States declares war, a great silent circle will be stretched around the space enclosed by the German lines, and what will happen inside that circle is all conjecture.

SHAW'S CREEK, August 12, 1915.

Your letter came yesterday, and it was a comfort and help to know that you feel as strongly as I do about the war and are making it easier for me in my plans. I still hope the United States will have an awakening, but if affairs are not definite by fall, I still want to do something, whatever it can be; and the first thing logically seems now to try to enlist in Canada, if there is any branch of the service that will have me. My eyes will undoubtedly be a stumbling-block; but there must be some way. I can't think that I would be useless.

SHAW'S CREEK, August 25, 1915.

Mother dear, I think it is nearly impossible for me to get in with them. The eye examination is still one which only a piece of luck would allow me to pass; and I am an American, which is in my disfavor, even if I am willing to take the oath of allegiance. I think the Hospital Corps will be my best chance, and if I am not able to get into the regular army service, there are some independent organizations. The best chances are, I think, in Canada, so I will try here first; but it may be that I will have to try America, or my first plan of going to England. Things must work out, as they always do. I know that in those moments when the thought of my possible going away comes, and for a moment seems overwhelming, it would help to think of the women and children, still unhardened to blind terrors, who have been stricken, — I do not mean killed, but have had all that was humanly dear and comforting snatched horribly away, — and the victory that must be gained to put an end to all this horror. Remember that your strength is the mother strength that sacrifices itself for the children and the weak. I am your child, but no longer a human child, with the necessities of human children; and yet, mother, in the greatest way, the spiritual way, I need you more every day, and in that need you are always giving and helping me, and are always with me.

BALA, September 30, 1915.

The work here is finished. There was some talk of putting in two additional piers, but it has been decided against. I am glad to say, for I think it would have spoiled the proportions. I am going in to Toronto, where I have a few construction plans to finish up; then up here for a final inspection Monday or Tuesday; and then, I hope, home.

I am going to try to enlist here, because being in Canada is a definite chance, and I want to feel that I have not lost any opportunity. However, I am certain my eyesight will debar me.

TORONTO, *October 2, 1915.*

I have wonderful news. I have been accepted, the thing we have wanted and prayed for so long; and in the Engineers, where the work will be constructive, as you wanted so much. I will tell you just how it happened. I made up my mind I would go to the Armories this afternoon and do my best to get in. I went into the Armories and asked where to go to join, and was directed to a room upstairs which was full of people, principally sergeant-majors, by the amount of chevrons. I went up to one and said that I wanted to enlist, and he asked me what regiment. I said I did n't know, and asked him if there were any engineers recruiting. He said, 'Yes,' and directed me down about half a dozen corridors, asking my way as I went.

In the last corridor a soldier was standing, writing something on the wall. I asked him if he could tell me which room was the Engineers' office, — there are no signs, — and he said, 'Which Engineers do you wish to join, the Pioneers?' Then I saw that he was an officer, captain or lieutenant, I do not know which. I must have looked blank, not knowing what varieties of Engineers there were. So he took me into a room and began to tell me about the Pioneers. It is a regiment formed to do all kinds of construction work, railroads, highways, trenches, sanitary sewer work in camps, etc.; just exactly the thing we thought of. He said there was going to be lots of hard work swinging a pick, probably, and the likes of that, and the men are a rough crowd, — tradesmen of all sorts, carpenters, masons, plumbers, pipe-layers.

Well, as he talked, I almost grew sick, because it was so exactly the thing I longed for, and I was sure I could n't pass the eye-test. So I said, 'That just suits me if I can only pass the physical examination.' He said, 'There won't be much trouble about that by the look of you.' I had left my spectacles at home! He saw that I was a University man, and said that I had a good chance to become a non-commissioned officer. Then he took me to the recruiting-room, and I was given my application papers, and went up to the doctor.

You can imagine that I was nervous by that time. I stripped, and went to the doctor after they had measured me up. The first thing he did was to ask me to read letters on a card across the room, and, of course, the letters on the last line were just too small for me to read; they jumped and danced, and, strain as I would, I just could n't see them. I told him I was nervous, so he gave me plenty of time, and switched me over to a card by the window instead of the electric light. Finally, I blurted out a guess. I was not sure whether I was anywhere near right. Anyway, he thought it over, and said he thought he would give me a chance. . . .

Does n't it seem like Providence again, mother, after all the waiting, and the work at Shaw's Creek just nicely finished up. Much love, dearest mother, to you and father, and thank you both for making me feel that I can do this with your blessing.

IN CAMP, *March 22, 1916.*

The trenches twist and turn so, a precaution against enfilade fire in the event of the enemy's occupying any position, that we seemed to walk miles before we reached our destination. It was a new support trench about forty yards back of the front line. Saturday

night, I was on a 'carrying party,' whose duty was to carry timber, wire, etc., from a material pile to the working party. Sunday night we went in again, and I was in a digging gang. Some of the new work had fallen in, and we had to remove the sand-bags and dig down in front of the screens and push the latter out, wire them back, fill up behind them, and put back the bags. It sounds simple enough, but the digging was the worst I ever struck. Sticky mud that clings to your shovel, so that you can only get rid of one shovelful out of every three, and that by effort. After two or three hours of it, I am all in and ready to admit it. We usually work from sundown till about midnight, although whatever task is given has to be finished. . . .

April 13, 1916.

A soldier must live from day to day, with no thought of the future, just a steadfast purpose of carrying out orders and being stronger and steadier than he naturally is; and faith and trust in God's purpose make it possible for me. Do you not think that the war is making people less selfish in the world and in the United States? Surely it must, when in so many places people are sacrificing their dear ones and their money for a cause. Even if it seems to some more a question of honor and family, or national tradition, than justice or freedom.

I often think of the rank and file of the German Army, and even the junior officers. They are suffering untold hardships, and showing magnificent bravery in the face of heavy odds, as much, or perhaps more, than the soldiers of the Allies. Although one must be here to realize that men have risen to a height of courage and endurance in this war that people living in modern civilization never dreamed of. Surely, some gain must come from this tre-

mendous effort and conquest of self, and Germany must not be entirely a loser, when her sons, even if forced, have paid such a price. I hope for a Europe of republics and personal freedom as the only adequate result. Of course, we strain against national characteristics or nature that makes submarines and Zeppelins possible. Such things are the result, it seems to me, of forced acquiescence in tyranny and wrong government, and time must wear it down. The races will never be able to understand each other; but you have heard the cries for reprisal, much more horrible than the deed if carried out, and we know our South, the dealings with the Negro there. Freedom, and then the conquering of self, are the great hopes that the war holds out, and it is more than worth that.

April 18, 1916.

Yesterday, I had yours and father's letters of March 31st, and a Fraternity notice forwarded, a dear little colored picture of the 'frog footman,' from Billy, and a lovely note from Father S——, saying that I was being prayed for twice daily in the school chapel. How much that means to me! You say to tell you what your 'bit' can be. Dear mother, that is it. You are praying not just for me, but for all of us out here, and the German soldiers too. I often think of you at early mass and in 'St. Savior's,' and so many other times of the day, praying. That is the great thing, for it all lies with God, and in his own way He always answers prayers; so when I think that you and father and Father W—— and Father S—— and so many others are praying, it is a great comfort and strength. When I am under fire, I pray not only for protection, or a worthy dying, but for courage, not to lose my control and to help others.

This is one of my 'green envelope'

letters, so I can write out. Our work is not so dangerous, or, what is worse, does not require so much endurance as that of the infantry, who are on duty for two or three days, and constantly subject to attacks or bombardments. We work for three or four hours, and then go back where we can rest and get a new strength for our spirit; and then, of course, our danger just now is not great, though once or twice we have been in bad positions; and that reminds me that I have another 'cross day' for you, April 14th.

We never know when we will be called on. As the spring advances there are indications of a new activity. So you can pray, and I rest in the strength of your prayers. I could easily write you without letting you know that there was danger, but I know you are brave and strong, I can feel it, and you are always near me, so I tell you special things in order that you can pray specially and give thanks specially. So the one great thing I need is courage and self-control in danger. Not only for myself, but for others. There is nothing which so encourages and gives heart to the weak as the strength and coolness of others; and there are many boys here, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, full of bravery, but too young for a man's steadiness. Pray for them, too.

There is something I have wanted to ask you, in case, as Dean S—— put it, the soldier should 'pass through battle into peace.' Will you write to Nurse H——? otherwise, I do not know how she will get the news.

I am glad that I have been able to write all this to-day, for I wanted you to know and be with me, yet I wanted you to know, too, that I am happy and not in any fear or strain, but just as you are, going about my work each day, trusting in the comfort of being 'safe in the hands of the one disposing Power.'

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER, April 26, 1916.

DEAREST MOTHER, —

The dearest old lady, who is a regular hospital visitor, has just been to see me and given me this paper to write to you. It is really the first chance I have had, for the sisters here are terribly busy, and one hates to bother them. I was wounded in the left shoulder by a piece of shrapnel, very early, about 12.30, Easter morning. . . . Everything would be fine were it not for the fear of your anxiety. The wound is a small one, and has never given a minute's pain. I was taken to a clearing hospital in a field ambulance, arriving about 6 A.M., Sunday, and left Tuesday afternoon, arriving here about 11 P.M. We came on the hospital train, which was a beauty. This is a lovely hospital, in a big casino, right on the seashore, and every one is lovely to me. Yesterday the doctor removed the shrapnel, a little round bullet, so now I am all right. . . .

To-morrow, or the next day, I am booked to go to England. Is not that fine? It is like having an Easter vacation. I will write again very soon, and cable my address when I know it. Very much love to you all.

KING GEORGE HOSPITAL,
LONDON, May 26, 1916.

DEAR FATHER WARD, —

Your letter of April 7th, with the Easter card enclosed, was forwarded to me from France, and I received your letter of May 5th last week. Does it not seem a coincidence that the Lenten season so exactly confined my stay in the War Zone? We landed at the dock in France shortly after midnight on Ash Wednesday morning, March 8th, and I was wounded as near to midnight on Easter morning as it could possibly have been. I had looked at my watch about five minutes to twelve and as nearly as I can judge was hit

about ten or fifteen minutes later. It is a Lent I am not likely to forget. . . .

The life out there is certainly very much disassociated from that of an ordinary mortal; in fact, you can only realize it while you are actually there. I have completely lost my memory of the realization already. In a way, it is living in the constant shadow of death. The hardships in living — wet clothes, rough food, lack of washing — are only incidents which one might undergo anywhere. But there is always the consciousness that one must soon go back to face danger. Yet the surprising thing is, how easily the burden of anxiety is thrown off once you leave the firing-line. In our case, of course, we usually reached camp on our return about 4 A.M., with a feeling of wonderful peace, ate a breakfast of hot tea and biscuit and cheese, then had a dreamless and very refreshing sleep, and woke up about eleven for our real breakfast of bacon. Then the rest of the day until supper-time was spent in a care-free spirit.

When you are on the firing-line, unless the fire is rather fierce, and always in the lulls which come, there is the same feeling of a strain slipping off one's shoulders. So that actually the time that one is under a real strain is not very long. I suppose one of the greatest fears a man has to fight is that his nerve will give way or that he will be cowardly in some way.

I have found in every trying circumstance that praying is a wonderful comfort. I do not know how a man can go through it who has not a belief in God to fall back on.

Your letters help me very much, with the knowledge of your prayer and what you say about God's Presence.

A man fully realizes his own physical futility in the face of modern warfare. There is nothing then to fall back on but his will-power, and I know that

mine is worthless excepting I have the spiritual help which comes from my belief in God. Your words all help and strengthen that, so you are and will be a great help to me in the future.

(On his recovery, Abbey was given a commission and returned immediately to the front.)

December 18, 1916.

DEAREST MOTHER, —

I am still in the trenches, my tour not being over until next Saturday; but I am not in the front line, but in the supports. We only stay in the front line three days at a time. I have just been reading over the little *Manual of Prayers for Workers*, which you sent me some time ago. It is fine, especially the plea for duty before everything. There is a paragraph by Dean Church on 'Manliness — which takes for granted that man is called to a continual struggle with difficulties and makes it a point of honor not to be dismayed by them,' and 'Quality — which seizes on the idea of duty as something which leaves a man no choice.' That is the quality which I need most now, the strength to do my duty, and I pray for it hourly, and I know that you do it for me, too. When I get out into billets my letters will be more interesting, but here there is little or nothing to tell you now. I can tell you, though, that my thoughts are with you and father and with your anxieties and cares. You must just go ahead bravely with your duties as I must. Remember that I am well and happy and of a good heart.

Christmas Day, 1916.

To-day is my second Christmas away from home in my twenty-eight years. What joy it will be if God grants us one together again after this long separation! I am going to start by telling

you where I am. Picture a little French village, with one long, narrow, cobbled street. At one end the street leaves the village and crosses over a deep railway cut and then wanders away through the rolling country. I should have told you that the village is on a hilltop. From the railway bridge, the street runs perhaps a hundred yards, then turns ninety degrees to the left and runs down hill. . . . The houses are low, one-storied affairs of stone or white plaster, and tile roofs, and are lined right along the street. . . . There are several larger houses, with courtyards in front with high walls. It is all beautifully picturesque in spite of my description. . . . Altogether it is a very picturesque old place, and less than four miles from that famous streak of mud which separates the Allies and Germans. The men are living in the loft of the barn, a big lone place, and they have straw and bunks and brazier fires; but it is pretty cold and dark there just the same. Still, the magnificent spirit of making the best of grim situations keeps them happy and cheerful. They sit at the long table with candles, and write letters or play cards, or around the braziers, and sing and tell stories. Just now they are patiently waiting for their Christmas dinner, which is due in about 15 minutes. I hope it will be a good one.

Sunday morning at eight our chaplain had an early celebration in the Y.M.C.A. hut, which I went to; and, by the way, we have a splendid chaplain. Then I spent the morning straightening up my things and getting them clean, with my batman's assistance. In the afternoon, we went and had a bath, which was a great luxury; and then at six the captain took the whole company to an evening service in an old factory which had been fixed up as a cinema hall. It was just a big, brick building, bare to the roof, with

benches and a platform at one end, lighted up with two or three lamps. . . . The place was filled and the service was a hearty one. We sang Christmas hymns, 'Hark the Herald Angels,' and some that I did not know, and had an address. I do not think that I will ever forget the circumstances. It reminded me of the picture that I sent you of the French soldiers. This morning, the 'Padre,' as they call the chaplain, had another early service at eight, to which I went. . . . It is strange to be back again in this life at the Front, and now I am more really in it than ever, doing the actual infantry duty. Two nights last week I was out in 'No-Man's Land,' between our lines and the Germans, in charge of a barbed-wire party, and managed to feel quite at home and comfortable there. It is a wonderful experience, and if one can live through it, will change life.

I am sure now that I can never go back and go on with my own work for myself. If God wills that I do go back, I must go into service of some sort; perhaps I will be able to go into the church, and your long-cherished hopes and prayers will be fulfilled. Life, here, is such a feeble little thing, so uncertain from hour to hour, that one cannot help knowing that it is a gift and entirely in God's hands. I desperately need that courage of duty to help me in my work, and if I have it now to face death, then I must have it afterward to face life. It is very late now, so I must stop.

With my dearest Christmas love to you and father.

January 1, 1917.

This is the first day of the year, which I hope and pray will bring us all peace. What a strange time we have come to live in, with nearly the whole world involved in a terrible struggle and conflict! How little you thought, when you were a child with the echo

of the terrible Civil War in your heart, that you would some day have a son in the battle-line; and now, although we know that Germany is desperately anxious for peace, and Austria even more, yet we know too that we must go ahead and fight until the invaded countries are free and the menace to future generations destroyed. When one thinks of the thousands of men who have given their lives that this victory may be won, and when one realizes that now, as we keep steadily on, we can surely win, the thought of anything else is weak and dishonorable and unworthy of God who is guiding us. I often think of Nurse Cavell and how bravely and calmly she gave her life for the cause; that should help you too, for she was a woman just as you are, and the same sort of woman, I imagine. Thousands of splendid men have given their lives, and women have given their sons and husbands, and we coming after must offer the same thing and be willing to give it, too, for it is a common cause. If we stop and think for a minute of the terror and misery and tragedy that have been wrought, and we know that this can be spared future generations if we press on to the finish, how little one life seems for one to give; and yet it is all that is asked of us.

Mother, if you could only see these boys in the ranks, cheerfully enduring the most frightful hardships, and facing horrors with the most inspiring and indomitable courage and determination, your heart would nearly burst with joy and pride, and you would know that God was going to give us victory. Just now the trenches are in a frightful condition of mud and water, and it is utterly impossible for the men to keep dry or to have dry dug-outs to sleep in. They are in a state of misery, as far as physical comfort goes, for days at a time; and yet they stand

all night, often for sixteen hours at a stretch, in pouring rain and under intermittent fire, looking out over the parapet into the darkness of 'No-Man's Land,' guarding humanity; and if you walk along and ask them how they are getting on, the answer will be a cheery, 'Everything fine, sir.' Then they will go out at night on working parties and stand in water up to their knees and try to shovel mud that won't shovel, for four hours at a time, perhaps without any supper; and let a bombardment start, they will quietly take their posts in exposed positions, and stay there or drop. This is just trench-routine. You know what they did at the Somme, advancing into the mouth of an indescribable hell.

These are just New Year's thoughts, and come chiefly from the thought of that final peace which I hope this year will bring, and the peace which the enemy is spreading abroad in a final endeavor to stem the tide.

January 4, 1917.

You have so answered my thoughts, as to the event of my finishing my work out here. It is a tremendous comfort to think of you facing the issue and 'carrying on' so bravely. After all, that is what we are called on to do in this life, wherever we are, and the final moment for all of us may come at any time. We both trust in God's will and direction; for the rest, it is the business of the hour. How wonderful it will be if we can be together again at home! You are right to be praying for my courage; that is my greatest need and much depends on it. Do you remember that I used to give you dates for Thanksgiving, for mercies shown to me? Another one is December 20th. I have told you how comfortable I am here in my farmhouse billet, with bed and fire and man to look after things. There is n't much free time until after 9.30

in the evening, for we have lectures or exams from dinner-time until then. Usually I am quite tired, so my letter-writing is a little dull. Germany's attitude toward the smaller neutral states is becoming threatening. Surely the U.S. cannot suffer another violation of neutral territory.

Dearest mother, good-night; one of my chief helps and desires now is writing to you, so you may be sure letters are always on the way.

January 31, 1917.

I am writing this in a front-line dug-out. This is our third day in the line, and we have three more to go, I think, possibly a few more. It has been quite cold and the ground is still covered with snow. Last night it snowed quite a lot more. It is a very pretty picture, and a new one to me, to see the trenches in this condition. The nights just now are very moonlight, and one gets to like going through the trenches and out in the saps. So far things have been very quiet. Last night was especially so, and this morning I was on duty at six o'clock, just as day was breaking, and it was the most beautiful rosy dawn. The guns had been quiet for an hour or two, and some sweet-noted birds were fluttering around. Things of that sort bring home the realization of the peacefulness of peace. It is hard for me to feel justified in deliberate hostile planning, and yet one cannot help doing it. I must remember that, although perhaps these men desire peace as greatly as any one, yet they are the tools of those who have destroyed peace; and we can only gain our end by continually harassing and destroying them, and wearing down their morale. It is a grim business, and I hope it will come to an end before many months. What everything really hinges on is a concentrated offensive, and I hope that it may not be long in coming.

I have not seen a paper now since last Saturday, and one is quite isolated here, so I do not know what developments may have taken place on other fronts. There are always rumors circulating. Time passes quickly enough, but one longs for the day of decision to come. However, it is not for me, who have been here but a little more than a month, to be impatient, when some have been here two years.

Dearest mother, good-bye for a while.

February 21, 1917. Ash Wednesday.

Here we are at the beginning of another Lent, although it is not quite a year since the first time that I came to France. This week I have had your long letter of January 26th, one from father, and the crucifix. It is just the same as the first, and I am glad to have it again pinned inside of my breast pocket. Thank you for having it fixed and sent so quickly.

My letters do not seem to have any news in them, because there is so much to repress that I long to tell you. You must know how much I think of you, and long that you could be spared all this anxiety, and yet I know that you rejoice to bear that part in the victory that must be won. Dearest mother, you will never know how much I owe to you for strength and courage and inspiration to carry me through this.

I am sitting here now in my room, writing at a big round-fronted table, by the light of two candles. My books and various possessions are on the table, and it reminds me in a way of my Toronto table. My high bed, with its white sheet and counterpane and white pillow, is at my right side, and on the left a casement window which opens into the barnyard. The door is right behind me and opens into the kitchen, and on both sides of it I have hooks to hang my clothes on. A little while ago they were all in there by the stove, the

children chatting away; but now they are in bed. Some time ago, too, madame gave me a soft 'Bon soir, monsieur,' and went into her part of the house, which is on the opposite side of the kitchen.

I love the politeness of the French people and children, the infinite compliment they are able to express in their 'monsieur,' without the slightest trace of servility. Say 'Hello' to the veriest ragamuffin, and you will always receive a polite 'Bon jour, monsieur.' Madame Duployez, who does my washing beautifully, and whose husband in civilian life is a coal-miner, entertains me in her kitchen and living-room as nicely as I have ever been entertained, and I always enjoy my visits there. If you receive a letter in French, you must answer it in the same language. It is very late. I must write oftener. Forgive the apparent dryness of this. Dearest mother, you know how much love and thought I have for you always.

April 7, 1917.

I am going to start my Easter letter to you to-night, and finish it in the morning. I had a wonderful mail the other day. Four or five letters from you, dated February 24th (marked 'damaged by sea-water'), March 10th, 12th, and 16th. Besides those, I have your letters of March 1st and 4th. The last letter had your beautiful Easter card, so your timing this time was just right.

I am rejoicing with you in the great decision of the country to join the Allies. It has been a wonderful inspiration and encouragement to every one out here, and a joy to me, and I know what a great relief and comfort it is to you after the long strain of waiting and suffering. Now we are giving and fighting for our own flag and native country. I am looking forward to Easter with that happy thought in my

heart and soul. It is late now, so, dearest mother, I will say good-night.

Easter morning.

Happy Easter, dearest mother. I have been to the communion service in the Y.M.C.A. tent, and now have just finished my breakfast. It is a beautiful, sunshiny spring day, one of the loveliest we have had for weeks. After the service, the chaplain handed out copies of this poem. I am sending it to you as an Easter memento of the firing-line. It is very wonderful, and I think the epitome of what one feels out here. I am very well and happy just now, and we are all full of the inspiration and encouragement that this great new Ally, the U.S., and all the fine success of the French and British farther south, have given us. It is only a question of pushing steadily and determinedly ahead now, and we will win. There are lots of strong men here, and lots more ready to come from England and America, so we go ahead with that thought in our hearts. I wish I could tell you more about things now, but perhaps that will come later. To-day I am in a comfortable wooden hut on a hillside, right in the centre of every kind of activity of a warlike nature. This section of country is entirely given over to the military, and it is teeming with life. Well, dearest mother, I must stop for a while now. My dearest love to you and father always.

From your son EDWIN.

Beyond the path of the outmost sun, through
utter darkness hurled,
Farther than ever comet flared or vagrant star-
dust swirled,
Live such as fought, and sailed, and ruled, and
lived, and made our world.

And ofttimes cometh our wise Lord God, master
of every trade,
And tells them tales of his daily toil, of Edens
newly made,
And they rise to their feet as He passes by,
'gentlemen unafraid.'

IN THE FIELD, April 22, 1917.

W. B. ABBEY, ESQ.,
523 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

[Found in soldier's kit, forwarded to
his mother from Ottawa]

FRANCE, April 6, 1917.
Good Friday.

DEAR MR. ABBEY,—

I would like to write you concerning the death of your son in action on the morning of April 10th, about 9 o'clock. It is my duty to write even more, because I thought very highly of him as a gentleman and a friend. At the time of his death, he was in charge of one of our most dangerous posts. It was a strong point in front of our trench and a little distance over the crest of Vimy Ridge. It was necessary to hold it in order to deny to the enemy the approach up the hill to the crest. Because of the loss we had suffered in the post, it was almost decided to withdraw from the post during the day, but your son came and argued that he should continue to hold the post because of its importance. In this he showed his fine devotion to duty and disregard of danger. On his way out to the post he was shot and killed by an enemy sniper.

His grave is marked by the Graves Registration Committee, and later a suitable mark will be set up by the battalion.

The chaplain later read the service over his grave.

I would like to assure you of my genuine sympathy in your great loss. I feel a sense of personal loss myself, for one does not often meet such fine fellows. In my brief experience with him, he had always shown himself a gallant soldier and a thorough gentleman.

Yours sincerely,

A. P. MENZIES,

Major 4th C.M.R.

DEAREST MOTHER AND FATHER,—

We are going up to an attack in a short time, and I am going to leave this note to be sent to you in case, by God's will, this is to be my final work. I have made my Communion, and go with a light heart and a determination to do all that I possibly can to help in this fight against evil, for God and humanity. I do not think of death or expect it, but I am not afraid of it, and will give my life gladly if it is asked. It is my greatest comfort that I know that you too will gladly give all that is asked, and live on happily doing all that can be done, grateful to God for his acceptance of our sacrifice. To-day the news came to us here that the United States had joined the Allies, so I go with the happy consciousness that I am, and you are, fighting for our dear Flag, as thousands of Americans have before us, in the cause of Liberty. It may be comfort for you to know that I have a great company of comrades, men and officers all filled with determination and cheerful courage.

My dearest love to S—— and H—— and their dear children. My heart is full of gratitude for having such love as they have given me. My dearest love to all my friends, all who have loved me and whom I love.

Now, dearest mother, and dearest father, I will say good-bye for a time. You have given me my faith which makes this so easy for me, and a wonderful example and inspiration of courage and unselfishness. All my love, and God bless you both.

YOUR SON.

ADVENTURES IN INDIGENCE. III

MARGARET AND MARGHARETTA

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

I

MARGARET, Mamie's successor, was a woman in the middle forties. There were little shadowy modelings in her brow which made you think of the smooth hollows of a shell. She gave one the impression of something cast up from the sea and dragged back into it many times. She came of a large family, and although her people had treated her badly (according to her own story), she took pride nevertheless in speaking of them. 'Me brother Pat,' I may say, was never spoken of without her head going up. She had a taste for distinction, and pride of race was strong in her.

She went on a tour of inspection when she had been with us a few hours.

'Oh, it's a noble place,' she said. 'You can see plainér nor your eyes, it's been lived in by the gentility! That house has the air of a grand lady, ma'am, sittin' quiet with her hands folded. And them elms, too, like the grand slow wavin' of a fan. Them parlors with their long windys have got the air of havin' seen folk. Me brother Pat worked for a place like this once.' This with her head up and looking all round. 'There's a rich squire lived here at the least,' — with her eyes narrowed shrewdly and her head nodding, I can give you no idea how knowingly. 'Yes; and belike maybe a lord. And there were ladies (seems I can see

them, God save me!) and little childer, I'll give warrant, little childer that knew how to behave themselves in the like of these rooms. Don't it look dreamin' now, ma'am? Would n't you say it was thinkin'?' This with her head on one side, listening, it seemed, for the unseen presences to go by.

Margaret had a great fondness for animals and an extraordinary understanding of them. She had a way of talking with bird and beast that lent reality to the legends of St. Francis. The 'Sermon to the Birds' is no more intimate, nor that to the fishes more appropriate than the daily admonitions she gave to the pig, the counsel she tendered the chickens, to which they listened with grave attention, the pig as if hypnotized, his two forefeet planted stolidly, his eyes fixed upon her; the chickens with their heads turned consideringly, now on this side now on the other, and with little guttural comments of question or approval. The wolf reputed to have put his paw in the saint's hand seemed infinitely less legendary to me after I had seen the pig, released from his pen, follow her to the kitchen stoop, and, with manners as gentlemanly as he could counterfeit, eat out of a pan she held for him. When he had finished, she offered him her hand, as if to pledge him to further good manners; and he made a clumsy pawing motion and managed with her help to get a hoof into her

palm. She gave it a grave shake and released it.

'You're improvin',' was all she said; while the pig, delighted, no doubt, with his new accomplishment, took to his four feet, with squeals of delight, around the corner of the house.

One day there came from about her person a strange chirping, a trifle muffled, like the chirping of a tiny chicken. She absolutely ignored it. She held her head stiff and high, as she was wont to do when she served us or when she referred to 'me brother Pat.' But when she saw that the day could not after all be carried by a mere haughty ignoring of facts, she spoke.

'Poor little uneducated abandoned fowl, ma'am, to cry out against its own interests! I'm sorry, but I could n't leave it in the cold. So, for the love of its mother and God's mother, I'm carryin' it in me bosom to keep it warm. And I'd think you'd be offended if I did n't believe you're a follower of Him that carried the lambs there too!'

It was in such ways that she left you no argument, disarmed all objection, and pursued her own way and predilections, as the saints, the poor, and other chosen of the Lord have, I believe, always done.

She assumed a devoted possession of me and my affairs. When these fared ill, she was as Babylon desolated; when they went comparatively well, she was overjoyed, her step lightened, her head went up; she was a city set upon a hill, that cannot be hid. But it was toward those whom she took to be my enemies that she really shone. By shrewd guesses and by dint of a few downright questions, she figured out that a deal of sorrow and calamity had come to me through the selfishness of others. That was enough for her! Might the Lord smite them! Might a murrain seize them and their cattle!

'But they have no cattle, Margaret! They live in a very large city.'

(It was always a temptation to see how she would right herself.)

'Then may devastation befitin' them fall on their basements and their battlements! May their balustrades burst and a sign of pestilence be put upon their door-sills! And — now God forgive me — whenever He's willin' to take them — for it's He would know what to do with them,' — this with a fierce knowing nod, — 'He has my willin'ness they should go! I'd think it a fairer earth without them, and I'd greet the sun the friendlier in the morn'n' for knowin' He'd not set his bright eye on them.'

Many batter-cakes were stirred to rounded periods of this sort, and omelettes beaten the stiffer for her indignation.

Once it came to her in a roundabout way that illness had fallen upon one of these whom for my sake she despised. She looked shrewdly at something at a very long distance, invisible to any but herself, winked one eye very deliberately, with incredible calculation; then nodded her head slowly, like a witch or sibyl.

'*What* did I tell ye! The currse is beginnin' to work!'

Funny as it was there was something awful in it too.

'But, Margaret, I don't wish them any ill. I don't believe people make others suffer like that if they are in their right minds. Perhaps they think they are doing right.'

'Of *courrrse* they do! If they ever could think they were wrong, there'd be salvation for them! But you see how clear it is that they're doomed to destruction!'

'It's slow waitin' on the Lord,' she said one day wearily. 'And oh, it's meself would like to stir them up a little cake befitin' them!'

I know she thought me a weakling as to hate. But for the insuperable difficulty of several centuries, I believe she would have left me, to ally herself with the Borgias.

When she had been with me some time, she had a serious illness. She had been subject to periodical attacks of the kind, it seems, since her girlhood.

'I did n't tell you,' she said simply, 'for if I had, ye would n't have engaged me; and I liked the looks of ye.' Then, triumphantly, 'Nor was I mistaken.'

This was the beginning of a system of appeals, searching and frequent, which yet never took the direct form of appeal.

'It's I can't be sayin' how I love this old house,' she would say irrelevantly one day; and the next, 'Me brother Pat has been very kind to me at times — at times!' — here a slow wink and nod at the invisible — 'but it's not your own, God save me, that'll do for you in misfortune! No, ma'am, it's not your own!'

She began giving me little presents, a lace collar first. I insisted that I would rather she kept it herself.

'God save us! And all you've done for me!' Her tone was almost despair. 'And you would n't let me do that for you! A bit of a lace collar!'

The next time it was a strange mosaic cross; and the next, a queerly contrived egg-beater; again, a very fine and beautiful handkerchief — all of these produced from her trunk. She always had some ingenious tale of how she had come by them.

Meanwhile her attacks were becoming more frequent. At such times she was like one possessed by some spirit. Her mind would wander suddenly, always to her childhood and the Green Isle. She would be calling the cows home at evening, or talking to the pig. When the 'spirit' left her, she would

be trembling and almost helpless for days and needed much care.

When she was well enough for me to leave her, I went to see her doctor and her people. The first suggested the alms-house: the others thought that they were not called on to keep her unless she would agree to do exactly as they bade her do, and would renounce her proud ways.

Of course I kept her with me. There are extravagances of poverty which may be allowed, as well as of wealth. Something, too, must be conceded to the spirit of adventure and recklessness. It may be at this crossroads that the provident will bid me adieu. I am sorry to lose their company, for, despite their lesser distinction and certain plebeian tendencies, I like the provident; but before they determine to depart, I may be allowed to wonder whether they have ever been in such close relation with the poor as I was then. Have they ever felt the persistent appeal of a Margaret, I wonder, or seen her eyes go twenty times a day to them as to one who held her fate in their keeping? I think perhaps they will not have overheard her say to the pig in a moment of half-gay thankfulness, 'Arrah! God save us! are ye glad as ye should be ye're with people that have got a heart?' Or perhaps the provident will scarcely have been vouchsafed a terrible understanding, as I had at that time, of the dark possibilities of life, or have known what it was to wonder where the next meals would come from.

'But,' argue the provident, 'could she not have gone to her people?' Which, being interpreted, means: 'Should she not have taken thankfully the grudging and conditioned charity with dominion, offered her by those in more fortunate circumstances?'

And to that I answer, 'If you think so, then I can only judge that you know

little "how salt is the bread of others and how steep their stairs"; and I can but refer you to one who has spoken immortally of these matters.'

One day, when she had been ill for more than a week, I told her that she might stay on with me and be cared for, and have a certain very moderate wage, and do only such little light work as she felt able to, all the heavier being taken over by a stronger woman.

She pricked her head up and spoke from a white pillow, equal to fate once more: —

'Now, God save us! If it is n't always good that be growin' out of evil! I'll be yer *housekeeper*! And who'll ye have for a cook? 'T is I'll be keepin' the key of things! Bring along the cook! Black or white, I don't care. I•kin manage her!' (This threateningly).

This was alarming, but I counted upon inspiration and ingenuity when the time came.

I found a West India ducky, whose condition also needed improving. She was a fine type. She might have walked out of the jungles of Africa; magnificently powerful, a little old. She was as irrevocably Protestant as Margaret was Catholic. I urged each privately to remember that they were both the Lord's children and therefore sisters. Augusta took this in solemn religious spirit, — such a speech on my part bound her to me forever, — but Margaret, with a chip on her shoulder, said, —

'She can call herself a Christian if she likes, but it is an insult to the Lord, for she's nothin' better nor a heathen! Black like that!'

'But, Margaret, you said you would not object to a black woman.'

'No, ma'am, nor I don't!' said Margaret, veering swiftly after her own manner; 'it's her pink lips I can't shtand.'

This was the beginning of their warfare; which not inconsistently was made infinitely the more bitter by Augusta's fixed resolve to be a Christian.

Impossible as Margaret was, I could see that her appealing and lovable qualities played on Augusta as they had long played on me.

'The poor afflicted soul!' said Augusta; 'look at the poor thin temples. You don't know, ma'am, how I pray for her every night!'

Margaret, passing by unexpectedly, overheard this and cried out, —

'Oh, God save us! Then I am lost. The Lord will abandon me now for sure! He'll never forgive me such company! That's the wurst yet!'

Then she went off for a long conversation with the pig. When she came back she was in a changed mood.

'Don't mind what I say,' she said to me. 'If God can forgive me, I don't know I'm sure, why you can't!' Then she put a rosy-cheeked apple beside Augusta. 'And I think you'll find this pleasant to the taste.'

Remembering the Borgias, I should have been loath to taste it; but Augusta bit into it with immediate Christian forgiveness. Yet late that afternoon the wind had shifted again into the old quarter. Happening to go into the woodshed, I found Augusta there crying.

'What in the world is the matter, Augusta?' I asked.

'I'm crying,' she said, anticipating Shaw and Androcles, 'because I'm a Christian and I can't strike her!'

She raised her old bloodshot eyes, not to me, but to heaven. I have seen the same look in the eyes of an old dog teased by a pert mongrel, and crippled and rendered helpless by rheumatism as was Augusta by her Christianity.

It was Margaret herself at last, who announced that she would be obliged to leave me. She spoke with a dignity

which she had held over, I suppose, from regal years submerged but not forgotten.

'It's I will have to be goin'; I've stayed as long as I can. I've stood a great deal, — for ye'll stand a terrible lot for them ye're fond of, — and I've been terrible fond of you, more than of me own — and am to this day. But I can't honest say it's of your deservin'! There's a sayin' that we love best them that mistreat us most, and I'm for thinkin' it may be true. I'd have stayed to help you, but I must be havin' *some* thought of meself! Though you've treated me as I would n't treat me own,' — this tellingly, — 'and asked me to live under the roof with one of them the Lord has abandoned — yet I've a kindly feelin' in me heart still for ye, and if ye were in need and ye'd come to me, maybe I would n't say ye nay — I don't know. I'm a forgivin' disposition, more than is for me own good, God knows! I've hated yer enemies and doomed them to destruc-tion!'

I patted her hand good-bye between two perfectly well balanced desires to laugh and to cry. She was so funny, so incredible, so bent, since the foundations of the world, on proving herself right and everybody else wrong. She was not Margaret, merely, whom chance and trouble had brought into my path — she was a very piece of humanity, decked out in unaccustomed bonnet and unlikely feather, best petticoat and a grand pair of black kid gloves — humanity, the ancient, the amusing, the faulty, the incredible, the pathetic, the endeared. And it was as that that she rode away in the funny old jolting farm wagon, her chin in the air, her eyes glancing around haughtily, scanning the old place she had loved and clung to, but scanning it scornfully now, as if she had never laid eyes on it before, and were saying, 'Ye puir

thing! — with yer air of deelapidation! Who — God save us — are you?'

All this was some years ago. By a curious chance, — which has the air of being something more considerable, — it was while I was writing these very paragraphs about Margaret that I had a letter from her, the first since she rode away. It was very characteristic, written in a scrawly and benevolent hand: —

Will you please let me hear, ma'am, whether you're dead or alive. I've had you on my mind, and for six weeks I can't sleep night or day for thinking of you.

Your old servant,

MARGARET.

Let no one tell me that this is mere coincidence. New proof it is to one who has long dealt with the poor, of strange powers of which they are possessed. Here is a sister, I tell you, — 'plainer nor your eyes,' — to the old blind man, who used to come tap-tap, tap-tapping up the shadowy stairs and into the nursery for the penny I had withheld.

Margaret had come back also. Useless to suppose that I could hide from her in the silence and shadows of the intervening years. She had with her shrewd eye found me out. She had not come, like the blind man, to exact money of me, no; but like a witch disembodied, and through the mail, she had come to levy a more precious tax — to collect as of old the old sympathetic affection; the old toll I had paid her so often before; the tribute she had demanded and received times without number — not for labors rendered, no, nor for accountable values received, but rather by a kind of royal prerogative. Indeed, I take it to be a thing proved, to which this is but slight additional testimony, that these are, how much more than kings, — and it would seem by the grace of God, — sovereigns and rulers over us.

But there is still further testimony, of another order, which I feel called on to bear.

II

When we first went to live in the country, in the old house of which I have written, we had a sufficiently large task merely to make the house itself livable. But as time went on, we attempted to do a very little farming.

How greatly did this broaden and extend my experience as to the poor! There were the boys from ten to sixteen who came (again, these were those whose condition needed improving) to do work on the farm for the summers: Joseph, the Hebrew, who from his long and elaborate prayers should have been at least a priest of the Temple; Lester, so practised in picking locks and purloining that it was sheer waste of genius to place him in a home like ours, where jewelry and other returns for his skill were so slender. He did the best he could with the circumstances, but how meagre they were, after all!

There was the little girl, too, who could dance and recite and sing rag-time, having done so in vaudeville. Our home offered her neither audience nor stage, nor was there a footlight in the house. And there was the young Apollo, who at the least could have shepherded the sheep of Admetus; we had no sheep — only one cow.

Then there was Ernest, capable of really heroic devotion. How far did our possibilities fall short of his gifts! I did not engage him — he engaged me. I was setting out the disadvantages as usual, when he blurted out generously, 'I like you, and I am going to take this position!' He was blond, German, of the perfectly good-natured type and of heroic proportions. But, like the ancient heroes of his race, he was fond of the cup that both cheers and inebriates. I used to remonstrate

with him and received always one answer, given stubbornly: 'You know I'd jump in the river for you!'

I tried my best to show him that what was desirable was, not that he should fling himself into the river, only that he should refrain from the cup! Useless, useless! He wanted a more royal opportunity. To be sober, trustworthy, honorable, daily dependable — these were too trifling! Give him something worthy of his powers! The unlikely and surprising were pleasing to his temperament. He would how generously neglect his work to bring home from the field rabbits, which he shot with an old muzzle-loader, requiring days of toil before it could be got to work at all. Once he produced a pheasant. Lacking the Nemean lion, he butchered a pig, and smoked the pork for me, by an incredibly laborious method, under two barrels, one on top of the other. He hewed down trees with terrible strokes, and built me with Herculean effort a corn-crib of gigantic size to hold a handful of corn he had raised.

All these things, while I appreciated them, left his grave fault uncorrected. But to rebuke him on this score was to quarrel with Hercules for some trifling mistake in his spinning. 'You *know* I would jump in the river for you!' he would reiterate.

There really is something ample in their conceptions of life which goes beyond our small bickerings as to honor and honesty. There is a largeness about them which makes our code look small indeed.

After Ernest's departure, another came for a few months, who had surprising resources. He made a practice of bringing me gifts from I do not know where — strawberries, asparagus, and other delicacies, given him presumably, and for the most part, by gardeners of gentlemen's estates in the outlying land — 'friends of his.'

I suggested, with misgivings as to ethics, that I ought to pay for these things; but he smiled benevolently as a king on a subject, and with a manner as bounteous. I had the impression that the world was his.

In the face of his generosity, I felt my behaviors to be feeble and inadequate. These were bounties of a kind to which I was unaccustomed and parvenu, I who had none of the ancient quarterings which would have entitled me to such gratuities; I who had been brought up to the deplorably plebeian idea that one must pay for what one takes.

These are occasions, when, frankly, I am at a loss how to deport myself. I do not know the behaviors befitting. My etiquette does not go so far; and Chesterfield, who covers so many points, stops short of this: he says nothing on the subject.

Oh, royal ways! Oh, fine prerogatives! What hope have I, who am but descended from the founders of a mere country, from men who fought and poured out their blood rather than pay for what they did not receive — what hope is there that I shall ever attain to that gracious and lordly company which receives, as a right, that for which it does not pay!

I have named but a few of these princely characters and their deportments; but remembering them all and weighing all their values, I believe that 'the brightest jewel in my crown wad' still be — Margharetta.

I have never been entirely certain that Margharetta was not descended from the Bourbons. Her husband was in jail for theft, and was a poet. 'I will show you some of his poetry,' she promised me in the first five minutes of my acquaintance with her. 'Some of my friends say he is as great a poet as Shakespeare.'

Like Marie Antoinette, she had three

children. Her husband's misfortune had made it necessary to put these under the care of others. She talked of them incessantly, and assured me that no heart could bleed like a mother's.

As we drove up from the station, she looked all about her, with the air of a Siddons.

'Would n't Ethel enjoy this scenery!' she remarked, still very grand, but almost awed, it seemed. 'She's such a poetic child!' (Ethel was the oldest, a little girl of ten.) 'And these trees!' she said solemnly, as we entered the grave lordly shadows of the hemlocks. 'Would n't Richard enjoy them, now!' (Richard was the Dauphin, aged six.)

When we at last got to the house, and she entered the kitchen in her grand manner, it seemed to grow large — as the lintels and chambers of the Greeks are said to have done when the gods visited them. The walls seemed to widen out, and the pans and kettles took on a shining stateliness. I have difficulty when writing of her to keep myself to fact, so gracious, so spacious, was her manner. I know, for instance, that her dresses all dipped a little at the back, yet I have the greatest temptation to say she wore a court train, so much was that the enlarging impression that she at all times conveyed. She was the most dominating personality, I believe, that I have ever known. Like a French verb, she seemed to cover and account for all possibilities. She reminded you of the infinitive, the subjunctive, the future, the indicative, the *plus-que-parfait*. Entering the dining-room, her handsome hands bearing — always a little aloft — the corned beef or pot roast that should have been a peacock at the very least, she conveyed, silently, time and tense and person, passive and active: 'I am'; 'let us love'; 'let us have'; 'thou hast'; 'I have *not*'; 'if I had!'

Added to the many unconscious appeals that Margharetta was forever making to me, she finally made a direct one. Informing me once more that no heart could bleed like a mother's, she begged to be allowed to have, if it were only one of her children with her, the little girl aged ten. I consented, and went myself to fetch her.

She was a beautiful child. She had a great deal of Margharetta's own handsome insolent beauty, but she had in addition a craft and ability for lying and deception astounding in one so young. Ten years old by the calendar she no doubt was; but by sundry other reckonings, she might have been ten thousand — a strange, pathetic, puzzling little girl.

For a time Margharetta's heart was staunch. But ere long it began to bleed afresh for the one who was, it was now clear, her dearest — Richard, the little Dauphin. She would stand looking out of the window, the picture of wretchedness. 'He is such an angelic little fellow! I can't begin to tell you! Oh, if I could only see him! If I could only have him in my arms once more!'

I make no apology. I only tell the event, perhaps a little shamefacedly. It was not long after this that I went and fetched Richard also.

If his sister was ten thousand, Richard was, I think, of prehistoric origin. He had carried over from the Stone Age a strange ability for having his own way at heavy cost. He had never been in the country. His passion for flowers would have been a hopeful and poetic thing, had it but been accompanied by a knowledge of what flowers were. He would appear in full rapture, bearing a huge bouquet of young bean-plants or a large nosegay of freshly planted cabbages. Never, despite my faithful efforts, did he lose his passionate love of flowers, and never, de-

spite my equally faithful endeavors, did he learn to know what flowers were. I think they were to him anything that could be gathered with greatest ease in largest bunches. With this definition in mind, it will be seen that a vegetable garden offers superlative opportunities.

Margharetta could see in all this nothing but a newly interesting phase of her darling. I was there when he brought her his third generous bouquet. She took it into her gracious handsome hands, held it off a little, then appealed to me for appreciation: —

'Now, is n't that his mother's boy? He brings everything to *me*.'

I had explained to Margharetta before that, right as filial affection undoubtedly is, the gathering of young tomato-plants from the garden had come to be fearfully wrong. I now repeated this severely, then addressed the Dauphin direct.

'You are never, *never* to gather anything from the garden again; do you understand?'

Back went the Dauphin's head suddenly; his face became a purple mask of tragedy; his eyes rained intolerable tears; he broke forth into a most wild and tragic wail.

Margharetta stooped, gathered him to her bosom with one of her finest gestures, lifted him sobbing in her arms, laid his head against her shoulder, held it there with a possessive queenly hand, and with a colder look thrown at me, I am sure, than ever the Bourbons threw at the mob, carried him upstairs.

Later she explained to me haughtily what the Dauphin had meanwhile explained to her — he had been *told* to gather those plants.

'Told to gather them?'

'Yes. Come, lamb, tell just what Tony said to you.'

'Tony said,' began Richard, a little breathless, but resolved, and twisting and braiding his fingers as he spoke, 'Tony said, "You can have *all* the flowers you want, *every* day, and I think your mother would like the tomato-plants best."'

This sudden opera-bouffe turn of affairs really took me off my feet. When I suggested that it was quite certain that Tony would contradict Richard's statement, Margharetta's reply was perfectly consistent. Did I suppose she would take the word of 'a no-account Eye-talian' against that of her darling?

So I found myself once more face to face with that total disregard of fact and probabilities which I had now come to know as one of the leading characteristics of her class. It was for me to remember that miracle waits upon them; that *nothing is improbable* to them if it but coincide with their desires; that truth shall not serve them unless it goes dressed in their livery. Nothing could be done about the matter. We were at a deadlock. What were mere logic and reason? What are they ever in the face of a faith chosen and adhered to?

Margharetta stood firm in an unshaken faith in her own, while I departed, to wonder why it is that humanity deports itself as decently as it does, with these dark powers, not only at work in it, but hugely at work in it, all the while.

The days went on. In the course of becoming acquainted with the country, the little Princess and the Dauphin underwent, of course, many tragic adventures. Though they had me so well in command that I ran to do their bidding, or flew to their rescue, at a mere summoning shriek, wind, water, fire, cats, dogs, cows, horses, poison ivy, snapping turtles, and sundry other folk were not so biddable.

This recalcitrancy led to tragedies innumerable. When either or both children were hurt by some fact or reality which by mere royal habit they had haughtily ignored, and when they were beaten in the fray and wounded, Margharetta was as one bereft of her senses. Panic seized her. She flung herself upon my mercy and my intelligence. She wrung her hands. She was distraught. She could do nothing herself for her darlings, but was wild with gratitude and watched with tragic animal eyes everything that I was able to do for them. How wonderful I was at such moments! How could she ever thank me! Then from my ministrations she would receive into her arms the battered Princess or dilapidated Dauphin, as it might have been from the hands of a relented Providence.

My own glory lasted only during the danger, however. Her darlings secure, she was not long in reascending her throne, and continued to behave with entire consistency as to her probable ancestry. She was the only real queen, with all a queen's regality and insolence, that I have ever dealt with. It is clear to me now that I was hypnotized by her manner to think it a privilege to be of use to her in the calamities of herself and her family. It is true I did at last make a fearful revolutionary stand for liberty, and bundled her and the young Princess of ten and ten thousand, and the little prehistoric Dauphin off one day, and began as best I could to reconstruct life; but not before I had come fearfully near, in the Versailles manner in which Margharetta had conducted herself and our kitchen, being a 'condition' myself.

It is now five years ago, 'of a sunny morning,' since they left us, and the post brought me the other day a short letter from Margharetta enclosing a 'poem' by her husband, on the death of the little girl. She 'wanted me to

know.' I feel quite sure that the letter was divided between sorrow for her loss and pride in her husband's performance.

The circumstance touched me more than I would have supposed possible. I thought of course of a mother's 'bleeding heart.' Poor Margharetta, for all her queenliness and all her disregard of fact, brought at last with the humblest of us to face the one supreme

reality; and weaving as best she could some fancy about that, too, and turning away her face from it toward some consolation of reunion which (the verses promised this) was to be given her in another life, and, I doubt not, also toward the pride in this life of being wedded to a man (let us waive the matter of the jail) who could write poetry, and was, some thought, 'as great as Shakespeare.'

(To be concluded)

MORN LIKE A THOUSAND SHINING SPEARS

BY LAURENCE BINYON

MORN like a thousand shining spears
Terrible in the East appears.
O hide me, leaves of lovely gloom,
Where the young Dreams like lilies bloom!

What is this music that I lose
Now, in a world of fading clues?
What wonders from beyond the seas
And wild Arabian fragrances?

That which is come requires of me
My utter truth and mystery.
Return, O Dreams, return to-night!
My lover is the armed Light.

YOUTH

[The writer of this letter, printed just as it was written, is a boy of nineteen, who at the time was making his third flight without guidance. — THE EDITORS.]

January 3, 1918.

DEAR AUNT LOT, —

Where on earth do you think I am? To tell you the honest truth, I'm not on earth at all. I am 5000 feet in the air! All alone! The engine is making such a noise that I can't hear myself think, but it is very smooth up here at 5000 feet, so I can run the 'bus with my left hand and write to you with my right! I am beginning to think that I am *some* aviator now, because I can go up and write letters in the air.

I just received your Page & Shaw's chocolates to-day. They have followed me all over England, and finally got here. There is a little box on the instrument-board of this plane, and in it are six or seven chocolate gum-drops which I shall eat.

The flight commander sent me up and said, 'Fly around for an hour'; so here I am, with a board on one knee to write on. Is n't this a novel letter? I see another machine over the town doing circles. I guess it's Tom —. We were told to meet at 2000 feet over the town and fly around together. I'm at 5000, and I'm going to dive to 2000 and wave at him. Whee! Motor off, stick forward, and down we go! Gad, it's bumpy down here at 2000! It's Tom all right, because I know the number of his machine. He waved — I waved. I shall climb.

I hate this bumpy strata of air I'm in now. Smooth again. I'm now at 6000 feet, still climbing. Tom is about 5000 feet, but passing directly under

me. It's colder than all get out up here now. So I'll have to put on my glove again and write with my left hand and drive with my right. This can't be done, so I'll stop writing for a minute or so.

I'm now at 8500, and have completely lost sight of the aerodrome. I've lost sight of Tom also. Engine off, nose down, spiral, look all over the sky for Tom. I see him going down. I'll let him go, because it's too wonderful up here. I guess Tom has had engine-trouble or run out of petrol. He sees me and is waving with both hands. Down I go after him, over 100 miles an hour. I'm now at 3000 again. Tom has landed in a field about half a mile from the aerodrome. A lot of people are running to his machine from some little farmhouses. No, he has n't crashed. I can see him getting out of his machine. Out of petrol, I guess. They must have forgotten to fill his tank up before he went. I hope he has had sense enough to telephone to the aerodrome for some petrol. He's now sitting calmly on top of his 'bus.

I've been up half an hour. I shall climb to 10,000 feet and spiral to the aerodrome, just for practice. On the way up there I shall eat the chocolate gum-drops.

I've lost the aerodrome again! I'm now at 9000 feet, and am getting very cold, so I'll turn around and glide in. I'll stall first, just for the sinking sensation. Going only 30 miles an hour, motor off, and about to sink — sinking, nose level. Controls have very little effect at this speed. I'm merely dropping, nose down, and get up speed — 50, 70, 90, 110 miles an hour. Flatten out, 90, 80, 70, 65, motor on again,

and away we go — 7000 feet now. All chocolate gum-drops eaten!

Ah, — I see the aerodrome again. Tom's machine is just leaving the ground; it's getting further and further away from its shadow. I'm all alone in this aeroplane, with one empty seat in front. I wish you were in it; I'd give you some wonderful thrills that would make 70 miles an hour down a crowded street in an automobile seem like riding in a baby carriage!

Do I dare try a loop? I believe not — not yet anyway. I'm right over the 'drome at 6000 feet, so I'll try a spin. Whee! Three times wing over wing was all I did, but what a sensation — dropping all the time! There are three other machines trying to get into the aerodrome, and they are all below me, so have right of way. They're in now, so down I glide — need right hand for landing, and so I must stop.

Now at 1000 feet. Bumpy again and can't make the aerodrome from here, so must fly around it and try again.

Well, I've got to do the rest with my right hand! Much love, and how I miss my dear old aunt!

Your loving nephew,
(200 feet from ground)

JOHNNIE.

P.S. I'm now on terra firma, engine stopped (my fault), and calmly stranded in the middle of the field, waiting for some one to come out and swing my propeller again, so I can 'taxi' back to the sheds. Had a great flight — 1 hour and 10 minutes, with a very good landing, except for letting the engine stop. Well anyway this is *some* letter. My poor hand is cold as ice, but I had a great time. Only four more hours to do in the air, before I transfer from 'C' flight into 'A' Flight, where we learn to do stunts.

JOHNNIE.

THE CHANGING CHARACTER OF LIBRARIES

BY JOHN COTTON DANA

THE day of the library of books has gone by; the day of the library of useful print has come. The tradition that a library is a collection of books, and of books only, is still very strong; but it is a tradition and not a reasoned belief. The fact that a library should be a collection of records of human thought and action, and of the thought and action of yesterday as well as of all recorded times, is now favorably accepted by many, and is daily weaken-

ing the hold of the ancient library tradition.

The old belief was that the units which compose a library are books and books only, and must be treated as books even if they are not books. This may be illustrated by two incidents. The first is that of an unused theatre ticket which worked its way by some unhappy chance into the mechanism of one of our great libraries. Once within the grasp of workers trained to

treat all things that come into the library as if they were books, whether endowed with the integuments of bookishness or not, it was straightway treated as a book. It was solemnly entered as No. 348,756 in the volume of records devoted to the serial entry of all incoming books; then, having been just as solemnly considered as to its form and content, it was pronounced a prose treatise on the drama in America — being, as it was, a ticket to one of Clyde Fitch's comedies; next, it was given a cabalistic mark, say, 748.62F47, indicative of its assumed content, and saying also that it must forever stand *among books on the American drama*, before books by authors whose names began with *Fj* and after any whose names began with *Fh*. That it might be found when asked for, it was recorded on a card under the entry-word Fitch, on another under 'Drama,' on another under 'Theatre,' and on still others under words of appropriate exhaustiveness. It underwent also other treatment proper to the book which, for the purpose of carrying out the ancient library cult, it was supposed to be.

All this happened a few years ago, and, unless time and the elements have devoured it, that tiny bit of printed pasteboard still exalts itself as a book on the shelves and in the vast catalogue of a great library. That it may have been thus treated partly in fun, as a satire on the over-refinement of the process of making records of books and of treating as books everything a library may possess, does not decrease the value of the incident as an illustration of the strength of the tradition that the component units of a library are books, and that if, by chance, any are not books, then the error lies in them and not in the tradition!

The other illustration is found in the conclusion, arrived at again and

again, even in very recent years, by practitioners of library technique, that, as a library is a collection of books, a pamphlet, in its original and degrading dress of mere paper, cannot be given admission to it. The pamphlet that would become part of a library must first be bound, no matter if it is of four pages only, and then can be, and should be, submitted to all the sacred ceremonies which have been devised for the installation of a library's proper unit, a bound volume.

The library of records, the library of useful print, which is taking the place of the library of books only, it is impossible as yet to describe, for it is in process of making and daily takes on new features. It has books, of course. The qualities which distinguish it from a library of the type that prevails today are qualities due to the inclusion of new material and not to the exclusion of old material. This new material daily increases in quantity and in variety.

Some of the characteristics of the new type of library may be noted in the special collections of books, and of other records of thought and action, formed in the last ten years in hundreds of banks, trust companies, railroad central offices, insurance companies, and industrial plants of every kind. The reference here is not to the libraries gathered for the recreation and general enlightenment of minor employees, or to the mere official records of the institutions themselves, but to collections made with the very definite purpose of having at hand a carefully collected and skillfully mastered mass of information bearing directly upon the activities of the several institutions by which they are established. These collections already have the trade name of special libraries, and most of their administrators are members of an independent library

organization of their own. The material gathered in them is of infinite variety, ranging from the latest English Blue Book on education in India to the prospectus of a company for the exploitation of a peat bog in Maine.

And the method of handling the material is as varied as is the material itself. Since much of it consists of excerpts from papers, books, and journals, or is of the lowly pamphlet class, it is very conveniently kept in one of the many forms of the familiar vertical file. The methods of classification and marking used to make it easy to discover each piece as needed are adjusted as skillfully as may be to the size, character and method of use of each collection.

These special libraries tell us quite plainly what are to be some of the characteristics of the coming general library of records; for just as the modern enterprise, of whatever kind, finds that it needs a library of records to help it to be wise in its special work, so will each community find that it needs a similar library of records, wider in its range but of like material, to help it to be wise also.

Thus far the argument for the enlargement of the conception of the general library has proceeded mainly from the needs of those who use the library.

This argument is greatly reinforced by a glance at the vast quantity of the records themselves of man's thought and action which we are now producing, and at the physical characteristics of those records.

In passing, mention should be made of the records of sound and action found in the phonograph disk and the 'movie' film. These present a problem to librarians which is so new and vast that they have not even ventured to think of attacking it, though they hesitatingly confess that, if libraries are to

continue to be the storehouses of records of the world's activities, then the records which the camera and the phonograph make, and the records of like importance made by other inventions which are surely on the way, must find in libraries their proper homes. But, of books which are so obviously not books as are these two marvelous records, it is not yet possible to say more than that the library of the future must admit them, and must adjust its ancient methods to their proper care.

As to printed records, these have increased marvelously in quantity in the last thirty years. The increase does not seem very remarkable if measured only by the growth of book-publication; but measured by the growth of printing as an industry and by the growth of journal and pamphlet publications, it is most astounding. In 1889 the value of the total output of the printing press in this country was \$313,000,000; in twenty years it increased, in 1909, to \$738,000,000, or 230 per cent. Since 1909 the growth of the industry has been more rapid than ever before. There is ample evidence to be had for the conclusion that the production, and consumption, of print are now just beginning their era of great development.

A relatively small part of this increase has been in book-production; much of it has been in posters, circulars, and commercial blanks and forms of countless kinds; but a very large part of it has been in pamphlets and journals. No library can keep all these things. Did one now attempt to preserve even one copy of all things printed, it would in a few weeks fill every square inch of its storage space. The printing press has outrun the most enthusiastic and richest of collectors, public or private. The day of completeness, even in the records of things

printed on subjects of the day, has passed.

Note, now, that the printer's products are, not only of a quantity which is overwhelming, but also of a quality which is peculiarly, and fortunately, ephemeral. The word ephemeral here means, not that a given piece of print is of slight value, — for it may be in its brief day of the very highest value, — but that its value soon passes, since other printed things soon take its place. It is ephemeral in its form, usually that of pamphlets and journals printed on paper which can endure for a few years only; and is published with the definite thought that it will be used for a short time and will then be cast aside as out of date.

It is in this ephemeral quality, as well as in the prodigious quantity of our rising flood of print, that we find the definite and sufficient reason for the change from the library of books only to the library of records.

Books, journals, and pamphlets, and many other things not here touched on, are all needed to form a helpful record of man's thoughts and activities. And the journals and the pamphlets are to-day so essential to the fullness of these records, and they so far outweigh books in quantity and, for the day at least, in importance, that they must be included in the field which the library covers; and, being included, they compel a diversion to them of a great part of the librarian's activities.

To prove this statement to those who have not noted the change in character of the products of the press which has in recent years accompanied the increase in quantity, it would be necessary to present an imposing and tiring array of figures. It is enough here to give two illustrations.

The Library of Congress compiled and published a few months ago a pam-

phlet — note that it is a pamphlet and not a book — called *The United States at War*. It contains a list, far from complete, of the names of more than one hundred and fifty auxiliary and volunteer organizations, most of them formed since the great war opened and many of them since our country began to take part in it. Many of these organizations publish pamphlets or journals, not books save in very few cases; and each and every one of their publications is to-day of some importance, and in many cases of great importance, as a record of man's thoughts and actions, and should find its place, temporarily, in many of our libraries. Here then are new thousands of 'records.' If a library does not make many of them easily accessible, it will fail in what is a library's chief function, that of adding to a community's efficiency by keeping it informed on whatever of importance may be doing in the world.

In recent years we have seen rise in this country a cult of altruism of quite unexampled vigor. It has shown itself, among other ways, in the publication of journals and pamphlets, and chiefly the latter, issued to explain the purpose and the methods of a given organization, or to spread abroad certain opinions, information, and advice to the wider acceptance and use of which that organization devotes itself. Of these societies of altruistic endeavor a very incomplete list, made a few years ago, included more than fifteen hundred. Their publications, within the space of one year, are numbered by the thousands. Of those publications the same things may be said that have been said of the publications of the societies named in *The United States at War*. They are pamphlets, not books; they record some of the most interesting and immediately important of man's thoughts and actions; they must be found in our libraries of records;

they cannot be treated as books, for so to treat them would exhaust the financial resources of our largest libraries; they are ephemeral by intent, in that they are published with the expectation that they will soon be superseded by others. To handle them efficiently and with sound economy, libraries must take on certain new characteristics and become in a large part filing devices for temporary storage, joined to easy accessibility, of material which is of great value to-day, but of little or no value to-morrow.

It should be noted, as bearing on the general argument in hand, that it costs a library from twenty to fifty cents to prepare for use each and every book it adds, as a book, to its collections, and, the larger the collection, the greater the cost. Hence, to treat as books all the pamphlets which a modern library should acquire and master would entail an enormous initial cost, and would load shelves and catalogues with things that would soon be quite useless.

These two illustrations refer only to a mere fraction of to-day's vast stream of printed things which are ephemeral in content and in physical character. It would be easy to add others. The Federal Government now publishes some fifty pamphlet lists of its publications. The number of entries in these lists ranges from a few score to nearly two thousand. These publications are nearly all in pamphlet form. They cover thousands of subjects. To the Congressional Record and its many monthly journals the government has

now added two daily papers, both in the form of pamphlets. Of trade journals one zealous inquirer has recently collected one copy each of about two thousand titles, and has not exhausted the subject. These merely suggest the size of our modern flood of print.

To check this flood is quite impossible. It creates daily, by its mere presence, new armies of readers for its use. The efforts to-day being made by these armies of readers and inquirers to master their flood of print, to find a way through it to the specific lines, the paragraphs, the pages, or chapters which they need, again illustrate its quantity. Indexes to journals multiply. Keys, guides, and lists of countless kinds are constantly appearing. Libraries, societies, city and state and national governments, are combining to form agencies which shall gather and arrange, not all the print of the day, — of that they quite despair, — but merely the indexes to the print of the day. So far has the printer outpaced the old type of library — a collection of books.

It would be idle to attempt to describe this Niagara of print. A description adequate to-day, could one be made, would be quite incomplete to-morrow. It is a stream beside which the 'flood of books,' at times so feelingly alluded to, is a mere rivulet. We do not need to fear that it will ever wipe out of existence all of the library's ancient bookishness; but it already demands that, to the library's old-time methods for records in books only, be added new methods for all records.

THE SPRING BIRD PROCESSION

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

I

ONE of the new pleasures of country life when one has made the acquaintance of the birds is to witness the northward bird procession as it passes or tarries with us in the spring — a procession which lasts from April till June and has some new feature daily.

The migrating wild creatures, whether birds or beasts, always arrest the attention. They seem to link up animal life with the great currents of the globe. It is moving day on a continental scale. It is the call of the primal instinct to increase and multiply, suddenly setting in motion whole tribes and races. The first phoebe bird, the first song sparrow, the first robin or bluebird in March or early April, is like the first ripple of the rising tide on the shore.

In my boyhood the vast armies of the passenger pigeons were one of the most notable spring tokens. Often late in March, or early in April, the naked beech-woods would suddenly become blue with them, and vocal with their soft, child-like calls; or all day the sky would be streaked with the long lines or dense masses of the moving armies. The last great flight of them that I ever beheld was on the tenth of April, 1875, when, for the greater part of the day, one could not at any moment look skyward above the Hudson River Valley without seeing several flocks, great and small, of the migrating birds. But that spectacle was never repeated as it had been for generations before. The

pigeons never came back. Death and destruction, in the shape of the greed and cupidity of man, were on their trail. The hosts were pursued from state to state by professional pot-hunters and netters, and the numbers so reduced, and their flocking instinct so disorganized, that their vast migrating bands disappeared, and they were seen only in loosely scattered and diminishing flocks in different parts of the West during the remainder of the century. A friend of mine shot a few in Indiana in the early eighties, and scattered bands of them have occasionally been reported, here and there, up to within a few years. The last time that my eyes beheld a passenger pigeon was in the fall of 1876 when I was out for grouse. I saw a solitary cock sitting in a tree. I killed it, little dreaming that, so far as I was concerned, I was killing the last pigeon.

What man now in his old age who witnessed in youth that spring or fall festival and migration of the passenger pigeons would not hail it as one of the gladderest hours of his life if he could be permitted to witness it once more! It was such a spectacle of bounty, of joyous, copious animal life, of fertility in the air and in the wilderness, as to make the heart glad. I have seen the fields and woods fairly inundated for a day or two with these fluttering, piping, blue-and-white hosts. The very air at times seemed suddenly to turn to pigeons.

One May evening recently, near sundown, as I sat in my summer-

house here in the Hudson Valley, I saw a long curved line of migrating fowl high in the air, moving with great speed northward, and for a moment I felt the old thrill that I used to experience on beholding the pigeons. Fifty years ago I should have felt sure that they were pigeons; but they were only ducks. A more intense scrutiny failed to reveal the sharp, arrow-like effect of a swiftly moving flock of pigeons. The rounder, bottle-shaped bodies of the ducks also became apparent. But migrating ducks are a pleasing spectacle, and when, a little later, a line of geese came into my field of vision, and re-formed and trimmed their ranks there against the rosy sky above me, and drove northward with their masterly flight, there was no suggestion of the barnyard or farm pond up there.

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through the rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Bryant, by the way, handled natural subjects in a large, free, simple way, which our younger poets never attained.

When one is fortunate enough to see a line of swans etched upon the sky near sunset, a mile or more high, as has been my luck but twice in my life, one has seen something he will not soon forget.

The northward movement of the smaller bodies — the warblers and finches and thrushes — gives one pleasure of a different kind — the pleasure of rare and distinguished visitors who tarry for a few hours or a few days, enlivening the groves and orchards and garden borders, and then pass on. Delicacy of color, grace of form, animation of movement, and often snatches of song, and elusive notes and calls, advise the bird-lover that the fairy procession is arriving. Tiny guests from Central and South America drop out of the sky like flowers borne by the

night winds, and give unwonted interest to our tree-tops and roadside hedges. The ruby-crowned kinglet heralds the approach of the procession, morning after morning, by sounding his elfin bugle in the evergreens.

The migrating thrushes in passing are much more chary of their songs, although the hermit, the veery, and the olive-backed may occasionally be heard. I have even heard the northern water thrush sing briefly in my currant patch. The bobolink begins to burst out in sudden snatches of song, high in air, as he nears his northern haunts. I have often in May heard the black-poll warbler deliver his fine strain, like that of some ticking insect, but have never heard the bay-breasted or the speckled Canada during migration. None of these birds sing or nest in the tropical countries where they pass more than half the year. They are like exiles there; the joy and color fade out of their lives in the land of color and luxuriance. The brilliant tints come to their plumage, and the songs to their hearts, only when the breeding impulse sends them to their brief northern homes. Tennyson makes his swallow say, —

I do but wanton in the South,
While in the North long since my nest is made.

It is highly probable, if not certain, that the matches made in the North endure but for a season, and that new mates are chosen each spring. The males of most species come a few days in advance of the females, being, I suppose, supercharged with the breeding impulse.

That birds have a sense of home and return in most cases to their old haunts is quite certain. But whether both sexes do this, or only the males, I have no proof. But I have proof which I consider positive that the male song sparrow returns, and there is pretty good evidence that the same thing is true of

several, probably of most, other species. A friend of mine has a summer home in one of the more secluded valleys of the Catskills, and every June for three years a pair of catbirds have nested near the house; and every day, many times, one or both birds come to the dining-room window for sweet butter. Very soon after their arrival they appear at the window, shy at first, but soon becoming so tame that they approach within a few feet of the mistress of the house. They light on the chair-backs and sometimes even hop on the table, taking the butter from the fork held by the mistress. Their behavior now is very convincing that one or both have been at the window for butter in previous years.

Let me quote a page or two from my notebook, under date of May 25:—

‘Walked down through the fields and woods to the river, and then along the wooded banks toward home.

‘Redstarts here and there in the woods, going through their pretty gymnastics. None of our insect-feeders known to me so engage the eye. The flashes of color, and the acrobatic feats—how they set each other off! It is all so much like a premeditated display, or a circus, or an operatic performance, that one is surprised to find a solitary bird in the woods so intent upon it. Every movement is accompanied by its own feathered display. The tail, with its bands of black and orange, is as active in opening and shutting as a lady’s fan at the opera signaling to her lover; the wings unfold, or droop, and second the sensitive tail, and the whole behavior of the bird makes him about the prettiest actor in the little fly-catching drama of the season. This behavior would suggest that the bird feeds upon a particular kind of insect; at all times and places it is engaged in the same striking acrobatic feats; just as the black-and-white creeping war-

bler is always busy in the hunt for some minute insect on the trunks of trees.’

I recall several of our insect-feeders, each of which seems to have its own insect province. The Kentucky warbler, where I have known it on the Potomac, fed for the most part on insects which it gathered from the underside of the leaves of certain plants near the ground. Hence it is classed among the ground warblers, like the Maryland yellowthroat. The red-eyed vireo feeds largely on the insects which hide on the under side of leaves in the tree-tops.

When the oriole first comes in May, he is very busy searching into the heart of the apple-tree bloom for some small insect. I have seen Wilson’s black-capped warbler doing the same thing. I have seen a score or more of myrtle warblers very active amid the bushes and trees along a stream, snapping up some slow-moving gauzy insect drifting about there. They often festoon the stream with their curving and looping lines of blue and black and yellow.

The feeding-ground of one bird is often an empty larder to another kind. I saw a pretty illustration of this fact yesterday. On the wide, smooth space, graded with sharp gravel in front of my neighbor’s boathouse, there were three Blackburnian warblers, one male and two females, very much absorbed in hurrying about over the gray surface, picking up some tiny insects which were invisible to my eye. How intent and eager they were! A nuthatch came down the trunk of the elm and eyed them closely; then took to the ground and followed them about for a moment. But evidently he could not make out what the table was spread with, as, after a few seconds, he flew back to the tree and went on with his own quest of food. But the nuthatches will follow the downy woodpeckers through the trees, and the chickadees follow the

nuthatches, and the brown creepers follow the chickadees, and each kind appears to find the food it is looking for. Every man to his taste, and every bird to the food that its beak indicates.

I have no idea as to the kind of food that invariably draws the male scarlet tanager to the ground in the ploughed fields at this season; but there they are in pairs or triplets, slowly looking over the brown soil and visible from afar. Yesterday I came upon two on the ground at a wettish place in the woods, demurely looking about them. How they fairly warmed the eye amid their dull and neutral surroundings!

Season after season, all over the country, the spectacle of scarlet tanagers inspecting the ground in ploughed fields recurs.

This season an unusual number of male rose-breasted grosbeaks have frequented the ground in my vineyards at the same time. Their black-and-white plumage, with an occasional glimpse of their rose-colored breasts, makes them very noticeable, but not so conspicuous as the tanagers. But their rich mellow warblings from the tree-tops more than make up to the ear what the eye misses. Strange to say, in my boyhood I never saw or recognized this bird, and few country or farm people, I think, ever discriminate it. Its song is like that of the robin much softened and rounded and more finely modulated, contrasting in this respect with the harder and more midsummer strain of the tanager. The heavy beak of the bird gives him a somewhat Hebraic look.

II

That birds of a feather flock together, even in migration, is evident enough every spring. When in the morning you see one of a kind, you may confidently look for many more. When, in early May, I see one myrtle warbler,

I presently see dozens of them in the trees and bushes all about me; or, if I see one yellow red-poll on the ground, with its sharp chirp and nervous behavior, I look for more. Yesterday, out of the kitchen window, I saw three speckled Canada warblers on the ground in the garden. How choice and rare they looked on the dull surface! In my neighbor's garden or dooryard I would probably have seen more of them, and in his trees and shrubbery as many magnolia, and bay-breasted, and black-throated blue warblers as in my own; and about his neighbor's place, and his, and his, throughout the township, and on west throughout the county, and throughout the state, and the adjoining state, on west to the Mississippi and beyond, I would have found in every bushy tangle and roadside and orchard and grove and wood and brookside, the same advancing line of migrating birds — warblers, fly-catchers, finches, thrushes, sparrows, and so on — that I found here. I would have found highholes calling and drumming, robins and phœbes nesting, swallows skimming, orioles piping, oven birds demurely tripping over the leaves in the woods, tanagers and grosbeaks in the ploughed fields, purple finches in the cherry trees, and white-throats and white-crowned sparrows in the hedges.

One sees the passing bird procession in his own grounds and neighborhood without pausing to think that in every man's grounds and in every neighborhood throughout the state, and throughout a long, broad belt of states, about several millions of homes, and over several millions of farms, the same flood-tide of bird-life is creeping and eddying or sweeping over the land. When the mating or nesting highholes are awakening you in the early morning by their insistent calling and drumming on your metal roof or gutters or ridge-boards, they are doing the same

to your neighbors near by, and to your fellow countrymen fifty, a hundred, a thousand miles away. Think of the myriads of dooryards where the 'chippies' are just arriving; of the blooming orchards where the passing many-colored warblers are eagerly inspecting the buds and leaves; of the woods and woody streams where the oven birds and water thrushes are searching out their old haunts; of the secluded bushy fields and tangles where the chewinks, the brown thrashers, the chats, the cat-birds, are once more preparing to begin life anew — think of all this and more, and you may get some idea of the extent and importance of our bird-life.

I fancy that on almost any day in mid-May the flickers are drilling their holes into a million or more decayed trees between the Hudson and the Mississippi; that any day a month earlier the phoebes are starting their nests under a million or more wood-sheds or bridges or overhanging rocks; that several millions of robins are carrying mud and straws to sheltered projections about buildings, or to the big forked branches in the orchards.

When in my walk one day in April, through an old cedar lane, I found a mourning dove's nest on the top of an old stone wall, — the only one I ever found in such a position, — I wondered how many mourning doves throughout the breadth and length of the land had built or were then building their nests on stone walls or on rocks.

Considering the enormous number of birds of all species that flood the continent at this season, as if some dike or barrier south of us had suddenly given way, one wonders where they could all have been pent up during the winter. Mexico and Central and South America have their own bird-populations the seasons through; and with the additions of the hosts from this country, it seems as if those lands must have liter-

ally swarmed with birds, and that the food-question (as with us) must have been pressing. Of course, a great many of our birds — such as sparrows, robins, blackbirds, meadow larks, jays, and chewinks — spend the winter in the Southern states, but many more — warblers, swallows, swifts, hummers, orioles, tanagers, cuckoos, fly-catchers, vireos, and others — seek out the equatorial region.

III

The ever-memorable war spring of 1917 was very backward, — about two weeks later than the average, — very cold and very wet. Few fruit trees bloomed before the twentieth of May; then they all bloomed together: cherry, pear, peach, apple, all held back till they could stand it no longer. Pink peach-orchards and white apple-orchards at the same time and place made an unusual spectacle.

The cold wet weather, of course, held up the bird procession also. The warblers and other migrants lingered and accumulated. The question of food became a very serious one with all the insect-eaters. The insects did not hatch, and, if they did, they kept very close to cover. The warblers, driven from the trees, took to the ground. It was an unusual spectacle to see these delicate and many-colored spirits of the air and of the tree-tops hopping about amid the clods and the rubbish, searching for something they could eat. They were like jewels in the gutter, or flowers on the sidewalk.

For several days in succession I saw several speckled Canada warblers hopping about my newly planted garden, evidently with poor results; then it was two or more Blackburnian warblers looking over the same ground, their new black and white and vivid orange plumage fairly illuminating the dull surface. The redstarts flashed along

the ground and about the low bushes and around the outbuildings, delighting the eye in the same way. Bay-breasted warblers tarried and tarried, now on the ground, now in the lower branches of the trees or in bushes. I sat by a rapid rocky stream one afternoon and watched for half an hour a score or more of myrtle warblers snapping up the gauzy-winged insects that hovered above the water in the fitful sunshine. What loops and lines of color they made, now perched on the stones, now on the twigs of the overhanging trees, now hovering, now swooping. What an animated scene they presented! They had struck a rare find and were making the most of it.

On other occasions I saw the magnolia and Cape May and chestnut-sided warblers under the same stress of food-shortage searching in unwonted places. One bedraggled and half starved female Magnolia warbler lingered eight or ten days in a row of Japanese barberry bushes under my window, where she seemed to find some minute and, to me, invisible insect on the leaves and in the blossoms that seemed worth her while.

This row of barberry bushes was the haunt for a week or more of two or three male ruby-throated humming birds. Not one female did we see, but two males were often there at the same time, and sometimes three. They came at all hours and probed the clusters of small greenish-yellow blossoms, and perched on the twigs of intermingled lilacs, often remaining at rest five or six minutes at a time. They chased away the big queen bumble-bees which also reaped a harvest there, and occasionally darted spitefully at each other. The first day I saw them, they appeared to be greatly fatigued, as if they had just made the long journey from Central America. Never before had I seen this bird-jewel of omnipotent wing

take so kindly and so habituatedly to the perch.

The unseasonable season, no doubt, caused the death of vast numbers of warblers. We picked up two about the paths on my place, and the neighbors found dead birds about their grounds. Often live birds were so reduced in vitality that they allowed the passer-by to pick them up. When one dead bird was seen, no doubt hundreds escaped notice in the fields and groves. A bird lives so intensely — rapid breathing and high temperature — that its need for food is always pressing. These adventurous little aviators had come all the way from South and Central America; the fuel-supply of their tiny engines was very low, and they suffered accordingly.

A friend writing me from Maine at this time had the same story of famishing warblers to tell. Certain of our more robust birds suffered. A male oriole came under my window one morning and pecked a long time at a dry crust of bread — food, I dare say, it had never tasted before. The robins alone were in high feather. The crop of angle-worms was one hundred per cent, and one could see the robins ‘snaking’ them out of the ground at all hours.

Emerson is happy in his epithet, ‘the punctual birds.’ They are nearly always here on time — always, considering the stage of the season; but the inflexible calendar often finds them late or early. There is one bird, however, that keeps pretty close to the calendar. I refer to the white-crowned sparrow, the most distinguished-looking of all our sparrows. Year after year, be the season early or late, I am on the lookout for him between the 12th and the 16th of May. This year, on the 13th, I looked out of my kitchen window and saw two males hopping along side by side in the garden. Unhurriedly they moved about, uncon-

scious of their shapely forms and fine bearing. Their black and white crowns, their finely penciled backs, pure ashen-gray breasts, and their pretty carriage, give them a decided look of distinction. Such a contrast to our nervous and fidgety song sparrow, bless her little heart! And how different from the more chunky and plebeian looking white-throats — bless their hearts also for their longer tarrying and their sweet, quavering ribbon of song. The fox sparrow, the most brilliant singer of all our sparrows, is an uncertain visitor in the Hudson River valley, and seasons pass without one glimpse of him.

The spring of 1917 was remarkable for the number of migrating blue jays. For many days in May I beheld the unusual spectacle of processions of jays streaming northward. Considering the numbers I saw during the short time in the morning that I was in the open, if the numbers I did not see were in like proportion, many thousands of them must have passed my outlook northward. The jay is evidently more or less a migrant. I saw not one here during the winter, which is unusual. As one goes south in winter the number of jays greatly increases, till in Georgia they are nearly as abundant as robins are here in summer.

In late April a friend wrote me from a town in northern New York that the highholes disturbed his sleep in the early morning by incessant drumming on the metal roofs and gutters and ridgeboards. They were making the same racket around us at the same hour. Early in the month a pair of them seem to have been attracted to a cavity in the mid-top of a maple tree near the house, and the male began to warm up under the fever of the nesting impulse, till he made himself quite a nuisance to sleepers who did not like to be drummed out before five o'clock

in the morning. How loudly he did publish and proclaim his joy in the old command which spring always reaffirms in all creatures! With call and drum, repeated to the weariness of his less responsive neighbors, he made known the glad tidings from his perch on the verge of the tin roof; he would send forth the loud rapid call, which, as Thoreau aptly says, has the effect as of some one suddenly opening a window and calling in breathless haste, 'Quick, quick, quick, quick!' Then he would bow his head and pour a volley of raps upon the wood or metal, which became a continuous stream of ringing blows. One would have thought that he had a steel punch for a bill, and that it never got dull.

But the highhole's bill is a wonderful instrument and serves him in many ways. In the spring bird-orchestra he plays an important part, more so than that of any other of the woodpeckers. He is never a disturber of the country quiet except on such occasions as above referred to. His insistent call coming up from the April and May meadows or pastures or groves is pleasing to the nature-lover to a high degree. It does seem to quicken the season's coming, though my pair were slow in getting down to business, doubtless on account of the backward spring and the consequent scarcity of ants, which is their favorite food.

When on the first of June I looked into the cavity in one of my maples, and saw only one egg, I thought it a meagre result for all that month and a half of beating of drum and clashing of cymbals; but on the twentieth of June the results were more ample, and four open mouths greeted me as I again looked into the little dark chamber in the maple. The drumming and trumpeting had ceased, and the festive and holiday air of the birds had given place to an air of silent solicitude. As the

cavity is a natural one, the result of a decayed limb, it does not have the carpeting of soft pulverized 'dozy' wood that it would have had it been excavated by the birds. Hence, for days before the full complement of eggs was laid, and after the young had hatched, I used to see and hear, as I passed by, one of the parent birds pecking on the sides of the cavity, evidently to loosen material to supply this deficiency.

The highhole is our most abundant species of woodpecker, and as he gets most of his living from the ground instead of from the trees, he is a migrant in the northern states. Our other members of the family are mostly black, white, and red, but the highhole is colored very much like the meadow lark, in mottled browns and whites and yellows, with a dash of red on the nape of his neck. To his enemies in the air he is not a conspicuous object on the ground, as the other species would be.

IV

The waves of bird-migrants roll on through the states into Canada and beyond, breaking like waves on the shore, and spreading their contents over large areas. The warbler wave spends itself largely in the forests and mountains of the northern tier of states and of Canada; its utmost range, in the shape of Wilson's black cap, reaching nearly to the Arctic Circle, while its content of ground warblers, in the shape of the Maryland yellowthroat, and the Kentucky and the hooded warblers, begins to drop out south of the Potomac and in Ohio.

The robins cover a very wide area, as do the song sparrows, the kingbirds, the vireos, the flickers, the orioles, the catbirds, and others. The area covered by the bobolinks is fast becoming less and less, or at least it is moving farther and farther north. Bobolinks in New

York state meadows are becoming rare birds, but in Canadian meadows they appear to be on the increase. The mowing-machine and the earlier gathering of the hay crop by ten or fourteen days than fifty years ago probably account for it.

As the birds begin to arrive from the South in the spring, the birds that have come down from the North to spend the winter with us — the cross-bills, the pine grosbeaks, the pine linnets, the red-breasted nuthatches, the juncos, and the snow buntings — begin to withdraw. The ebb of one species follows the flow of another. One winter, in December, a solitary red-breasted nuthatch took up his abode with me, attracted by the suet and nuts I had placed on a maple-tree trunk in front of my study window for the downy woodpecker, the chickadees, and the native nuthatches. Red-breast evidently said to himself, 'Needless to look farther.' He took lodgings in a wren-box on a post near by, and at night and during windy stormy days was securely housed there. He tarried till April, and his constancy, his pretty form, and engaging ways, greatly endeared him to us. The pair of white-breasted nuthatches that fed at the same table looked coarse and common beside this little delicate waif from the far North. He could not stand to see lying around a superabundance of cracked hickory nuts, any more than his larger relatives could, and would work industriously, carrying them away and hiding them in the wood-pile and summer-house near by. The other nuthatches bossed him, as they in turn were bossed by Downy, and as he in turn bossed the brown creeper and the chickadees. In early April my little red-breast disappeared, and I fancied him turning his face northward, urged by a stronger impulse than that for food and shelter merely. He was

my tiny guest from unknown lands, my baby bird, and he left a vacancy that none of the others could fill.

The nuthatches are much more pleasing than the woodpeckers. Soft-voiced, soft-colored, gentle-mannered, gliding over the rough branches and the tree-trunks with their boat-shaped bodies, up and down and around, with apparently an extra joint in their necks that enables them, head-downward, to look straight out from the tree-trunk, their movements seem far less mechanical and angular than those of the woodpeckers and the creepers. Downy can back down a tree by short hitches, but he never ventures to do it head-first, nor does the creeper; but the universal joint in the nuthatch's body and its rounded keel enable it to move head on indifferently in all directions. Its soft nasal call in the spring woods is one of the most welcome of sounds. It is like the voice of children, plaintive, but contented, a soft interrogation in the ear of the sylvan gods. What a contrast to the sharp steely note of the woodpeckers — the hairy's like the metallic sounds of the tin-smith, and Downy's a minor key of the same!

But the woodpeckers have their drums which make the dry limbs vocal, and hint the universal spring awakening in a very agreeable manner. The two sounds together, the childish 'Yank, yank,' of the nuthatch, and the resonant 'Rat-tat-tat' of Downy, are coincident with the stirring sap in the maple trees. The robin, the bluebird, the song sparrow, and the phoebe have already loosened the fetters of winter in the open. It is interesting to note how differently the woodpeckers and the nuthatches use their beaks in procuring their food. Downy's head is a trip-hammer, and he drives his beak into the wood by short, sharp blows, making the chips fly, while the nuthatch strikes more softly, using his

whole body in the movement. He delivers a kind of feathered blow on the fragment of nut which he has placed in the vise of the tree's bark. My little red-breast, previously referred to, came down on a nut in the same way, with a pretty extra touch of the flash of his wings at each stroke, as the wood-chopper says 'Hah!' when sending his axe home. If this does not add force to his blows, it certainly emphasizes them in a very pretty manner.

Each species of wild creature has its own individual ways and idiosyncrasies which one likes to note. As I write these lines a male kingbird flies by the apple tree in which his mate is building a nest, with that peculiar mincing and affected flight which none other of the flycatchers, so far as I know, ever assumes. The olive-sided flycatcher has his own little trick, too, which the others do not have: I have seen his whole appearance suddenly change while sitting on a limb, by the exhibition of a band of white feathers like a broad chalk-mark outlining his body. Apparently the white feathers under the wings could be projected at will, completely transforming the appearance of the bird. He would change in a twinkling from a dark, motionless object to one surrounded by a broad band of white.

It occasionally happens that a familiar bird develops an unfamiliar trait. The purple finch is one of our sweetest songsters and best-behaved birds, but one that escapes the attention of most country people. But the past season he made himself conspicuous with us by covering the ground beneath the cherry trees with cherry-blossoms. Being hard put to it for food, a flock of the birds must have discovered that every cherry-blossom held a tidbit in the shape of its ovary. At once the birds began to cut out these ovaries, soon making the ground white be-

neath the trees. I grew alarmed for the safety of my crop of Windsors, and tried to 'shoo' the birds away. They looked down upon me as if they considered it a good joke. Even when we shot one, to make sure of the identity of the bird, the flock only flew to the next tree and went on with the sniping. Beneath two cherry trees that stood beside the highway the blossoms drifted into the wagon tracks like snow flakes. I concluded that the birds had taken very heavy toll of my cherries, but it turned out that they had only done a little of the much-needed thin-

ning. Out of a cluster of six or eight blossoms they seldom took more than two or three, as if they knew precisely what they were about, and were intent on rendering me a service. When the robins and the cedar birds come for the cherries they are not so considerate, but make a clean sweep. The finches could teach them manners — and morals.

Well, bird-life is an inexhaustible subject, but I know that the interest of my reader is not inexhaustible, and therefore I will not press him to the limit.

DRAMATIC CRITICISM IN THE AMERICAN PRESS

BY JAMES S. METCALFE

A LITTLE insight into the practical conditions which surround newspaper criticism to-day is needed before we can estimate its value or importance as an institution. Venial and grossly incompetent critics there have always been, but these have eventually been limited in their influence through the inevitable discovery of their defects. They were and are individual cases which may be disregarded in a general view. The question to be considered is, whether our newspapers have any dramatic criticism worthy of the name, and, if there is none, what are the causes of its non-existence.

When the late William Winter lost his position as dramatic critic of the New York *Tribune*, the event marked not alone the virtual disappearance from the American press of dramatic criticism as our fathers knew and ap-

preciated it: the circumstances of the severance of his half-century's connection with that publication also illustrate vividly a principal reason for the extinction of criticism as it used to be.

At the time mentioned the *Tribune* had not fallen entirely from its early estate. It was still a journal for readers who thought. Its strong political partisanship limited its circulation, which had been for some time declining. It had been hurt by the fierce competition of its sensational and more enterprising contemporaries. The *Tribune* could not afford to lose any of the advertising revenue which was essential to its very existence.

Mr. Winter would not write to orders. He had certain prejudices, but they were honest ones, and those who knew his work were able to discount

them in sifting his opinions. For instance, he had a sturdy hatred for the Ibsen kind of dissectional drama, and it was practically impossible for him to do justice even to good acting in plays of this school.

In a broader way he was the enemy of uncleanness on the stage. For this reason he had frequently denounced a powerful firm of managers whom he held to be principally responsible for the, at first insidious and then rapid, growth of indecency in our theatre. These managers controlled a large amount of the theatrical advertising. The *Tribune* frequently printed on one page large advertisements of the enterprises these men represented, and on another page they would find themselves described, in Mr. Winter's most vigorous English, as panders who were polluting the theatre and its patrons. They knew the *Tribune's* weak financial condition and demanded that Mr. Winter's pen be curbed, the alternative being a withdrawal of their advertising subsidy. What happened then was a scandal, and is history in the newspaper and theatrical world.

Mr. Winter refused to be muzzled. In spite of a half-century's faithful service, he was practically dismissed from the staff of the *Tribune*. If it had not been for a notable benefit performance given for him by artists who honored him, and generously patronized by his friends and the public who knew his work, his last days would have been devoid of comfort.

Mr. Winter's experience, although he is not the only critic who has lost his means of livelihood through the influence of the advertising theatrical manager, is in some form present to the mind of every newspaper writer in the province of the theatre. No matter how strong the assurance of his editor that he may go as far as he pleases in telling the truth, he knows that even

the editor himself is in fear of the dread summons from the business office. If the critic has had any experience in the newspaper business, — no longer a profession, — he writes what he pleases, but with his subconscious mind tempering justice with mercy for the enterprises of the theatrical advertiser. This, of course, does not preclude his giving a critical tone to what he writes by finding minor defects and even flaying unimportant artists. But woe be unto him if he launches into any general denunciation of theatrical methods, or if he attacks the enterprise of the advertising manager in a way that imperils profits.

There are exceptions to these general statements, especially outside of New York. There are a few newspapers left where the editorial conscience outweighs the influence of the counting-room. Even in these cases the reviewer, if he is wise, steers clear of telling too much truth about enterprises whose belligerent managers are only too glad to worry his employers with complaints of persecution or injustice. In other places the theatrical advertising is not of great value, particularly where the moving-picture has almost supplanted the legitimate theatre. Here we occasionally find criticism of the old sort, particularly if, in the local reviewer's mind, the entertainment offered is not up to what he considers the Broadway standard of production. Here the publisher's regard for local pride will sometimes excuse the reviewer's affront to the infrequently visiting manager and the wares he offers.

Another exception is the purely technical critic who has no broader concern with the theatre than recording the impressions which come to him through his eyes, ears, and memory. He is safe, because he rarely offends. He is scarce, because he is little read and newspapers cannot give him the

space he requires for analysis and recollection. The high-pressure life of the newspaper reader calls for a newspaper made under high pressure and for to-day. In this process there is little opportunity for the display of the scholarship, leisurely thinking, and carefully evolved judgments which gave their fame to critics of an earlier period.

With the few strictly technical critics who survive, the fact of their failure to interest many readers, or exercise much influence, may argue less a lack of ability on their part than a change from a thinking to a non-thinking public. Even in the big Sunday editions of the city dailies, where the pages are generously padded with text to carry the displayed theatrical advertising, the attempts to rise to a higher critical plane than is possible in the hurried week-day review are in themselves frequent evidence that technical criticism is a thing of the past so far as the newspapers are concerned.

The close connection of the business of the newspaper with the business of the theatre accounts for the practical disappearance of the element of fearlessness in critical dealing with the art of the stage, particularly as the business control of the theatre is largely responsible for whatever decline we may discern in the art of the theatre. Of course, if criticism were content to concern itself only with results, and not to look for causes, the matter of business interests would figure little in the discussion. But when the critic dares to go below the surface and discern commercialism as the main cause of the decline he condemns in the art of the stage, he finds himself on dangerous ground.

The theatre has always had to have its business side. Actors must live, and the accessories of their art must be provided. To this extent the stage has always catered to the public. But from

the days of the strolling player to those of the acting manager the voice from back of the curtain has, until of recent years, had at least as much of command as that of the ticket-seller. Both in the theatre and in the press modern conditions have in great measure thrown the control to the material side; and just as the artist and dramatist have become subservient to the manager, the editor and critic have come under the domination of the publisher.

The need of a greater revenue to house plays and public has placed the theatre in the hands of those who could manage to secure that revenue. The same necessity on the material and mechanical side has put the power of the press in the hands of those who could best supply its financial needs. With both theatre and press on a commercial basis, it follows naturally that the art of acting and the art of criticism should both decline.

Here we have the main causes that work from the inside for the deterioration of an art and for the destruction of the standards by which that art is measured. The outside causes are of course the basic ones, but before we get to them we must understand the connecting links which join the cause to the effect. To-day we certainly have no Hazlitts or Sarceys writing for the American press. It might be enlightening with respect of present conditions to consider the probabilities and circumstances of employment if these men were here and in the flesh. Can any one conceive of an American newspaper giving space to Hazlitt's work, even if he treated of the things of to-day? Even if he wrote his opinions gratis and in the form of letters to the editor, it would presumably be indeed a dull journalistic day when room could be found for them.

Sarcey, writing in the lighter French vein and being almost as much a *chroni-*

queur as a critic, might possibly have found opportunity to be read in an American newspaper, if he could have curbed his independence of thought. Starting from obscurity, it is a question whether he would ever have been able to gain opportunity to be read simply as a critic, for the processes by which newspaper critics are created or evolved seem to have nothing to do with the possession of education, training, or ability.

In the majority of newspaper offices the function of dramatic critic devolves by chance or convenience, and frequently goes by favoritism to some member of the staff with a fondness for the theatre and an appreciation of free seats. One of New York's best-known dailies frankly treats theatrical reviewing as nothing more than reportorial work, to be covered as would be any other news assignment. This publication and a good many others are far more particular about the technical equipment of the writers who describe baseball games, horse-races, and prize-fights than about the fitness of those who are to weigh the merits of plays and acting. The ability to write without offending the advertising theatrical manager seems in the last case to be the only absolutely essential qualification.

With these things in mind, it will be seen that there is little to tempt any one with ambition to contemplate dramatic criticism as a possible profession. The uncertainty of employment, the slenderness of return, and the limitations on freedom of expression would keep even the most ardent lover of the theatre from thinking of criticism as a life occupation. Given the education, the experience, the needed judicial temperament, and the writing ability, all of these are no assurance that opportunity can be found to utilize them.

Of themselves, the conditions that surround the calling of the critic are enough to account for the absence from the American newspapers of authoritative criticism. These conditions might be overcome if the spirit of the times demanded. But there can be no such demand so long as the press finds it more profitable to reflect the moods, thoughts, and opinions of the public than to lead and direct them. When the changed conditions of producing newspapers transferred the control of their policy from the editorial rooms to the counting-rooms, the expression of opinion on any subject became of little value compared with catering to the popular love of sensation and the popular interest in the trivial.

The change does not mean that there is any ignoring of the theatre in the newspapers. The institution lends itself admirably to modern newspaper exploitation. Destroying the fascinating mystery which once shrouded life back of the curtain for a long time made good copy for the press. There is no longer any mystery, because the great space that the newspapers devote to gossip of the theatre and its people has flooded with publicity every corner of the institution and every event of their lives. The process has been aided by managers through a perhaps mistaken idea of the value of the advertising, and by artists for that reason and for its appeal to their vanity.

Criticism has no place in publicity of this sort, because criticism concerns itself only with the art and the broad interests of the theatre. The news reporter is often better qualified to describe the milk-baths of a stage notoriety than is the ablest critic. With our newspapers as they are, and with our public as it is, the reportorial account of the milk-bath is of more value to the newspaper and its readers than the most brilliant criticism which could be

written of an important event in the art of the theatre.

With 'give the people what they want' the prevailing law of press and theatre, it is idle just now to look for dramatic criticism of value in our newspapers. We may flatter ourselves that as a people we have a real interest in theatrical and other arts. We can prove it by the vast sums we spend on theatres, music, and pictures. With all our proof, we at heart know that this is not true. Even in the more sensual art of music we import our standards, in pictures we are governed more by cost than quality, and in the theatre — note where most of our expenditure goes.

In that institution, with the creation of whose standards we are concerning ourselves just now, consider the character of what are called 'popular successes,' and observe the short shrift given to most of the efforts which call for enjoyment of the finer art of the stage through recognition of that art when it is displayed.

It is no disgrace that we are not an artistic people. Our accomplishments and our interests are in other fields, where we more than match the achievements of older civilizations. With us the theatre is not an institution to which we turn for its literature and its interpretations of character. We avoid it when

it makes any demand on our thinking powers. We turn to it as a relaxation from the use of those powers in more material directions. We do not wish to study our stage, its methods and its products. We ask it only to divert us. This is the general attitude of the American to the theatre, and the exceptions are few.

In these conditions it is not strange that we have no scholarly critics to help in establishing standards for our theatre, or that there is little demand for real criticism, least of all in the daily press. As we grow to be an older and more leisurely country, when our masses cease to find in the crudities of the moving-picture their ideal of the drama, and when our own judgments become more refined, we shall need the real critic, and even the daily press will find room for his criticisms and reward for his experience, ability, and judgment.

The province and profit of our newspapers lie in interesting their readers. Analysis of artistic endeavor is not interesting to a people who have scant time and little inclination for any but practical and diverting things. Until the people demand it and the conditions that surround the critic improve, what passes for criticism in our daily press is not likely to increase in quantity or improve in quality.

SENTIMENTAL AMERICA

BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

I

THE Oriental may be inscrutable, but he is no more puzzling than the average American. We admit that we are hard, keen, practical, — the adjectives that every casual European applies to us, — and yet any book-store window or railway news-stand will show that we prefer sentimental magazines and books. Why should a hard race — if we are hard — read soft books?

By soft books, by sentimental books, I do not mean only the kind of literature best described by the word 'squashy.' I doubt whether we write or read more novels and short stories of the tear-dripped or hyper-emotional variety than other nations. Germany is — or was — full of such soft stuff. It is highly popular in France, although the excellent taste of French criticism keeps it in check. Italian popular literature exudes sentiment; and the sale of 'squashy' fiction in England is said to be threatened only by an occasional importation of an American 'best-seller.' We have no bad eminence here. Sentimentalists with enlarged hearts are international in habitat, although, it must be admitted, especially popular in America.

When a critic, after a course in American novels and magazines, declares that life, as it appears on the printed page here, is fundamentally sentimentalized, he goes much deeper than 'mushiness' with his charge. He means, I think, that there is an alarming tendency in American fiction to dodge the facts of

life — or to pervert them. He means that in most popular books only red-blooded, optimistic people are welcome. He means that material success, physical soundness, and the gratification of the emotions have the right of way. He means that men and women (except the comic figures) shall be presented, not as they are, but as we should like to have them, according to a judgment tempered by nothing more searching than our experience with an unusually comfortable, safe, and prosperous mode of living. Every one succeeds in American plays and stories — if not by good thinking, why then by good looks or good luck. A curious society the research student of a later date might make of it — an upper world of the colorless successful, illustrated by chance-saved collar advertisements and magazine covers; an underworld of grotesque scamps, clowns, and hyphenates drawn from the comic supplement; and all — red-blooded hero and modern gargoyle alike — always in good humor.

I am not touching in this picture merely to attack it. It has been abundantly attacked; what it needs is explanation. For there is much in this bourgeois, good-humored American literature of ours which rings true, which is as honest an expression of our individuality as was the more austere product of ante-bellum New England. If American sentimentality does invite criticism, American sentiment deserves defense.

Sentiment — the response of the

emotions to the appeal of human nature — is cheap, but so are many other good things. The best of the ancients were rich in it. Homer's chieftains wept easily. So did Shakespeare's heroes. Adam and Eve shed 'some natural tears' when they left the Paradise which Milton imagined for them. A heart accessible to pathos, to natural beauty, to religion, was a chief requisite for the protagonist of Victorian literature. Even Becky Sharp was touched — once — by Amelia's moving distress.

Americans, to be sure, do not weep easily; but if they make equivalent responses to sentiment, that should not be held against them. If we like 'sweet' stories, or 'strong' — which means emotional — stories, our taste is not thereby proved to be hopeless, or our national character bad. It is better to be creatures of even sentimental sentiment with the author of *The Rosary*, than to see the world *only* as it is portrayed by the pens of Bernard Shaw and Anatole France. The first is deplorable; the second is dangerous. I should deeply regret the day when a simple story of honest American manhood winning a million and a sparkling, piquant sweetheart lost all power to lull my critical faculty and warm my heart. I doubt whether any literature has ever had too much of honest sentiment.

Good Heavens! Because some among us insist that the mystic rose of the emotions shall be painted a brighter pink than nature allows, are the rest to forego glamour? Or because, to view the matter differently, psychology has shown what happens in the brain when a man falls in love, and anthropology has traced marriage to a care for property rights, are we to suspect the idyllic in literature wherever we find it? Life is full of the idyllic; and no anthropologist will ever persuade the reasonably romantic youth that the sweet

and chivalrous passion which leads him to mingle reverence with desire for the object of his affections, is nothing but an idealized property sense. Origins explain very little, after all. The bilious critics of sentiment in literature have not even honest science behind them.

I have no quarrel with traffickers in simple emotion — with such writers as James Lane Allen and James Whitcomb Riley, for example. But the average American is not content with such sentiment as theirs. He wants a more intoxicating brew — to be persuaded that, once you step beyond your own experience, feeling rules the world. He wants — I judge by what he reads — to make sentiment at least ninety per cent efficient, even if a dream-America, superficially resemblant to the real, but far different in tone, must be created by the obedient writer in order to satisfy him. His sentiment has frequently to be sentimentalized before he will pay for it. And to this fault, which he shares with other modern races, he adds the other heinous sin of sentimentalism, the refusal to face the facts.

This sentimentalizing of reality — to invent a term — is far more dangerous than the romantic sentimentalizing of the 'squashy' variety. It is to be found in sex-stories, which carefully observe decency of word and deed, where the conclusion is always in accord with conventional morality, yet whose characters are clearly immoral, indecent, and would so display themselves if the tale were truly told. It is to be found in stories of 'big business,' where trickery and rascality are made virtuous at the end by sentimental baptism. If I choose for the hero of my novel a director in an American trust; if I make him an accomplice in certain acts of ruthless economic tyranny; if I make it clear that at first he is merely subservient to a stronger will; and that

the acts he approves are in complete disaccord with his private moral code — why then, if the facts should be dragged to the light, if he is made to realize the exact nature of his career, how can I end my story? It is evident that my hero possesses little insight and less firmness of character. He is not a hero; he is merely a tool. In, let us say, eight cases out of ten, his curve is already plotted. It leads downward — not necessarily along the villain's path, but toward moral insignificance.

And yet, I cannot end my story that way for Americans. There *must* be a grand moral revolt. There must be resistance, triumph, and not only spiritual, but also financial recovery. And this, likewise, is sentimentality. Even Booth Tarkington, in his excellent *Turmoil*, had to dodge the logical issue of his story; had to make his hero exchange a practical literary idealism for a very impractical, even though a commercial, utopianism, in order to emerge apparently successful at the end of the book. A story such as the Danish Nexö's *Pelle the Conqueror*, where pathos and the idyllic, each intense, each beautiful, are made convincing by an undeviating truth to experience, would seem to be almost impossible of production just now in America.

II

It is not enough to rail at this false fiction. The chief duty of criticism is to explain. The best corrective of bad writing is a knowledge of why it is bad. We get the fiction we deserve, precisely as we get the government we deserve — or perhaps, in each case, a little better. Why are we sentimental? When that question is answered, it is easier to understand the defects and the virtues of American fiction. And the answer lies in the traditional American philosophy of life.

To say that the American is an idealist is to commit a thoroughgoing platitude. Like most platitudes, the statement is annoying because from one point of view it is indisputably just, while from another it does not seem to fit the facts. With regard to our tradition, it is indisputable. Of the immigrants who since the seventeenth century have been pouring into this continent, a proportion large in number, larger still in influence, has been possessed of motives which in part at least were idealistic. If it was not the desire for religious freedom that urged them, it was the desire for personal freedom; if not political liberty, why then economic liberty (for this too is idealism), and the opportunity to raise the standard of life. And of course all these motives were strongest in that earlier immigration which has done most to fix the state of mind and body which we call being American. I need not labor the argument. Our political and social history support it; our best literature demonstrates it, for no men have been more idealistic than the American writers whom we have consented to call great. Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Whitman — was idealism ever more thoroughly incarnate than in them?

And this idealism — to risk again a platitude — has been in the air of America. It has permeated our religious sects, and created several of them. It has given tone to our thinking, and even more to our feeling. I do not say that it has always, or even usually, determined our actions, although the Civil War is proof of its power. Again and again it has gone aground roughly when the ideal met a condition of living — a fact that will provide the explanation for which I seek. But optimism, 'boosting,' muck-raking (not all of its manifestations are pretty), social service, religious, municipal, democra-

tic reform, indeed the 'uplift' generally, is evidence of the vigor, the bump-tiousness of the inherited American tendency to pursue the ideal. No one can doubt that in this generation we believe, at least, in idealism.

Nevertheless, so far as the average individual is concerned, with just his share and no more of the race-tendency, this idealism has been suppressed, and in some measure perverted. It is this which explains, I think, American sentimentalism.

Consider, for example, the ethics of conventional American society. The American ethical tradition is perfectly definite and tremendously powerful. It belongs, furthermore, to a population far larger than the 'old American' stock, for it has been laboriously inculcated in our schools and churches, and impressively driven home by newspaper, magazine, and book. I shall not presume to analyze it save where it touches literature. There it maintains a definite attitude toward all sex-problems: the Victorian, which is not necessarily, or even probably, a bad one. Man should be chaste, and proud of his chastity. Woman must be so. It is the ethical duty of the American to hate, or at least to despise, all deviations, and to pretend — for the greater prestige of the law — that such sinning is exceptional, at least in America. And this is the public morality he believes in, whatever may be his private experience in actual living. In business, it is the ethical tradition of the American, inherited from a rigorous Protestant morality, to be square, to play the game without trickery, to fight hard but never meanly. Over-reaching is justifiable when the other fellow has equal opportunities to be 'smart'; lying, tyranny — never. And though the opposites of all these laudable practices come to pass, he must frown on them in public, deny their rightness

even to the last cock-crow — especially in the public press.

American political history is a long record of idealistic tendencies toward democracy working painfully through a net of graft, pettiness, sectionalism, and bravado, with constant disappointment for the idealist who believes, traditionally, in the intelligence of the crowd. American social history is a glaring instance of how the theory of equal dignity for all men can entangle itself with caste distinctions, snobbery, and the power of wealth. American economic history betrays the pioneer helping to kick down the ladder which he himself had raised toward equal opportunity for all. American literary history — especially contemporary literary history — reflects the result of all this for the American mind. The sentimental in our literature is a direct consequence.

The disease is easily acquired. Mr. Smith, a broker, finds himself in an environment of 'schemes' and 'deals' in which the quality of mercy is strained, and the wind is decidedly not tempered to the shorn lamb. After all, business is business. He shrugs his shoulders and takes his part. But his unexpended fund of native idealism — if, as is most probable, he has his share — seeks its due satisfaction. He cannot use it in business; so he takes it out in a novel or a play where, quite contrary to his observed experience, ordinary people like himself act nobly, with a success that is all the more agreeable for being unexpected. His wife, a woman with strange stirrings about her heart, with motions toward beauty, and desires for a significant life and rich, satisfying experience, exists in day-long pettiness, gossips, frivols, scolds, with money enough to do what she pleases, and nothing vital to do. She also relieves her pent-up idealism in plays or books — in high-wrought, 'strong'

novels, not in adventures in society such as the kitchen admires, but in stories with violent moral and emotional crises, whose characters, no matter how unlikely, have 'strong' thoughts, and make vital decisions; succeed or fail significantly. Her brother, the head of a wholesale dry-goods firm, listens to the stories the drummers bring home of night life on the road, laughs, says to himself regretfully that the world has to be like that; and then, in logical reaction, demands purity and nothing but aggressive purity in the books of the public library.

The hard man goes in for philanthropy (never before so frequently as in America); the one-time 'boss' takes to picture-collecting; the railroad wrecker gathers rare editions of the Bible; and tens of thousands of humbler Americans carry their inherited idealism into the necessarily sordid experiences of life in an imperfectly organized country, suppress it for fear of being thought 'cranky' or 'soft,' and then, in their imagination and all that feeds their imagination, give it vent. You may watch the process any evening at the 'movies' or the melodrama, on the trolley-car or in the easy chair at home.

III

This philosophy of living which I have called American idealism is in its own nature sound, as is proved in a hundred directions where it has had full play. Suppressed idealism, like any other suppressed desire, becomes unsound. One does not have to follow Freud and his school into their sex-pathology in order to believe that. And here lies the ultimate cause of the taste for sentimentalism in the American *bourgeoisie*. An undue insistence upon happy endings, regardless of the premises of the story, and a craving for optimism everywhere, anyhow, are sure

signs of a 'morbid complex,' and to be compared with some justice to the craving for drugs in a 'dry' town. We must look for psychological as well as economic and geographical causes for mental peculiarities exhibiting themselves in literature. No one can doubt the effect of the suppression by the Puritan discipline of that instinctive love of pleasure and liberal experience common to us all. Its unhealthy reaction is visible in every old American community. No one who faces the facts can deny the result of the suppression by commercial, bourgeois, prosperous America of our native idealism. The student of society may find its dire effects in politics, in religion, and in social intercourse. The critic cannot overlook them in literature; for it is in the realm of the imagination that idealism, direct or perverted, does its best or its worst.

Sentiment is not perverted idealism. Sentiment *is* idealism, of a mild and not too masculine variety. If it has sins, they are sins of omission, not commission. Our fondness for sentiment proves that our idealism, if a little loose in the waist-band and puffy in the cheeks, is still hearty, still capable of active mobilization, like those comfortable French husbands whose plump and smiling faces, careless of glory, careless of everything but thrift and good living, are nevertheless figured on a page whose superscription reads, 'Dead on the field of honor.'

The novels, the plays, the short stories, of sentiment may prefer sweetness, perhaps, to truth, the feminine to the masculine virtues, but we waste ammunition in attacking them. There never was, I suppose, a great literature of sentiment, for not even *The Sentimental Journey* is truly great. But no one can make a diet exclusively of 'noble' literature; the charming has its own cosy corner across from the tragic

(and a much bigger corner at that). Our uncounted amorists of tail-piece song and illustrated story provide the readiest means of escape from the somewhat uninspiring life that most men and women are living just now in America.

The sentimental, however, — whether because of an excess of sentiment softening into 'slush,' or of a morbid optimism, or of a weak-eyed distortion of the facts of life, — is perverted. It needs to be cured, and its cure is more truth. But this cure, I very much fear, is not entirely, or even chiefly, in the power of the 'regular practitioner,' the honest writer. He can be honest; but if he is much more honest than his readers, they will not read him. As Professor Lounsbury once said, a language grows corrupt only when its speakers grow corrupt, and mends, strengthens, and becomes pure with them. So with literature. We shall have less sentimentality in American literature when our accumulated store of idealism disappears in a laxer generation; or when it finds due vent in a more responsible, less narrow, less monotonously prosperous life than is lived by the average reader of fiction in America. I would rather see our literary taste damned forever than have the first alternative become — as it has not yet — a fact. The second, in these years of world-war, we have placed, unwillingly, perhaps unconsciously, upon the knees of the gods.

All this must not be taken in too absolute a sense. There are medicines, and good ones, in the hands of writers and of critics, to abate, if not to heal, this plague of sentimentalism. I have stated ultimate causes only. They are enough to keep the mass of Americans reading sentimentalized fiction until some fundamental change has come, not strong enough to hold back the van of American writing, which is steadily moving toward restraint, sanity, and

truth. Every honest composition is a step forward in the cause; and every clear-minded criticism.

But one must doubt the efficacy, and one must doubt the healthiness, of reaction into cynicism and sophisticated cleverness. There are curious signs, especially in what we may call the literature of New York, of a growing sophistication that sneers at sentiment and the sentimental alike. 'Magazines of cleverness' have this for their keynote, although as yet the satire is not always well aimed. There are abundant signs that the generation just coming forward will rejoice in such a pose. It is observable now in the colleges, where the young literati turn up their noses at everything American, — magazines, best-sellers, or one-hundred-night plays, — and resort for inspiration to the English school of anti-Victorians: to Schnitzler with his brilliant Viennese cynicism; less commonly, because he is more subtle, to Anatole France. Their pose is not altogether to be blamed, and the men to whom they resort are models of much that is admirable; but there is little promise for American literature in exotic imitation. To see ourselves prevailing as others see us may be good for modesty, but does not lead to a self-confident native art. And it is a dangerous way for Americans to travel. We cannot afford such sophistication yet. The English wits experimented with cynicism in the court of Charles II, laughed at blundering Puritan morality, laughed at country manners, and were whiffed away because the ideals they laughed at were better than their own. Idealism is not funny, however censurable its excesses. As a race we have too much sentiment to be frightened out of the sentimental by a blasé cynicism.

At first glance the flood of moral literature now upon us — social-conscience stories, scientific plays, platitu-

dinous 'moralities' that tell us how to live — may seem to be another protest against sentimentalism. And that the French and English examples have been so warmly welcomed here may seem another indication of a reaction on our part. I refer especially to those 'hard' stories, full of vengeful wrath, full of warnings for the race that dodges the facts of life. H. G. Wells is the great exemplar, with his sociological studies wrapped in description and tied with a plot. In a sense, such stories are certainly to be regarded as a protest against truth-dodging, against cheap optimism, against 'slacking,' whether in literature or in life. But it would be equally just to call them another result of suppressed idealism, and to regard their popularity in America as proof of the argument which I have advanced in this essay. Excessively didactic literature is often a little unhealthy. In fresh periods, when life runs strong and both ideals and passions find ready issue into life, literature has no burdensome moral to carry. It digests its moral. Homer digested his morals. They transfuse his epics. So did Shakespeare. His world is predominantly moral; but his stories are not forged into machines contrived to hammer home neglected truth.

Not so with the writers of the social-conscience school. They are in a rage over wicked, wasteful man. Their novels are bursted notebooks — sometimes neat and orderly notebooks, like Mr. Galsworthy's or our own Ernest Poole's, sometimes haphazard ones, like those of Mr. Wells, but always explosive with reform. These gentlemen know very well what they are about, especially Mr. Wells, the lesser artist, perhaps, as compared with Galsworthy, but the shrewder and possibly the greater man. The very sentimentalists, who go to novels to exer-

cise the idealism which they cannot use in life, will read these unsentimental stories, although their lazy impulses would never spur them on toward any truth not sweetened by a tale.

And yet, one feels that the social attack might have been more convincing if free from its compulsory service to fiction; that these novels and plays might have been better literature if the authors did not study life in order that they might be better able to preach. Wells and Galsworthy also have suffered from suppressed idealism, although it would be unfair to say that perversion was the result. So have our muck-rakers, who, very characteristically, exhibit the disorder in a more complex and a much more serious form, since to a distortion of facts they have often enough added hypocrisy and commercialism. It is part of the price we pay for being sentimental.

The American sentimentalists, two million readers strong, are intrenched behind ramparts of indifference which no shrapnel fire of criticism or counter-mine of honest writing can ever destroy. We can take a trench or two, blow up some particularly obnoxious citadel, and trouble their security by exploding bombs of truth; but defeat must come finally from within their own lines.

If I am correct in my analysis, we are suffering here in America, not from a plague of bad taste merely, nor only from a lack of real education among our myriads of readers, nor from decadence — least of all, this last. It is a disease of our own particular virtue which has infected us — idealism, suppressed and perverted. A less commercial, more responsible America, perhaps a less prosperous and more spiritual America, will hold fast to its sentiment, but be weaned from its sentimentality.

‘NO STORY AT ALL’

BY KATHERINE MAYO

THE lieutenant stood out on the barrack-steps, in the shining dew of the morning. A sunrise grin illumined his face, and his heels eased rhythmically up from the plane as though his toes had springs in them. Cold water and soap and a fundamental grooming gleamed from every inch of his body.

‘Did you sleep well?’ I asked, by way of being preposterous.

‘Sleep!’ scoffed he, ‘why, sleep’s for breakfast! “Sleep for your breakfast, walk for your dinner, and you’re a very poor soldier if you can’t go to bed supperless.” That’s what my old grandmother used to tell me — sister and daughter and mother of soldiers, and a sensible woman anyway. Look here! See our moon-flowers.’

Out in front of the barracks, in the midst of the grassplot, blooms a bed of roses. But the turf around the bed had suddenly developed a crop related to roses in no sense at all. There was an ancient tin pail. There was a rickety, old fishing-basket. There was a small, sharp-pronged iron trident, with a long handle made of fresh-cut hickory sapling still wearing its bark. And, finally, there was a brand-new and wholly anonymous fyke.

In the battered tin pail gasped a dark and slippery mass of suckers and catfish, disturbed occasionally by spasmodic motion. In the old basket lay other suckers, which would never move again. In the clear water of the concrete horse-trough, near by, other catfish, rescued *in extremis* by some sympathetic trooper, raced hither and yon

with fully restored energy. And then, the fyke!

A fyke is a thing invented when the god of the fishes was sleeping. Its mouth is broad and deep and deadly. Its body is a hopeless abyss. At intervals the body is distended by slender hoops, each with a deadly mouth of its own. And when its tail is weighted fast up-stream and its rapacious jaws yawn at its full length below, few are the fish that pass it safely by; nor does any that enters, small or great, return.

A fish’s inferno at all seasons, there are times and places when and where the law of Pennsylvania also holds the fyke abhorrent. Section 4 of the Act of May 1, 1909, P.L. 353, reads:—

‘It shall be unlawful to use fyke nets . . . from the first day of June to the thirtieth day of June inclusive . . . nor shall such nets be used in any streams inhabited by trout, at any time of the year. . . . Provided further, that each fyke net . . . must have fastened thereon a metallic tag bearing the name and residence of the owner thereof. Any person violating any of the provisions in this section, shall, on conviction . . . be subject to a penalty of twenty dollars, together with the forfeiture of all boats, nets and other appliances used, to the Department of Fisheries.’

With another look at the collection on the grass, ‘Come inside,’ I begged, ‘and tell me the story.’

‘Oh, but it’s no story at all,’ protested the lieutenant. ‘We heard they

were there, and we went and got 'em — just an everyday occurrence.'

Just an everyday occurrence, in the manner of the force, with nothing extraordinary about it — and that is exactly why it is told here, as seen, or gathered from those concerned.

I

Up in the hills east of Pittsburg lies a big, well-watered forest tract, at present operated only for ice-production. The owners have built storage houses, they have dammed their generous creek to get broad water-surface, and they cut each year quantities of clear, thick ice, netting a substantial profit.

This stream of theirs is called Dove Run. Dove Run City, consisting of a general store with a dozen houses more or less under its wing, lies all of five miles away from the ice-houses, and is the nearest point of human habitation. So, as the ice-dealers, what with their dams, their storehouses, and their hoisting machinery, not to mention their great timber area, have a considerable property to protect, and no neighbors to help them at it, they keep in their employ a private watchman.

The watchman, a good, decent old man, lives alone in the heart of the tract intrusted to his care; and he spends twelve hours of each day, winter and summer, contentedly pottering about the place.

He is a good woodsman, knowing every tree, rock, and runlet in all his domain. He would do his duty always, to the extent of reason. But you could not in reason expect him to make much of a fight against ugly marauders, should such appear; nor could you expect him to risk incurring the active ill-will of any one prone to revenge. His home is too solitary and exposed, and, above all, he has only private authority behind him.

This watchman, then, had long been a witness to fish-poaching practiced in spite of him. Gangs from a distance would swoop down on his dams out of season, fish their fill, using illegal devices, and be off and away long before he could send word out of the woods concerning them. Incidentally, whenever in the course of his daily rounds he came upon these untrammelled sons of Belial, they would offer enthusiastically to throw him either into his dam or into their own camp-fire, with the single alternative that he mind his own business. All this irritated the old man more than a little, but in point of fact he was helpless — until the night before the dewy morning that begins this story that is no story at all.

It was an hour after taps. The barracks reserves were sound asleep — asleep as fire-engine horses are, with their wits on tiptoe behind their eyelids and their shoulders one jump from the collar. The orderly at the telephone sat with the 'Digest of Criminal Law and Procedure' between his elbows, grinding page 26. It is your best chance at hard nuts, when the crowd has gone to the field of dreams and the troubled world outside lies at its maximum of peace.

"From some lawful act done in an unlawful manner," muttered the orderly; "from some unlawful act done," — and then — *Z-zing* went the telephone at his side.

'State Police,' his clear voice answered before the bell ceased echoing.

Mr. Hopper — Joe Hopper, storekeeper of Dove Run City — introduced himself on the wire.

'Old Mr. Allardyce,' said he, mumbling hurriedly, like a man afraid of being overheard, 'old Mr. Allardyce, watchman on the Dove Run tract, has just sent out word that a gang of poachers is operating on his dams' — and sharp upon that terse statement

came the click of the receiver returned to its hook.

Dove Run City, be it known, was anxious enough on its own account to see the poaching traffic stopped. The local and visiting poachers are amateur ruffians of some standing, drink heavily on their trips, and leave forest fires, robbed farms, and frightened women marking their trail in whatever direction. But Dove Run City, too, was desperately afraid of acquiring the ill-will of such gentry. Their casual depredations were heavy enough, without drawing down their deliberate wrath upon the weak and isolated little community. Better speak low and fast, then, with an eye over either shoulder, or else bear in silence and inform not at all.

'I'll take this job myself,' said the lieutenant, springing out of bed. And as he jumped downstairs, buckling on his holster belt, he named the trooper to accompany him, and named also a four-month recruit who should profit by a mild taste of experience under his officer's eye.

It is a goodish trip from barracks out to that forest tract, and time counted. So they took the troop car, covering the road to Dove Run City at a speed that the hour allowed. But the 'General Store' was sound asleep, and Joe Hopper's wife, peering from an upper window in her nightcap, had no views to offer concerning Joe's whereabouts. Joe was 'away,' quite as the lieutenant expected. Joe had done his part, and had no idea whatever of letting himself in for identification with a subject so delicate.

So the lieutenant drove on, climbing the worn wood-roads through the tall timber, till at last the headlights picked out old Allardyce's cabin, snuggled like a big fungus beneath a wall of rock.

It was half an hour after midnight by now, and Allardyce had turned in.

But, whether he had foreseen the moment, or whether by usual habit, he needed only to put on his shoes, coat, and hat, to be fully dressed. However, the prospect ahead so excited him that all his energies fled to his tongue. Sitting on the edge of the bed in the midst of a turbulent ocean of patchwork quilt, one shoe on and the other dangling in his hand, he had to rehearse over and over again the story of the day. Each time that he came to his own personal clash with the invaders he grew more truculent.

'An' they standin' there, the big, ugly loafers, up to their belts in water, layin' their traps right under my eyes! I says to 'em, I says, "Git out o' here. Don't you know you're lawbreakers and thieves?"

'They says, "Git out yerself, old feller, and git out quick, or we'll drown ye!"

'I says, "That's what you've been threatenin', you and the likes of you, any time these three years. Now I give ye fair warnin'," I says, "I'm done with ye. I'll have no more nonsense from ye. No, *sir!* B' gosh!" says I, "if ye ever darst to come here again I'll jest *slough* ye!"

'So then I went off and left them. I would n't demean myself with argyin' with such no further. And after night-fall a chance come to get word in to the settlement —'

'Let him put that other shoe on, for heaven's sake, or we won't get away till daylight,' whispered the lieutenant to the trooper sitting by the bunk.

The trooper went outside and counted stars.

They bounced along the wood-roads a mile or so farther, and then, under the old man's guidance, cut in on foot. He displayed a rabbit's knowledge of the place, minute and accurate. Finally, between half-past two and three o'clock, some distance ahead, through

the underbrush, appeared the dull light of a low fire.

'That fire,' said Allardyce, trembling with excitement, 'is on the far side of yonder road, on the top of the bank and back a little. Opposite to it, on the side of the road, is an icehouse. Below, to the left, is Hemlock Run, where trout is plenty. That's the place where they've got their fyke net — the villains! But I'll fix 'em this time, so I will!' And he shook his fist ferociously.

The detail moved quietly up to the icehouse, a big, dim hulk in the dark. Against the wall away from the road leaned a ladder, reaching to the roof-tree. The lieutenant climbed the ladder, hoping from that height to get a glimpse of those around the fire. But naught could be seen. The interlacing underbrush confused the view, and no one was stirring. To advance on the place, crackling twigs, would merely serve to warn the quarry, who would fade away into leafy nothingness in the twinkling of an eye. So the only course was to sit tight, awaiting developments with the dawn.

At last pale patches began to show between the hemlock-tops overhead. Birds stirred, with broken twitterings. And then of a sudden the fire shot up into a blaze, where some one had kicked it and thrown on a log.

'They're going to make coffee, then draw their nets and get away before daylight,' whispered the lieutenant, from the depths of experience.

He gathered his forces, made a forward movement, hid again in the underbrush, and waited.

In a very few moments, talking together as men do who still have sleep in their throats, three figures came lumbering down the slope from the camp-fire. Two of them crashed on along the bank toward the point where Allardyce had said their net was set. The third moved up toward the ambush.

The lieutenant waited until the pair, wading into the stream, were actually lifting the fyke. Then, —

'Go arrest them,' said he, to the trooper, indicating that the recruit should follow.

As the two officers quietly left cover, the third and nearest poacher caught sight of them. Horror-stricken, yet thinking himself unseen, he turned to warn his mates. Not daring to lift his voice, he stood like a disordered semaphore, wildly waving his arms and pointing. Too late. His mates saw him well enough, but they saw the troopers, also. The sight seemed to paralyze both their brains and the legs under them. Net in hand, they stood transfixed.

Then the lieutenant stepped into the open, moving toward the signaler, who now first became aware of his presence. Big, powerful hulk that he was, the fellow stood lowering, obviously weighing resistance or attack, as he balanced his fish-spear ominously.

At that instant, in the brush just behind him, appeared a strange vision — appeared the detached head of Allardyce, supported by its long gray whiskers even as the heads of the cherubim are supported by their several wings; Allardyce, who, lost to sight for a moment, had been prospecting on his own account and who now fancied himself the only discoverer of the poachers' awakening.

'St! St! They're comin'! They're comin'!' His whisper rose like the whisper of steam from a locomotive, as, craning his neck over the sheep-laurel thicket, he beckoned the lieutenant violently.

Just as the words left his lips, he perceived the broad back of the poacher, not ten feet in front of him. His jaw dropped. His face bleached green in the dim dawn of the woods. Then the brush closed softly, softly

over him, and before the enemy could fairly turn and locate the sound he had made, he was as invisible as a tree-toad and as harmless.

Said the lieutenant, walking quietly toward the angry giant, 'State Police officer. I arrest you.'

To which, after the briefest attempt to return his captor's gaze, the delinquent meekly submitted.

'Now we will walk over and look at your outfit,' remarked Lieutenant Price, affably.

Around the camp-fire lay a lot of fish, some speared, some netted; the ordinary camp-supplies, two cases of beer, a more than liberal allowance of whiskey, and, end to the blaze, a pile of blankets of unusual size.

Struck by the shape of the pile, the lieutenant gingerly plucked one corner from the far end of the heap, lifted it a trifle and looked inside — on the face of a sleeper. Automatically his hand dropped. But the outline of that face — He lifted the corner again, for another brief survey of the nose and eyebrow.

'Who is that fellow?' he inquired of his prisoner.

'That fellow,' growled the giant, 'is my wife.'

Very quietly, very gently, the lieutenant retreated, propelling his man back down the bank, and handing him over to the detail for safe keeping. Then he set out on a side-trip of mercy, to make sure that Allardyce had effected his escape and was safely out of sight.

Returning, satisfied, his eye encountered a new figure. High on the stream bank, solitary, stood a young Napoleon gazing upon Waterloo. Arms folded, tight-breeched legs wide apart, hat over eyes, chin on breast, attention fixed in gloomy abstraction, he stood like an image of bronze. But his very solitude screamed for interruption and

his contours could not be questioned. The lieutenant, shying, swung a wide détour, to join the detail now at the camp-fire.

'How did you come into these woods?' he demanded of the prisoners.

'By automobile.'

'Is the car coming after you?'

'Yes.'

'When?'

'Six o'clock this morning.'

'Very well. We will take you three prisoners, the fish you have caught, and your fyke and fishing-traps in our car. Your own conveyance can take out your proper belongings later on. Now pick up the stuff. We'll be going.'

The two of the fyke-net hastened by obedience to acquire such merit as they might, and, laden with the proof of their sin, started ahead on the outward trail, closely guarded by the trooper and his eager understudy.

The lieutenant remained a moment behind. The camp-fire must be extinguished to the last spark; he directed his captive to perform that operation. Sullenly kicking it apart, the giant stamped it over with his great water boots. Then, some points of red still gleaming, he snatched two bottles of beer from the case on the ground, knocked their heads off, nipped one neck between each thumb and forefinger, and, legs astride, stood with his chin to the sky, draining the first while he emptied the second at full arm's length on the sizzling embers. The last spark dead, 'March!' ordered the lieutenant, and started his man in the wake of the vanguard.

Then from the steep a hollow shriek, sobs, broken cries, loud weeping: Napoleon had found his voice, and it was no frail organ.

'She's scared!' grumbled the giant, with scant evidence of sympathy. 'Does n't like being left alone.'

Said the lieutenant, 'Go over and

tell her to be patient, to wait here quietly and take care of the stuff, till your car comes in for her.'

Which being accomplished and the wails hushed, the rear division fell in, and had soon covered the distance to the waiting troop motor.

Then the lieutenant took thought once again of poor old Allardyce, left all alone in those big, dark woods without a neighbor, with nothing but private authority to stiffen him — poor old Allardyce, of a certainty shaking in his shoes at this very moment. What if some suspicion did lurk in these rascals' minds that to him they owed their undoing? Then indeed were his fears well founded. Something must be done to square him. For a moment the young officer considered. Then he called to the man at the wheel, 'Run down to that watchman's shanty where we stopped coming in.'

Every aperture was tight shut in the cabin under the rock; effect of a householder dead to the world, rounding out a ten hours' slumber.

'Pound on that door. Wake him up!' roared the lieutenant. 'I don't leave these woods till I've shown light to that citizen.'

In a moment, propelled by the hand of the recruit, out came the old man, wavering pitifully. The recruit's gaze was very wide as he towered, erect as a white-wood, behind his convoy. But his ruddy young face was admirably stony.

'Good! You're the man I found here last night,' the lieutenant bit out in tones of stinging wrath. 'Now, listen and understand. *The next time a State Police officer asks information of you, take care you tell him the truth and the whole truth; tell it quick, and be civil about it.* This is your warning!'

As the speaker finished, his off eyelid closed lightly.

The old man proved no laggard in

the uptake. 'Yes, sir,' he mumbled, sliding rapidly into a sulky slouch.

And all the way out of the woods the recruit wrestled in his own mind with a foolish illusion that he had seen the shadow of a quiver in the nigh eye of old Allardyce.

II

'So we got home about an hour ago, put our guests in our safe-deposit box, dumped the exhibits under the roses, got a bath and a shave and breakfast — and now you have the story from A to Z inclusive.'

'What's the next move with the people in the safe-deposit?'

'J. P.'

'When?'

'Now. Want to come along?'

The Justice of the Peace holds his court in a little one-story pagoda, lately the shop of the village cobbler. Perhaps the cobbler has died, or inherited means, or gone to Pittsburg to make munitions. Anyway, his counter is bare, and his shelves, once dedicated to shiny-toed shoes, blacking, and laces, now display nothing more than a few odd volumes of old law reports, sustained considerably off the perpendicular by a chunky *Compendium of Human Knowledge* and by a *Digest of the Laws of Pennsylvania*.

The only furnishings in the room are the justice's desk, four wooden chairs, a rocker, and a dim-chimneyed kerosene bracket-lamp. An old sleigh-bell, suspended over the door on a swan's-neck of rusty tin, gives a feeble clink as the door opens, thereby flying in the face of the legend printed with many flourishes on a bit of green paper stuck to the opposite wall.

'Keep Your Tongue Still,' says the legend.

The justice, sitting at his desk, gravely returns the salute of the offi-

cers of the State Police. There are four of them now — the lieutenant, the trooper, the recruit, and the first sergeant of the troop, who will conduct the prosecution.

The justice is rather a ponderous man, perhaps sixty-five years old, with a kindly, painstaking face and a big, honest nose bestridden by a pair of steel-bowed spectacles. His right sleeve hangs empty, pinned to his shoulder.

The prisoners are now seated before him. The first two are middle-aged men; the third, the giant, is in his late twenties. One has the face of a drunkard, one is twin to an ox, and the last, more clearly cut, is in a primitive way handsome. Yesterday's beard bristles on their chins, and their thick curly locks are tousled. Each man of them must weigh two hundred pounds, variously distributed; and in their stiff, yellow canvas hunting suits and their big water-boots, they look colossi, — hulking, shambling, colossi, — all of them. Eyes on the floor, elbows on knees, they sprawl in their chairs, glumly contemplating the battered tin pail planted in their midst.

That pail is full of expiring fish, calling with their last gasps for vengeance!

Attracted by the glimpse afforded through the uncurtained windows, a passing citizen stops, stares, and then abandons his errand for the entertainment of the moment. He pushes open the door, nods to the justice and to the State Police officers, and silently vaults to a seat on the counter, where he settles himself to observe, swinging his legs comfortably.

Next, the village clergyman and his theologian son, on their way to the post-office, are caught by the scene and enter. The divine bows first to the justice. Then he goes over and claps the lieutenant on the shoulder, as he grasps his hand.

'Always at the good work, I see,' he
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whispers, and ranges himself beside the officer.

But the theologian, with a cheerful anticipatory grin, joins the leg-swinger on the counter. They say that the lad already preaches good sermons, and that he likes to draw his sub-texts from points nearer home than Palestine.

A small boy slips in. A farmer, glancing down from the box of his Conestoga as he drives by, reins up, hitches his team to the maple tree at the door, and joins the assembly. Two interested citizens follow him, and the room is full. Dead silence reigns, persistent, extraordinary. Is it the four stern young figures, grave of face, perfect of bearing, faultless of dress, wearing the sombre uniform of the State, who by their mere presence impose it?

The trial opens. The first sergeant, quiet, erect, soldierly, and utterly competent, stands at the justice's side. Thomas Stone, Henry Landulik, and William Haddon are duly charged with using unlawful devices in a trout stream. 'Guilty,' pleads Stone, of the drink-sodden countenance. 'Guilty,' pleads Landulik, twin to the ox. 'Not guilty,' growls Haddon, the giant.

The lieutenant does not even look bored. The first sergeant calls him to testify. He tells his tale very briefly and with exceeding clarity both of statement and of diction. But the good old justice, plodding after him with laborious pen, loses the thread after the first two phrases. Therefore the officer, with respectful courtesy, goes back to the beginning and repeats his statement, four or five words at a time, pausing at each interval for the gray head bending over the stiff fingers to nod release. The story, as completed, presents all the facts essential to conviction, and presents them in the most terse and consecutive shape.

'Do you wish to ask me any ques-

tions?' the lieutenant asks Haddon. 'No, sir.'

Then the first sergeant calls the trooper, who, duly sworn, testifies as ably as did his officer — while the justice, prompted from point to point by the quiet suggestions of the first sergeant in his capacity of prosecutor for the State, asks questions whose answers again underscore the vital incriminating facts. This complaint will never fail in a court of record on *certiorari*.

Then comes the turn of the fledgling recruit. Rigid, and blushing furiously under his superior's eyes, the lad yet shows how well he is learning his lessons. He tells his story like the clear thinker he is bound to make of himself, without one extra or reconsidered word, and answers all questions as straight and clear as a bell answers its clapper.

The lieutenant cannot repress a movement of pride. 'What do you think of my little recruit?' he whispers. 'Promising?'

But now Haddon is being sworn — and takes the oath and fulfills the succeeding formalities with a correct anticipation of requirements that tells its own story. Never, he testifies, notwithstanding — never before has he been under arrest in all his blameless existence. He went out with these his friends for a little lawful fishing. He fished with his hands and with a pole. He never saw or heard of a fyke. And when the fish stopped biting, he laid himself down by the fire and slept soundly till morning. At dawn he rose, went down to the stream and examined his poles; and was quietly returning to camp again, when, behold! the State Police jumped out from nowhere, without shadow of provocation, and inexplicably arrested him.

Then came the turn of the prosecuting officer. Without any raising of the voice, without any extra emphasis or

apparent pressure, the first sergeant's whole being flamed subtly trenchant, poised to win. His questions, quiet and seemingly simple, drove sharp, direct, incisive, obviously aimed straight at some clearly sighted goal. His material feet assuredly remained on the same spot by the justice's side, yet you could have sworn that, with each close-clipped phrase, — there was not a dozen words in the longest of them, — he crowded the prisoner one pace farther toward the wall. Then came three bullet-like demands, three answering statements well foreseen — and *bang!* fell the trap. Caught beyond struggle in a hopelessly incriminating lie.

The justice raises his eyes to the officer with the unquestioning confidence of a child. His spectacles slip down on his nose while, without a word, the first sergeant turns to the shelf, takes down a law book, and lays it, open, before the magistrate, with his finger on paragraph and line.

'In regard to Stone and Landulik,' says he, 'I would ask, they having pleaded guilty, that you impose a fine of twenty dollars on each of them, for one violation of the law. In regard to Mr. Haddon, there are three counts — the using of an illegal device in a trout stream, the operating of a net without a metallic tag attached, and the using of a spear out of season in a trout stream. I ask twenty dollars on each charge, or a sixty-dollar fine.'

The squire turned to the prisoners, addressing them.

'Mr. Haddon,' said he, 'you are found guilty by the evidence given against you on three charges, and fined twenty dollars on each. If you are not prepared to pay the fine and costs, then you are committed to the jail of this county, one day for each dollar, or sixty days in jail. Stone and Landulik are fined twenty dollars and costs each, or twenty days in jail.'

The first sergeant, the while, had been observing the giant with a critical eye. Now he asked him a question aside, then addressed himself once more to the justice.

'Mr. Haddon wishes to reopen the case and to be allowed to change his plea from not guilty to guilty. If you allow his request, I would ask that he pay the same fine as that laid upon the other two prisoners.'

'On your plea of guilty, Mr. Haddon, I fine you twenty dollars,' the squire responded without hesitation.

'Now,' says the first sergeant, dropping his state prosecutor's manner, 'what do you men choose, jail or pay?'

The three look dolefully at their boots, speechless.

At last Stone sighs, 'I ain't got no twenty dollars. Guess I hafter take jail.'

'S'pose so,' — 'Same here,' groan the others.

A pause. Not one sign of sympathy on the part of the powers of the law.

'Well, Stone,' observes the lieutenant, dryly, 'if you and Landulik have both invested all your money in cash registers and corner property, I think the least Haddon can do is save you from jail. *He* keeps the saloon!'

At which destructive home truth the masks of all three break down. They grin sheepishly.

'Can I go home and get the cash for us?' asks Haddon.

As the canvas-clad trio, now entirely restored to good humor, lumbered off down the road under the shepherding care of the trooper, I turned to the lieutenant with a question or two.

'Why did you threaten to come down so hard on the giant?'

'Because he lied and tried to escape us; to show him that we were perfectly willing and ready to take our case to court if he desired it; to show that we will fight if they drive us to it; to remind them that we present no charge that we cannot sustain.'

'Why were you so easy with them all in the end?'

'Because these three, as it happens, are not really bad men, and the penalty we asked was severe enough for them.'

'Why did you keep the woman entirely out of the matter? Was n't she equally guilty with the rest? And you never even spoke of her!'

The lieutenant's face took on a look of patient martyrdom.

'Yes,' said he, 'I'll answer that, too. It's like this: we figure that you should spare the women wherever it's possible; and that you can use sense. One in a family is enough to strike. You need n't rub it in.'

Later, down at barracks, he took from his desk a sheaf of manuscript, the first examination papers of the newest probation men. The lieutenant had framed the questions himself, to test the calibre of his lads.

'Look here,' he said, singling out a sheet, 'perhaps this will help.'

Under the typewritten question: 'What are the first essentials required of an officer of the Pennsylvania State Police Force?' stood the following words, in the loose, boyish script of the fledgling recruit: 'To know the law exactly. To do your whole duty and do it quick. To be gentle and courteous always. And *never* take any one's bluff.'

ONE OF THEM. IV

BY ELIZABETH HASANOVITZ

AFTER my controversy with the boss, I impatiently awaited the lunch, when the machines stopped. I ran over to the union office. With tears in my eyes, I told them of what happened. The complaint clerk made out a complaint to the association against my boss. He advised to call the girls to a meeting. With meeting cards in my hand, without any lunch, I returned back to the shop. It was early enough to go in. I looked for the girls downstairs. No one was around. I went upstairs. There on the cutting-table sat the foreman, all the girls around him, and he amused them with his tales.

'Come on here,' said he to me, 'you may also listen to it. When I was in the contracting business for the cloak manufacturers, I had to deal with the Union. Once, when a business agent came around to find out if everything was in order, I invited him out to have lunch with me. There in a saloon I treated him with a few beers, so that after lunch he was not able to walk out. When he stepped outside, he fell like a dead one on the sidewalk. Then I called my workers to show them who their leader was. I also told them that for one beer he would sell the Union. That's what a union is,' he concluded.

But I stopped him. I could not stand any more.

'A thing like that never happened. If it did, you played a very mean trick on that poor man!' I cried out. 'Girls, don't listen to him—he wants to poison your minds, that is his only aim!'

It's hard to describe how I spent the

rest of that day. He called me a 'damn liar.' He wanted to make the girls believe that I was an agent from the Union, that I was paid by the union leaders in order to press out money from the girls for union books.

Such a mean lie! I could not control myself any longer. Tears burst out of my eyes. I took my hat and coat and wanted to run, run away to the end of the world, so excited was I; but the girl Mollie held me back.

'We don't believe him, we know his aims all right,' she said. 'Don't go; this place will remain as it was. The girls will stay with you.'

Half an hour before the power stopped, the foreman called me and Mollie over to his table. He was all changed. His manners, his voice was so soft, so polite, that made us wonder. In a begging tone, he began, —

'You see, girls, the boss does not care to keep up his shop. If he is to pay higher wages to the girls, he is not able to keep up a foreman, and as his son is not able to run a shop, he'll give up the business altogether. He can make a nice living without these few machines. The one to suffer will be I! I'm only a poor man, I have to support my family. What am I to do, if he does give up?'

'Poor man!' I pitied him. After all, he was only a tool in the hands of the boss. He also worked very hard. The boss's son would walk around all day long from one table to the other, without knowing what's what. He did not even know where a spool of thread was to be got when a girl asked him for it.

And he was the one to get the profits. The foreman who had managed the shop, and who has done the cutting also, only got as much as it could be taken off from the girls' 'worth.'

After work I waited for the girls, to take them to the meeting. Sadie, the forelady, fearing to spoil her future career by going to the meeting, refused to go. Another girl followed her; the three Italian finishers were also afraid to go; so that we only had nine girls at the meeting.

I succeeded in explaining to them the situation as it was. I assured them that, if the boss gave up the business, it would not be for the reason that we want too much, but for the simple reason that his son is not able to manage the business; so let him do it. Such brilliant jobs they could always get.

They elected me as shop delegate, also in the price committee, together with Mollie.

The next morning when we came in to work, the old boss was already in. He also changed his policy in talking. He already was informed that we had a meeting. Without addressing anybody, he began to talk.

'Oh, I have nothing against the girls selecting a chairlady. Let them also select a price committee, but they could do all that without a union. They need not belong to the Union and spend their money.'

I came over to him and introduced myself as the shop chairlady. I told him that we also have a price committee, and are ready to settle prices, but with a man of the Union, because we want to have an expert in settling prices for the first few styles, for we never settled prices before, and are liable to make mistakes.

The boss realized that further argument was useless, and he finally agreed.

Until a man from the Union could come up, we continued with the work.

On Sunday, when we came in to work, I asked the foreman to give me some work that I could work on it without interruption. I wanted to time myself, to make a sort of a test, and see if I could possibly settle the prices myself without any help from the Union. I wanted to do justice to both sides. The girls should be able to go on with the work, without any loss of time, and the boss should have his work done in time.

On Monday, when I had the work finished, I came over to the foreman to speak about the price. Somehow we agreed on the price of the style I tried out. All were satisfied. The day passed very happily. On the settled work, I made ten cents more, according to my former day's wages; my two helpers made much more than their regular day's wages.

In the evening the foreman told me to remain to settle some more work. I did so, but instead of prices, he spoke to me of something else.

'Listen, miss!' — I was the only one whom he addressed as miss. 'I know you are a very sensible girl, and you deserve to get more than the others. You need not bother with the Union. I myself will give you a chance to work yourself up. See, as you are on piece-work now, you can keep your two girl-helpers as before. You'll pay them as much as I paid them till now. Think what you can make on them: the work will all go through you, and they'll work through your hand! You need not be afraid that they'll refuse. If they refuse, I'll get other girls — there are always plenty of them!'

Would any one throw stones at me, I would not feel as much pain as I felt while he spoke. It was the worst kind of an insult I could ever feel. He wanted to give me a chance to advance myself! In what a way! In a way of cheating the girls! In the same way as I was and still am cheated!

I was like a mad one. I kept on talking until I noticed the foreman and young boss laughing at me and at my speech. I was ashamed of myself. Their laughter made me feel that I said a lot of foolishness. When I came home, I cried from anger at myself.

At last the deputy clerks from the association and the Union came. I was called in the office. In my broken English I tried to explain to them everything I knew. After me the foreman spoke. In a soft, gentle voice he spoke. Hearing him talk in the office, it could hardly be believed that a man like him could use such violent language as he used in the shop to the girls. He denied all I said. He told them for how long he had been foreman in the shop, that the girls never kicked about anything, that peace prevailed until I came, that I was also satisfied until the system of week-work was changed; since then I began to make trouble in the shop because I don't want to work piece-work.

'It's a lie!' I interrupted him. 'I'm glad that the system is changed. I only wanted to have a man from the Union to settle the prices for us!'

I was maddened by the foreman's false statements. He lied through and through, and I could not help interrupting him; but by interrupting him, I only succeeded in discrediting myself, for the clerk of the association stopped me.

'Why, that girl is unbearable, she possesses an awful temper!' said he to the clerk of the Union. 'After all, he is the boss, and she should have more respect for him! She is too fresh!'

'Oh, if you only knew him!' said I, and burst into tears, for it pained me that I was not given the privilege to be heard as he; he was more trusted than I; besides, I was so disappointed. I expected to get full justice when the clerks came. I expected that they would adjust the prices; they would

tell the boss he should not agitate the people against the Union, they would order the foreman to be more polite to the girls. All they did was to tell us that we, together with the boss, should select a girl to test the garments.

Both clerks failed to see the impossibility of selecting a girl in our shop. All the girls, without exception, were as week-workers very much underpaid. If any girl was to make a test, and be paid by the hour according to her former salary, we would surely not be able to make out anything. But I was not given any chance to explain it to them, for they left in a hurry.

When I stepped back into the shop, the girls were all waiting impatiently for news. Their eyes were fixed on me, questioning. Before I could open my mouth, the foreman followed me.

'Well, girls! Even the clerk said that she was fresh, that she had a bad temper. He also said that I'm the boss here, and she has nothing to say!'

So he interpreted the clerk's sentences, and wanted the girls to believe him. From that day on our quarreling began. The next morning the first thing I did was to remind the foreman of selecting a test girl. We were only four girls who were competent enough in the work, so that only the four could act as testers. Among the four of us he selected Sadie and wanted nobody else. How could I agree to her when she was such a good worker and only got twenty cents an hour? My arguments did not do any good. He would again call me trouble-maker and fresh girl.

When I went over for work, the foreman kept me waiting, purposely to make me lose time. At lunch-time I ran to the Union again. There I cried for a long time until I was able to talk. The people up there comforted me. To them it was not new. Hundreds of girls used to come to them with the same grievances as I. But those did not cry

any more. They were used to the ill-treatment of the bosses and foremen.

I went back to work. Before I had time to sit down, the foreman began.

'Well, what did your Union tell you? You think I'm afraid of you, eh? The more you complain, the worse for you! I shall give you such work that you can't make two dollars a week!'

That day he would give me only such bundles as had to go to the hemstitchers. I would only have for half-hour work in a bundle, and wait for another one. That afternoon, when I asked for such a bundle that I could work on it without any interruption, he refused to give. I complained to the boss. The boss took out a bundle from a girl's basket and put me to work on it. To the foreman I heard him saying:—

'You better stop torturing the girl too much!'

Too much! The boss seemed to have a limit as to how much they could trouble me — he was afraid to trouble me too much!

At three o'clock the clerks were up again. When the complaint was read before the boss, he said he knew nothing about it. He tells the foreman to treat everybody alike. If the foreman does treat me unfair, he'll see to it that he does not.

In the presence of the clerks we selected a test girl. She was Mollie of the price committee. They told us that, in case we would not agree on the test, they'd have a man sent up to make the prices.

When they left, the boss came over to us and said, —

'Of course, you wanted the clerks and you had them! But I'm telling you again that you may have a thousand of clerks to make prices for you, I would not pay a cent more than I pay you now! I cannot afford to pay you more, for I sell my merchandise

cheap and I can't raise the price on it.'

'Then why don't you tell that to the clerks? What's the use of bothering around and waste people's time for nothing?' asked I. 'If you are a member of the association, you can afford to pay as much as the other members do; if you can't — all right, give up your business! Somebody else will have to make up the work and we'll get our jobs all right!'

'A-ah, is that what you want?' cried the boss in anger. 'You want to drive me out from business — you socialist, you anarchist that you are!!! Go, go to Russia, fight with the Cosacks! — I'm telling you girls again,' he continued, 'if I have to pay more, I'll give up the business! If you suffer after, it won't be my fault, but hers!' He pointed his finger at me.

'You, Mollie, go ahead, make the test and let see how it'll come out.'

Mollie was given two waists to test. At the same time the foreman gave two waists to Sadie. He did not trust Mollie, though he said that she was a good respectable girl — and so she was.

She tried her best to make the test a fair one. Sadie saw her chance to show her devotion to the boss with that test. She rushed the work terribly, but when she saw that she was not ahead of Mollie, she had the girl next to her help her out. I watched them all. Sadie had her waists finished ten minutes before Mollie. Of course Mollie's test was not accepted. According to Mollie's test, the waists had to be priced at 46 cents apiece; according to Sadie's, the waist came out at 35 cents. All the boss wanted to pay was 30 cents.

When the expert came, he priced the waist at 50 cents. He said that a waist like that was paid everywhere at 50 cents. The boss refused to pay either price. He claimed it was impossible for him to exist. He made a proposition to have the work made in sections. The

garment should be divided into collars, cuffs, bodies, sleeves, belts. Each part should be settled by the dozen, and each part should be made by one girl.

I did not agree to it, neither did the union clerk. I tried to make the girls see the danger in section-work for them. No skill is required at section-work. Anybody could learn in a week or less to make a certain part of the garment. The girls, not being skilled workers, will always have to depend on that only shop, and, of course, will never be able to take a stand against any wrong which will occur to them, for fear to lose their position.

The association and the Union at last took more interest in that case. For three days clerks would come and go, come and go; they could not come to an understanding. At last the boss announced that he would give up the business.

Again I had a meeting with the girls. All the will-power I possessed I used to the utmost that evening in convincing the girls of the great mistake they would make by working in the shop on the old conditions.

In the morning, when we had our work finished out, we told the foreman that we would only work there if we were to have a strictly union shop with union conditions. He announced that no more work would be cut and that we were free to look for positions. I took all the girls with me and went to the union office.

The next morning, when I came to the union office to meet my girls who waited impatiently for results, the manager of the independent department had called up a few shops, inquiring for positions for the girls. The first two positions he got I sent up two girls, one competent worker and the other a learner. Before I sent them away I

took work from the competent girl to take care of the others. A few I sent through the paper, and they found jobs themselves. Mollie and her sister I sent to the shop where I first learned the trade. As I once already mentioned, that boss was a good acquaintance of mine, and through my recommendation they got employment there, where one of the sisters is still working. I and another girl were still out.

The next day, I received a letter from Mr. Baroff of our Union, informing me that he got a job for me as a sample-maker. I quickly ran over to the office. There the other girl sat waiting for me; she also like me was still looking for work. As I promised to all the girls to help them in finding jobs, if the boss should give up the business, I felt that I had no right to accept the offered job, while a girl who held me responsible for her idleness was still out of a position. But I also needed the job, I needed the position to support both of us, myself and my brother; how could I give away the job to her? And still I did. I preferred to suffer economically, rather than be blamed for irresponsibility.

My present pessimistic state of mind developed not only from my own sufferings but also from the life around me. The general conditions of the people I lived among filled my heart with misery. My head was always puzzled with the question of inequality in this universe. I was unable to decide what remedy should be applied in order to equalize the world. One thing I understood: that the present capitalistic system must be changed, that the wealth created by people should be divided among those people. But whether the change should come through peaceful education or revolution, I felt not ripe enough to decide.

(The End)

PETER STOOD AND WARMED HIMSELF

BY GEORGE PARKIN ATWATER

THE high explosive shell, fashioned, filled, and fired by the Reverend Joseph H. Odell, in the February *Atlantic*, has filled the land with reverberations. It is a courageous, manly, and sincere explosion of the pent-up feelings of an indignant patriot. The shock of it tumbled me into my dug-out and left me speechless, my brain reeling with the vivid images of his graphic pen, with the piercing denunciations of his prophetic voice. All honor to him for his utterance.

After a time the shock passed, and I put on my gas-mask and ventured forth to look upon the ruins. Ruins were abundant. Neutrality and pacifism were withered to dust and ashes. Complacency was powdered to atoms. Denominationalism was flattened into a pulp. German theology was hurled into a leper colony, and, like Judas, went to its own place. The tribal god of the high places of Potsdam, disguised as the Lord God of Christianity, was shorn of its mask, and the label 'Made in Germany' revealed the Moloch, made in the image of the Kaiser, reveling in human sacrifices.

Upon looking further, I found that some of the targets at which the shell was aimed were still standing — somewhat powder-marked and splinter-incrusted, but decidedly undemolished. We can discern their outlines, and it becomes a duty to pierce the smoke of the explosion and discover what has not been destroyed.

Actual shells are no respecters of persons or things. The glory of Rheims

has become the spiritual heritage of memory, because in destroying the military asset of its high towers, the German shells ruined its age-long splendor. But explosions of human wrath may be more discriminating, and it is but justice to Dr. Odell to affirm that he undoubtedly had no intention of uprooting the whole structure, the faults of which he assails. To use his words, his 'volcanic eruption' has poured molten lava upon certain institutions and has left no vestige; but in the process he has buried other institutions in cold ashes. We may dig them out.

Peter, the symbol of the ministry? Sitting by a fire and hugging the comfortable delusion of security? Trapped by a casual feminine inquiry which would have ended his career? Not so Peter! Peter *stood*. St. John says so. Involved in the stupendous tragedy of God incarnate, who had brought the dead to life, being hurried to a trial, of which even St. Peter could not know the outcome; confused by the calamities and obscurities and perplexities of the passing hour, Peter, the rock man, *stood*, awaiting the message, the direction, the mission, that was to be his. The maid who asked the question of him was but the unsubstantial shadow of an unreal world, compared with the question, — 'And thou also wast with Jesus of Nazareth?' — a question asked by *conscience*, not of the reality of his physical companionship, but of the verity of his special discipleship.

Peter, resistant, as poor human na-

ture often is, thrust aside for a moment the outer and less important implication of the situation, made it a matter of inner struggle and sacrifice, then surrendered to the light and leading of it all, and went out and wept bitterly. They were tears of consecration, and the man who *stood*, during the struggle, weighing its issues, not acquiescent and yet not sure of the trend of it, that man, so human and more to be trusted because of his period of uncertainty, went forth to his martyrdom. If St. Peter, as he stood there, had shown a foreknowledge of the events, if he had seemed an object of divine assurance which would have made his struggle less keen, we should not have respected his experience. The clergy at this time, having stood, with Peter, are now exemplifying his boldness.

The clergy to-day have a serious task. This is a day of false alarms. Street-corner orators vent their spleen upon every institution of mankind, hurling invectives at the educational, commercial, and religious granaries in which is stored the wealth of the labor of ages; reviling the granaries which these orators themselves did not by constructive effort help to fill, while having no further foundation for their vituperation than the soap-boxes which they did not help to empty. Political parties and newspapers raise clouds of dust by their cunning manœuvres, both in the hope that the public vision will be clouded thereby, and also in the hope that their crocodile tears of lamentation will turn the dust to mud with which to besmire those whom they would destroy. Amid the public turmoil stand the clergy, representing a higher order of things. Realizing the moral weight of their collective judgment, every partisan would invoke them, as Balak invoked Balaam of old, to curse his enemies. But the clergy are not to be convinced by clamor.

Who are these men, the clergy? Are they all fiery-tongued orators, saturated with the wisdom of the ages, commanding and swaying vast assemblages of people? Are they luxurious and isolated devotees of idle reflection, reveling in the psychological and spiritual joys of meditation in a garden sheltered by high walls from the turmoil without? They are neither. The clergy to-day are hard-working, underpaid, long-suffering plodders, living lives of sacrifice in every corner of the land, and sharing the lesser fragments of the crusts that fall from the wealth of our prosperity. With every conceivable obstacle in their paths, in the midst of a movie-crazed public, and a golf-distracted and motor-mad society, they do their duty humbly and quietly. They have no sufficient organ for concentrating public attention, for the people will not come to their churches, and the newspapers, while giving two columns to a prize-fight, would dismiss Isaiah himself in ten lines, unless he was 'good stuff' and would get a column as an eccentricity.

In spite of this fact, the clergy are a vast influence. For generations they have kept alight the beacons that point the path to human progress and happiness and duty. While you, half parent, were fozzling that drive on the golf course, of a Sunday, or washing your car, or devouring the Sunday paper, in utter oblivion of the fact that you are a rank slacker and a parasite feeding upon the construction work of other men, and belittling their work so that you might take a minute's comfort to your own beggarly soul, the clergy are taking the other half of your parental duty and are trying to teach your children a few principles which may later make you take a false pride in the kind of boy or girl you assume that you have brought up.

It has not been the example of the

worldlings which has inspired the flow-
er of this nation to offer themselves for
service overseas, but it has been the
churches and the clergy, with the rem-
nant of devoted laity who are an honor
to themselves and our race, who have
built the foundations of justice, pa-
triotism, righteousness, and truth into
the fabric of rising manhood. The
church boys went to war, at the call.
It was not our Christian young man-
hood that was lashed into the war with
the draft. Better than a thousand in-
vectives has been the steady untiring
teaching of the clergy.

And do we say that the moral leader-
ship of the church and its healing lead-
ership have been turned over to lay or-
ganizations, the Y.M.C.A. and the Red
Cross? Bless my soul! Is a layman a
pagan? an unconverted heathen? a
mercenary? Are laymen so much raw
material, whose Christian excellence is
crowned only when they are ordained?
Are we committed to some monarchical
theory of the Church, which is repre-
sented only when its entitled officers
conduct affairs? Is not every Chris-
tian layman, in the Y.M.C.A. or the
Red Cross, demonstrating the spiri-
tual supremacy of the leadership of the
Church?

The Church does not consist of the
clergy alone. Clergy and people are
the spiritual entity called the Church.
I know that we are afflicted with the
plague of 168 denominations. Were
it not so, however, and were we one
great body, and were the whole relig-
ious and healing functions of war
created by our fiat, could we more ef-
fectively conduct our responsibility
than by creating these agencies of the
Y.M.C.A. and the Red Cross, in which
every willing worker could express his
Christian manhood and satisfy his de-
sire for service of God and man, wheth-
er or not he was part of our hypothet-
ical one Church?

Has not the Church done its part?
Countless men high in the Church have
rushed to service. The service flags in
our churches proclaim the militant
quality of our Christian manhood. I
have seen a bishop in the uniform of the
Red Cross, and he has been in France,
too. But who really represents the
Church to-day in France? The elderly
lady in the next pew will say that it is
being represented by the spiritual serv-
ice of the Y.M.C.A., and the zealous
roller of bandages will think of the Red
Cross as expressive of the compassion
of the Church. But, thank God, the
Church has another representative in
France to-day. *The complete represent-
ative of the American Church in France
is the United States Army overseas.* Yes,
an *army*, with its cannon and rifles
and machine-guns and its instruments
of destruction. The Church militant,
sent, morally equipped, strengthened
and encouraged, approved and blessed,
by the Church at home. The army to-
day is the Church in action, transform-
ing the will of the Church into deeds,
expressing the moral judgment of the
Church in smashing blows. Its wor-
ship has its vigil in the trenches, and its
fasts and feasts; its prayers are in acts,
and its choir is the crash of cannon and
the thrilling ripple of machine-guns,
swelling into a tornado of persuasive
appeal to a nation to remember the
truth, 'The soul (or nation) that sin-
neth, it shall die.' Our army is preach-
ing the sermon of the American Church
to Germany.

A priest or parson may think himself
better equipped to serve in the noble
ranks of our Y.M.C.A. or Red Cross,
but the priest or parson who goes
across to-day is fortified by his ordina-
tion and its vows, by all the moral sanc-
tions of his calling, in his possible
choice of going into the trenches with
his rifle in his hand. If the army of the
Stars and Stripes is not the army of

the Church of God; if the army bent upon destroying the fiendish rule of criminal conspiracy against mankind is not the army of the Church whose teachings and labors for years have formed the judgments and character of those who fight, then indeed the world is chaos and God is dead.

Has the Church spoken in words as well as deeds? Do you think, Mr. Odell, that if the Church as a whole had opposed war, or had sat by the fire warming itself, the nation could have put an army overseas without draft riots? No. From the beginning the Church has been patriotic and loyal. It would not embarrass the government, if it could have done so, by saying that this is a holy war, and we will take charge of it. Merely to state the case is to show how futile is such an attitude. Before even the government, with its vast responsibility for the consequences of its acts, and with the burden of 'carrying on' when its decision was taken — before even the government could see its path plain, the Church prepared the national mind for the inevitable decision of the government. While neutral in act, the Church was not neutral in thought and judgment. Neutrality in thought was immoral. No power on earth could have silenced the thousands of voices that arose from Christian pulpits. Peter shook himself from his reflections and made the halls ring with his words.

It would have been more melodramatic to have had one commanding figure, like another Peter of the Crusades, command the national attention and point the moral issues involved in the lid blowing off Hell through the line of least resistance at Berlin, but it was more *effective* to have a hundred thousand spokesmen prepare the nation for the task. It would have been spectacular for John D. Rockefeller to have floated the first Liberty Loan sin-

gle-handed, and it would have made him more popular, but it would not have helped to raise the second loan.

And the clergy and the Church of our nation spoke, and spoke with power. Hot, flaying, excoriating, scarifying words of righteous indignation and anger have been poured forth from our pulpits. Rousing and enkindling appeals have started the people from their stunned complacency. I have heard many of them. Even before the United States declared war the words were uttered. Like a widely distributed rainfall they did not make a local flood but they fed wide areas and brought forth enormous crops. The Red Cross and the Y.M.C.A. were the immediate result, but the Church in France, in the trenches, was their ultimate aim.

The clergy spoke and spoke plainly. I wish it were possible for Mr. Odell to have every war sermon preached by the clergy, with the *date* of its delivery. There was a deluge. No one man, no matter how eloquent, could have produced the smallest fraction of the result that the thousands of clergy produced in interpreting the deeper issues of the war. Even the government declined the services of the most militant figure in America, in favor of a widespread military effort that would embrace the rising tide of the modern crusading spirit.

Have conventions spoken! Here is a resolution of one ecclesiastical gathering, which passed with a shout: —

Resolved, That this Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Ohio declares its conviction that the United States has entered into the War under the compulsion of every motive of patriotism and humanity. On the one side were the forces that seek to impose upon the whole world the will of a false, cruel, detestable autocracy; on the other side were the forces of democracy, fighting for our own liberty not less than theirs. It is our

conviction that, had we remained neutral, we should have been contemptible even in our own eyes, as a people too selfish and cowardly to bear our part with the democratic peoples of Europe who have fought so long, and so gloriously, and at such vast cost, for everything that is dear to us as a free nation.

The Church has many problems. It is honeycombed with individualism and imperiled by divisions. It must work out its own salvation. But when it comes to issues of right and wrong, the Church takes its place with right. The Church in our land *stands*, — as Peter stood of old, — first, to let conscience speak and to struggle against the instincts of peaceful habits, and then it *goes*, sword in hand, committed to a struggle, to war — a war of no compromise or artful evasion of a decision, but a war to victory.

To-day the duty of the Church is slowly getting a different emphasis. Standing as Peter stood, debating with conscience the value of peace, the

Church must and will set its face against the moral iniquity, the utterly unpardonable desertion of its cause, of concluding a peace based on any other consideration than the complete mastery and dissipation of every evil organization or movement of government which has shown itself to be the cruel and heartless foe of humanity. Better that every man in America should go to the plains and farms to wrest again his living from the soil, as our forefathers did, better that every woman should turn again to spinning-wheel and churn, better that every vestige of our material civilization should be swept away, than that we should compromise this issue between righteousness and evil. Now is the time for the Church to awaken to its new peril of bankruptcy and demolition, unless it begins at once to speak, as it has spoken for war, for the complete and final and overwhelming victory for righteousness, which alone will save mankind from a moral decay more fatal than death.

THE CROSS AT NEUVE CHAPELLE

BY THOMAS TIPLADY

THE war on the Western Front has been fought in a Roman Catholic country, where crucifixes are erected at all the chief cross-roads to remind us that, in every moment of doubt as to the way of life, and on whichever road we finally decide to walk, whether rough or smooth, we shall need the Saviour and his redeeming love. We have seen a cross so often when on the march, or when passing down some trench, that

it has become inextricably mixed up with the war. When we think of the great struggle, the vision of the cross rises before us; and when we see the cross, we think of the processions of wounded men who have been broken to save the world. Whenever we have laid a martyred soldier to rest, we have placed over him, as the comment on his death, a simple white cross which bears his name. We never paint any tribute

on it. None is needed, for nothing else could speak so eloquently as a cross — a white cross. White is the sacred color in the army of to-day, and the cross is the sacred form. In after years there will never be any doubt as to where the line of liberty ran that held back the flood and force of German tyranny. From the English Channel to Switzerland it is marked for all time by the crosses on the graves of the British and French soldiers. Whatever may be our views about the erection of crucifixes by the wayside and at the cross-roads, no one can deny that they have had an immense influence for good on our men during the war in France.

The experience of many a gallant soldier is expressed in the following Belgian poem: —

I came to a halt at the bend of the road;
I reached for my ration, and loosened my load;
I came to a halt at the bend of the road.

O weary the way, Lord, forsaken of Thee,
My spirit is faint — lone, comfortless me;
O weary the way, Lord, forsaken of Thee.

And the Lord answered, Son, be thy heart lifted
up;
I drank, as thou drinkest, of agony's cup;
And the Lord answered, Son, be thy heart lifted
up.

For thee that I loved, I went down to the grave,
Pay thou the like forfeit thy Country to save;
For thee that I loved, I went down to the grave.

Then I cried, 'I am Thine, Lord; yea, unto this
last.'
And I strapped on my knapsack, and onward I
passed.
Then I cried, 'I am Thine, Lord; yea, unto this
last.'

Fulfilled is the sacrifice. Lord, is it well?
Be it said — for the dear sake of country he fell.
Fulfilled is the sacrifice. Lord, is it well?

The Cross has interpreted life to the soldier, and has provided him with the only acceptable philosophy of the war. It has taught boys just entering upon life's experience that, out-topping all

history and standing out against the background of all human life, is a Cross on which died the Son of God. It has made the hill of Calvary stand out above all other hills in history. Hannibal, Cæsar, Napoleon — these may stand at the foot of the hill, as did the Roman soldiers, but they are made to look mean and insignificant as the Cross rises above them, showing forth the figure of the Son of Man.

Against the sky-line of human history the Cross stands clearly, and all else is in shadow. The wayside crosses at the front and the flashes of roaring guns may not have taught our soldiers much history, but they have taught them the central fact of history; and all else will have to accommodate itself to that, or be disbelieved. The Cross of Christ is the centre of the picture for evermore, and the grouping of all other figures must be about it.

To the soldiers it can never again be made a detail in some other picture. Seen also in the light of their personal experience, it has taught them that, as a cross lies at the basis of the world's life and shows bare at every crisis of national and international life, so at the root of all individual life is a cross. They have been taught to look for it at every parting of the ways. Suffering to redeem others and make others happy will now be seen as the true aim of life, and not the grasping of personal pleasure or profit. They have stood where high explosive shells thresh out the corn from the chaff — the true from the false. They have seen facts in a light that exposes things stark and bare; and the cant talked by skeptical armchair philosophers will move them as little as the chattering of sparrows on the housetops.

For three, long years our front-line trenches have run through what was once a village called Neuve Chapelle. There is nothing left of it now. But

there is something there which is tremendously impressive. It is a crucifix. It stands out above everything, for the land is quite flat around it. The cross is immediately behind our firing-trench, and within two or three hundred yards of the German front trench. The figure of Christ is looking across the waste of No-Man's Land. Under his right arm and under his left are British soldiers holding the line. Two 'dud' shells lie at the foot; one is even touching the wood; but though hundreds of shells must have swept by it, and millions of machine-gun bullets, it remains undamaged. Trenches form a labyrinth all round it. When our men awake and 'stand to' at dawn, the first sight they see is the cross; and when at night they lie down in the side of the trench, or turn into their dug-outs, their last sight is the cross. It stands clear in the noonday sun; and in the moonlight it takes on a solemn grandeur.

I first saw it on a November afternoon when the sun was sinking under heavy banks of cloud, and it bent my mind back to the scene as it must have been on the first Good Friday, when the sun died with its dying Lord, and darkness crept up the hill of Calvary and covered Him with its funeral pall to hide his dying agonies from the curious eyes of unbelieving men. I had had tea in a dug-out, and it was dark when I left. Machine-guns were sweeping No-Man's Land to brush back enemies who might be creeping toward us through the long grass; and the air was filled with a million clear, cracking sounds. Star-shells rose and fell, and their brilliant lights lit up the silent form on the cross.

For three years, night and day, Christ has been standing there in the midst of our soldiers, with arms outstretched in blessing. They have looked up at Him through the clear starlight of a frosty night; and they

have seen his pale face by the silver rays of the moon as she has sailed her course through the heavens. In the gloom of a stormy night they have seen the dark outline, and caught a passing glimpse of Christ's effigy by the flare of the star-shells. What must have been the thoughts of the sentries in the listening posts as all night long they have gazed at the cross; or of the officers as they have passed down the trench to see that all was well; or of some private sleeping in the trench and, being awakened by the cold, taking a few steps to restore blood-circulation? Deep thoughts, I imagine, much too deep for words of theirs or mine.

And when the battle of Neuve Chapelle was raging and the wounded, whose blood was turning red the grass, looked up at Him, what thoughts must have been theirs then? Did they not feel that He was their big Brother and remember that blood had flowed from Him as from them; that pain had racked Him as it racked them; and that He thought of his mother and of Nazareth as they thought of their mother and the little cottage they were never to see again? When their throats became parched and their lips swollen with thirst, did they not remember how He, too, had cried for water; and, above all, did they not call to mind the fact that He might have saved Himself, as they might, if He had cared more for his own happiness than for the world's? As their spirits passed out through the wounds in their bodies, would they not ask Him to remember them as their now homeless souls knocked at the gate of his Kingdom? He had stood by them all through the long and bloody battle while hurricanes of shells swept over and around Him.

I do not wonder that the men at the front flock to the Lord's Supper to

commemorate his death. They will not go without it. If the Sacrament be not provided, they ask for it. At home there was never such a demand for it as exists at the front. There is a mystic sympathy between the trench and the Cross, between the soldier and his Saviour.

And yet, to those who willed the war and drank to the day of its coming, even the Cross has no sacredness. It is to them but a tool of war. An officer told me that during the German retreat from the Somme they noticed a peculiar accuracy in the enemy's firing. The shells followed an easily distinguishable course. So many casualties occurred from this accurate shelling that the officers set themselves to discover the cause. They found that the circle of shells had for its centre the cross-roads, and that at the cross-roads was a crucifix that stood up clearly as a landmark. Evidently the cross was being used to guide the gunners, and was causing the death of our men.

But a more remarkable thing came to light. The cross stood close to the road, and when the Germans retired they had sprung a mine at the cross-roads to delay our advance. Everything near had been blown to bits by the explosion except the crucifix, but that had not a mark upon it. And yet it could not have escaped, except by a miracle. They therefore set themselves to examine the seeming miracle and came across one of the most astounding cases of fiendish cunning. They found that the Germans had made a concrete socket for the crucifix so that they could take it out or put it in at pleasure. Before blowing up the cross-roads they had taken the cross out of its socket and removed it to a safe distance; then, when the mine had exploded, they put the cross back so that it might be a landmark to direct

their shooting. And now they were making use of Christ's instrument of redemption as an instrument for men's destruction.

But our young officers resolved to restore the cross to its work of saving men. They waited till night fell, then removed the cross to a point a hundred or two yards to the left. When in the morning the German gunners fired their shells, their observers found that the shells fell too far wide of the cross and they could make nothing of the mystery. It looked as if some one had been tampering with their guns in the night. To put matters right they altered the position of their guns, so that once more the shells made a circle round the cross, and henceforth our soldiers were safe, for the shells fell harmlessly into the outlying fields. Nor was this the only time during their retreat when the Germans put the cross to this base use and were foiled in their knavery.

When a nation scraps the Cross of Christ and turns it into a tool to gain an advantage over its opponents, it becomes superfluous to ask who began the war, and folly to close our eyes to the horrors and depravities which are being reached in the waging of it.

There is a new judgment of the nations now proceeding, and who shall predict what shall be? The Cross of Christ is the arbiter, and our attitude toward it decides our fate. I have seen the attitude of our soldiers toward the Cross at Neuve Chapelle and toward that for which it stands; and I find more comfort in their reverence for Christ and Christianity than in all their guns and impediments of war.

The Cross of Christ towers above the wrecks of time, and those nations will survive which stand beneath its protecting arms in the trenches of righteousness, liberty, and truth.

REVERIE

BY AMORY HARE

It is so still here in the dusky wood;
Only the moths have motion where they spin
And flutter through the dark.
There in the deeper dusk the cedars brood.
No warmth of fields, no voice of meadow-lark
Floats here, no breeze may wander in
So deep to bear me company.
I, who am so companioned in a field,
Am lonely here, and rather sleepily
Afraid. Just now some little beast has squealed
And made me creep; so that I wonder why
I come here to the wood at end of day
After the glow has faded from the sky.
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Once at this hour I saw you pass this way.

THE FUNDAMENTALS OF THE SITUATION

BY ANDRÉ CHÉRADAME

I HOPE that I have shown, in my last article, what the real, deep-seated reason is of the successes that the Germans have achieved over the Allies. We have seen that, while the Germans are past masters in burglary and murder, who, in committing these thefts and other crimes, employ the most highly perfected material resources, the most thorough study of chemistry, and the most ingenious mechanical inventions, they are equally far advanced in the purely intellectual domain, which en-

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ables them to derive from the four fundamental political sciences — geography, ethnography, political economy, and national psychology — important practical results. Now, the Allies, having even at this moment no comprehension of the extraordinary potency of these invisible forces, are making no use of them. The result is that, notwithstanding their vast resources, they are still in a much less advantageous condition to contend with the Boches.

Our deductions have led us also to

define the 'strategy of the political sciences' and the integral strategic equation which makes its application possible. This equation contains six unknown quantities: military, naval, geographical, ethnographical, politico-economic, and national-psychologic. The facts established by three and a half years of war prove that it is absolutely indispensable to find these six unknown quantities before undertaking any operation capable of exerting an appreciable influence on the general development of the war. Indeed, the present amazing and perilous state of affairs is susceptible of this explanation which summarizes all others: the general operations of the Staff at Berlin have been planned and carried out in accordance with the strategy of the political sciences. On the other hand, the operations of the Entente have been conducted in such utter ignorance of this strategy, that none of them could reasonably be expected to succeed.

It is of supreme importance for Americans to understand quite clearly the fundamental cause of the strategic errors of the Entente. Indeed, such a clear understanding is the only means by which the United States can avoid sacrifices in men and money infinitely greater than are necessary. I shall, therefore, treat this part of my subject by appealing to the unmitigated truth, without regard for other considerations.

THE THEORY THAT THE WESTERN FRONT IS THE MOST IMPORTANT ONE

I propose to show that, as a matter of fact, all the strategic errors of the Entente are derived from this: that the Western front has been regarded as the most important front. The first source of this idea is the incredible but undoubted ignorance of the Pan-Germanist scheme on the part of the leaders of the Entente. This ignorance is a phe-

nomenon which I set down, but which I cannot explain.

The Pangermanist scheme dates from 1895. Since then it has been elaborated in Germany in thousands of lectures. Innumerable pamphlets, spread broadcast, have made it familiar to an immense majority of the sixty millions of Germans. Moreover, it was for the reason that this scheme was carefully devised a long while beforehand that the Germans became earnestly desirous for its execution, and, generally speaking, went cheerfully forth to war, believing, doubtless, that it would be short, but firmly convinced that it would bring them enormous booty — a bait which has always set the Germans in motion from the beginnings of history.

Now, in spite of the extraordinary publicity of the Pangermanist scheme throughout Germany for twenty-two years, the guiding spirits of the Entente did not believe in its existence during the first two years of the war. I agree that this seems incredible, but I receive constantly so many new proofs of its truth that to doubt it is impossible.

This ignorance has had this result; that the Allies have failed to realize that Germany made war, before all else, to make the Hamburg-Persian Gulf plan an accomplished fact, and that that achievement, by reason of its inevitable consequences, would suffice to assure Germany of the dominion of the world. It is this failure to grasp the real war-aim pursued by Germany, which explains why the supreme importance of the Danube front — which was the key of the war, which the Allies had in their possession, and which it was relatively easy for them to retain — did not receive serious attention while it was time. At the opening of hostilities, and even for a very long time thereafter, the leaders of the Allies were convinced that Germany was fighting to rid herself of France, and

especially of England. France and England therefore undertook simply to fight Germany and Austria-Hungary, very little importance being attributed to the action of the latter. Practically then, notwithstanding the important part assigned to Russia, the war was regarded, at Paris and London, as a sort of prize-fight, in which one of the two chief adversaries — either the French and British or Germany and Austria — would fall within the ropes.

This quasi-'sportive' idea of the war was particularly prevalent among the British. Having in reality no military traditions, they regarded the conflict as a gigantic boxing-match, in which the best 'slugger' would necessarily be the victor. So it came about that to the British the war was, and perhaps still is, solely a matter of endurance. On the other hand, once the war was begun by Germany, the question of Alsace-Lorraine inevitably came to the front for the French. Must she not be set free first of all?

For these diverse reasons, the French and British were inclined to argue that the chief theatre of operations was necessarily where the chief adversaries were, and, at the same time, to all appearance, their principal and mutual interests — that is to say, in the West. This conviction once formed, this consequence was deduced from it in London and Paris, namely, that the Balkans and Turkey could have no serious effect on the result of the war; that it was not only useless, therefore, but positively dangerous, to send a considerable force to the East, because the principal front — that in the West, where everything was destined to be decided — would thus be deprived of the benefit of armies which the Entente, taken by surprise by the war, had been obliged to raise and equip in haste, and had no right to send a long way from home.

But it is evident that the Western front could not be the principal one from the Allies' standpoint — the one, that is to say, on which to bring about a final decision. For, ever since the day when it was demonstrated that fortified fronts, which can be very rapidly increased in depth by trenches, deep shelters, and barbed-wire entanglements, cannot be quickly pierced, — a demonstration which was almost absolute in October, 1914, — it has been contrary to common sense for the Allies to hope that they could obtain on the Western front a victory so overwhelming as to compel Germany to abandon the Hamburg-Persian Gulf idea. But this controlling point of view was unheeded — a perfectly natural consequence of the Allied ignorance of the Pangermanist scheme.

However that may be, the theory that the Western front is all important has been repeatedly laid down by Colonel Repington, the military critic of the *London Times*.¹

Finding myself compelled, in order to make more clear my indispensable demonstration, to show how far Colonel Repington has gone astray, and what infinite harm his errors have done to the cause of the Entente by reason of the mighty influence of the *Times*, which is almost a national organ, I conceive that no sinister motive can be attributed to me if I make, by way of preamble, this statement. I was one of the first Frenchmen who favored the Franco-British *rapprochement*, at a time when public opinion in my country was opposed to that policy. To the powerful *Times*, which has many a time assisted me in propagating my ideas, I am most grateful. To me personally, therefore, it is really distressing to take issue with one of its chief collaborators. But according to my honest belief, Colonel Repington, because

¹ Now of the *Morning Post*.

of the extraordinary influence of the organ in which he writes, has been instrumental in leading the Allies to commit errors in strategy which have cost millions of men and endangered the issue of the war. I feel, therefore, in duty bound to call the attention of the Allies to the immense amount of harm done by Colonel Repington. His constantly repeated forecasts have this characteristic in common, that for three years and a half they have been most strikingly falsified by events.

But the Repington peril still exists. In fact, even to-day a large number of Allied newspapers continue to reproduce his forecasts because they appear in the *Times* as coming from one having authority, although any sort of credit should long ago have been denied to him. But his failure to reason from indubitable indications and the most notorious facts seems to be complete; if we may judge from certain passages in an interview on the general condition of affairs given by the colonel to *Le Temps*, October 10, 1917.

The situation [declared the military critic of the *Times* at that late date] is that the Boches are getting the worst of it except in Boche *communiqués*, and that they know it. Moreover, every time that we go into battle they are beaten. . . . Our losses are slight now because we are proceeding according to the plan of an offensive with a limited objective. . . . Our victories are almost automatic. . . . Italy and Russia still have very strong effective forces. . . . Russia? Yes, she is passing through a serious crisis, but we must not lose confidence in her. Russia is a jack-in-the-box, and the winter is working on her side.

Less than a month after these statements the Italians suffered a serious disaster, Russia went to pieces, and Roumania was reduced to impotence. Now, these disastrous events might very easily have been forecast several months before, with the help of the fre-

quent and accordant intelligence from Italy and Russia. But Colonel Repington has been so hypnotized by the Western front that he has consistently refused to give any weight to what was going on in the rest of Europe. We proceed to trace the chronological development and the influence of his theory.

At the end of August, 1914, Colonel Repington set forth his own conception of the most important front when he described the part to be played by the Russian armies on the one hand and by the Franco-British armies on the other, disclosing at the same time his idea of German strategy. I quote from *Le Temps* of September 1, 1914:—

We must fight, even if we have to fall back to the Atlantic, without allowing Germany to overwhelm us. It is absolutely indispensable for her to have her Metz and her Sedan, and a long war would be disastrous for her with her largely industrial population, her business paralyzed, her coast blockaded. Her entire strategy is based on these considerations, and it should be our aim to bring this plan to naught and to fight with all our strength, without endangering the welfare of our people by brilliant *coups* which would expose us to attack.

It is fear that is behind the present German tactics,—the vandalism and the policy of terrorizing the civil population; it is fear—not physical fear, but fear of the consequences to her if France and England were not quickly and completely crushed.

Russia, for her part, is performing the function of a 'steam-roller.' Her rôle in the war is most important, and final triumph depends in large measure on the way in which she carries it out. The Franco-British armies have diverted the main hold of the German armies from Russia, and while the Allies operating in France keep their claws in that bulk, Russia must take advantage of the opportunity.

The results obtained by her thus far indicate that such is her purpose.

Taking into account the season of the year and its natural concomitants, Russia should reach Berlin within two months; if, at the end of that time our claws are still

buried in the mass of the German armies of the West, and if Serbia has succeeded in maintaining until then her hold on the Austrians, the strategic and political object of the war will have been attained.

These lines expose very clearly the germ of the theory of the main front afterward developed by Colonel Repington. According to his idea, the Franco-British armies must 'operate in France,' Russia playing the part of 'steam-roller,' moving forward slowly but surely in such wise as to reach Berlin in two months. It is evident from these words that Colonel Repington is the inventor of the phrase, 'Russia, the steam-roller.' Events have shown the value of this metaphor. The passage quoted proves in addition the error of Colonel Repington as to what military Russia really was, as to the condition of the Russian fortresses in 1914, and as to the very different condition of the German armies and fortresses at that same time.¹

As the 'steam-roller' had not arrived at Berlin in November, 1914; according to his forecast, Colonel Repington gave the final touch to his theory of the main front by publishing the following in the middle of 1915, when the question arose of sending Franco-British troops to Serbia:—

What we must do is kill Germans until the German losses mount up to ten thousand daily. If we accomplish our task, we shall make final victory inevitable. What

we must avoid are adventures which might give Germany an opportunity to secure important strategic successes, as at Ulm and Sedan.

The war of attrition, in the trenches, on both fronts, is extremely burdensome; there is nothing inspiring about it, but it must kill Germany in the end if it is kept up.²

The Allies having followed Colonel Repington's advice and sent no troops to the Danube, the attack on Serbia was begun in October, 1915. At that time energetic action on the part of the Allies in the way of sending to Serbia, by way of Saloniki and by the Santi Quarante route, sufficient reinforcements might still have saved the greater part of Serbia and thus have maintained the Allies in a position to recover the Danube front. Thereupon Colonel Repington reiterated with singular vigor his theory of the main front as opposed to the dispatch of Allied troops to the rescue of Serbia.

No new units [he said] have made their appearance in the East or the West for several months. It may well be true, therefore, that Germany has not the necessary men to create such units. Under these conditions our manifest duty is to persevere on the main front, that is, in France and Flanders. That is where the final decision will be had, and nothing on earth would justify us in withdrawing troops from there. We must send thither all the men and all the munitions at our disposal, in order to kill the greatest possible number of Germans.

The Germans are still capable of holding out against Russia, and of massing more troops against us. What a plight we should find ourselves in if, at such a time, our forces in the Western theatre had been reduced! The responsibility would fall, not on the army, which has fought so superbly, but on those who have the supreme management of the war.³

These vigorous arguments had a tremendous influence on British public

² See *Le Matin*, June 18, 1915.

³ *Le Petit Parisien*, October 15, 1915.

¹ I deem myself justified in these reflections because, on page 414 of my book, *Le Monde et la Guerre Russo-Japonaise*, published in 1906, eight years before the war, I wrote after much investigation in Russia and the Far East: 'Will Russia become again a great military power? First of all, is the Russian people bent upon it? Nothing is less certain. Putting the best face on affairs, and recalling what happened in France after 1870, we must nevertheless conclude that she will not within ten or fifteen years have become again a great military power, in condition, for example, to take part in really effective fashion in a war against Germany.'

opinion, and Serbia was abandoned to her fate. Furthermore, still as a result of his theory of the main front, Colonel Repington afterwards, whenever he had a chance, made the bitterest opposition to the dispatch of the Allied expeditionary force to the Balkans. As he found important supporters in France, the army at Saloniki is still without sufficient means of action.

However that may be, Colonel Repington's campaign in support of his disastrous theory that the Western front is the most important one has produced such far-reaching effects that it has influenced men occupying very high official positions. For example, early in October, 1917, General Smuts, a Boer officer, unquestionably of great valor, but, by reason of his foreign birth, having never been in a position to study the vast complexities of the European war, in a speech at a luncheon given by the President of the Chambers of Commerce of the United Kingdom, a speech of special importance because of his membership in the British War Cabinet, declared:—

'The Central allies are beaten everywhere, are retreating everywhere, except in Russia. . . . To whip Germany we need not go as far as the Rhine. To effect this purpose one strip of land is as good as another, so long as the Germans choose to occupy it; and, take my word for it, long before we have reached the Rhine, Germany will sue for peace. . . . Our military superiority on the Western front is no longer open to the slightest question. . . . If we turn to the Italian front, can we entertain any doubt, after the great victories of the Italian army, that our Allies on that front have obtained a complete preponderance over the Germans?'

A few days later events proved the value of these assertions. As General Smuts had several times announced that Germany was virtually whipped,

the *Weekly Dispatch* did not hesitate to make the following truly stupefying comment on these statements:—

'When so circumspect a soldier and statesman as General Smuts declares that we have won the war, we can assume that there are good and sufficient reasons why so bold an assertion proves that we have won it.'

Comments of this description unfortunately do not stand alone. For three years and a half a number of Allied newspapers have reproduced declarations of men of more or less prominence, about as valuable as those of General Smuts, as being undeniable truths. As a result, very great harm has been done, for Allied public opinion has been misled by men of unquestionable sincerity, who are, nevertheless, incapable of forming an accurate judgment of the situation because they have never been trained for it, and because they do not know a hundredth part of what it is necessary to know in order to make a prophecy of any value.

It is because of these divagations that a forest of false ideas has been nurtured among the Allies like a carefully tended garden, until in December last the majority of newspapers proclaimed the victory of the Entente at the precise moment when the Pan-germanist schemes were on the point of fulfillment.

Be that as it may, the aberration caused in numerous controlling councils of the Allies by the theory of the Western as the principal front has gone so far that, even after the Italian catastrophe, when Germany was already master of three fourths of Europe, Major Sir Philip Sassoon, M.P., private secretary to Sir Douglas Haig, in a letter to his constituents, reiterated this theory, declaring that the outstanding facts of the war are not the momentary collapse of Russia and the invasion of Italy, but the steady, in-

exorable advance of the British armies in Flanders, which neither the enemy nor the weather conditions can check. At that time Major Sassoon believed that the British advance on Cambrai would prove to be irresistible and continuous. A few days later, the German counter-attack, and the serious British losses which resulted from it, gave the lie once more to forecasts of this sort.

On the occasion of Major Sassoon's amazing letter the Socialist journal *L'Humanité*, which often indulges in Utopian conceits, published so accurate a summary of the doctrine of the principal front at the end of 1917, that I deem it my duty to quote it.

'Don't be alarmed,' say the partisans of Occidentalism, or Repingtonians, 'by the confusion and backsliding of Russia. Don't ascribe too much importance to the invasion of Northern Italy, Serbia, Roumania — there is no use in stopping to talk about them. All this is of no account. The absolute definitive victory we shall win on the Western front, or, more precisely, on the British front. The irresistible advance of the British army in Flanders will give it to us. The occupation by the enemy of Poland, Lithuania, and Courland, of Wallachia and Venetia; Riga captured, Venice within cannon-shot of the Austro-German lines — all this is of no account in comparison with the taking of Passchendaele (a small village in Flanders). Why unify the conduct of operations, when there is but one operation of any importance?' — Such is the doctrine. It has never varied.¹

CRITICISM OF THE THEORY OF THE PRINCIPAL FRONT

As for the reasons given to justify this theory of the principal front by its partisans, they are all summed up in this statement, which, however, has never been supported by any technical evidence. 'This is a war of attrition. As the resources of the Allies are in-

exhaustible, they can certainly hold out much longer than the Germans, who are the besieged party. We have only to establish ourselves more and more strongly on the Western front. As the Germans cannot remain in a state of war indefinitely, they will be compelled to attack us. Consequently the Kaiser's troops will have, perforce, to come and be killed on the Western front. It is a mathematical certainty, therefore, that a time will come when we shall have inflicted upon Germany losses in manpower so prodigious, that, finding herself to be bled white, she will sue for a peace every condition of which we shall be in a position to impose upon her. At that moment we shall be completely victorious without having been compelled to cross the Rhine, as we have many times declared.'

Such is, in reality, incredible as it may appear, the ominously puerile and prodigiously rudimentary reasoning which has been the sole basis of the management by the Allies of this complex, world-embracing war; whereas the Germans in carrying it on act consistently according to some plan or other, but always one that has been studied in every part of the Universe without exception. In truth, this theory by which the Western front is regarded as the principal one does not deserve even to be considered as a strategic plan at all, for it rests upon an accumulation of such gigantic blunders that it would seem impossible that they could have been committed, were we not constrained to admit their reality by facts that are only too manifest.

Let us remark first of all that this theory is strictly opposed to the fundamental principle of warfare as established by military history from its most distant origins. This immutable principle may be stated thus: While supporting one's allies to the utmost, to carry the war into the enemy's country, at

¹ *L'Humanité*, November 17, 1917.

the weakest spot, with superior forces. Now, the theory that we are considering has had the following results:—

1. It has prevented the Allies from carrying the war into the enemy's country, and has confined the most frightful struggle in history to the richest and most densely populated territory of Belgium and France.

2. It has compelled the Allies to abandon the hope of striking their enemy at his weakest point, which was beyond question the southern line of Hungary.

3. It has led the Allies to concentrate their most powerful forces against the strongest portions of the German front, where the German Staff could most easily manage the most stubborn defense, by virtue of the vast network of railways that it controls in the West.

4. It has abandoned successively to the Pangermanist Moloch such admirable, gallant, and loyal allies as the unhappy Serbs and Roumanians. Such abandonment not only was an unpardonable moral error on the part of the Allied leaders, but also consummated the substantial strategic blunder of the Entente. For, by an extraordinary chance, the territories of Montenegro, Serbia, and Roumania were, and still are, strategically considered, the key of the world-war, because they form the natural Danube front, the mere possession of which by the Allies deprived Austro-Germany of the aid of the Bulgarian and Turkish effectives, and of the resources of the Orient, without which it could not have continued the war. Therefore, by supporting with vigor their small Balkan allies, the great Allies would not only have fulfilled their moral duty, but would also have forwarded their essential strategic interests, and the war would long since have ended victoriously.

Now, the sole obstacle to this logical development of the military efforts of

the Allies has been the theory that the Western front is the principal front. Consider the huge blunders, even of a strictly military description, which have resulted from this disastrous theory, and one can readily understand that it makes no account of the strategy of the political sciences, the existence of which is not suspected even at the present moment by the supporters of that theory. Let us note once more that it is based by them upon a long succession of material misconceptions. Events have proved that Colonel Repington's reckoning of the German reserves was erroneous. Furthermore, in his calculation of the enemy's forces, Colonel Repington has never dealt seriously with the Austro-Hungarian, Bulgarian, and Turkish effectives, which, however, do exist and whose support enables Austro-Germany to keep the field.

Failing to take into the account the total military effectives of Pan-Germany, Colonel Repington has neglected also to consider the resources in supplies and raw material of this vast territory. But these resources, because of the effect of the submarine campaign, are to all intent greater for the Boches—or, at all events, more readily accessible and transportable—than the resources of the Western Allies, who cannot live now without America and Australia, that is to say, without articles of prime necessity brought from a great distance by slow, infinitely burdensome, and uncertain means of transport.

Lastly, if it had been true that Austro-Germany, blockaded by land,—the Allies being on the Danube front,—would have been in effect a besieged fortress inevitably doomed to capitulate by reason of the insufficiency of food-supplies,—because, in fact, the resources of Austro-Germany alone would have been insufficient for its population,—on the other hand, it

was utterly absurd to regard Austro-Germany augmented by the Balkans and Turkey (that is to say, Pan-Germany) as a fortress susceptible of being reduced by starvation. Pan-Germany to-day is in very truth a fortress, in the sense that it is encircled by continuous fortified fronts; but it is nonsense to liken Pan-Germany to a fortress having necessarily to surrender because of famine, when, by virtue of its geographic immensity, including the vast exploitable territories of the Balkans and Turkey, it affords the most diverse products of the soil. And the *latent* resources of Pan-Germany are immeasurably increased now that the whole of European and Asiatic Russia is open to it.

To sum up — the theory that the Western front is the principal one is the capital strategic blunder of all the Allied leaders, and it explains all their other blunders. The facts are at hand to prove that it was impossible to conceive of any general plan for the conduct of the war by the Allies which would have made it easier for the German General Staff to carry out the Pangermanist scheme. For, from this point of view, the theory has had the following further results:—

1. It has allowed Germany to lay hold freely of the territories necessary for the creation of Pan-Germany.

2. It has given her all the time that she required so to organize Pan-Germany that its military strength should bring about one of its first effects — the collapse of Russia.

3. It has confirmed Germany in the possession of all the sources of troops, supplies, and raw materials existing in the Balkans and Asiatic Turkey.

4. On the other hand, it has deprived the Allies of the sources of strategic strength and of effectives represented by the Balkans and Russia, and has compelled them to seek beyond the

Atlantic those things which are indispensable for their subsistence.

5. It has enabled the German General Staff to concentrate all the disposable effectives of Pan-Germany on the Western front, which concentration was impossible so long as the Allies were formidable enough in the East.

Doubtless it is no longer possible to deny to the Western front the title of principal front; but only because there is practically no other now. Clearly it is the principal one for the Germans, because they can beyond question bring about a definitive decision there. But it is of the first importance for Americans to realize fully that the Allies cannot possibly indulge the same certainty. Henceforth the Western front is assuredly not the principal one for the Allies, except so far as it is a question, first of all, of not being hopelessly defeated there.

Thus the first effort of the Allies must be to do their utmost not to be crushed in the West. But will all the successes that they may be able to win in the West suffice to give them the victory — that is to say, to force Germany to abandon her grip on Central Europe and the Balkans, in other words, on the instruments of universal domination? Of course, no one could undertake to say absolutely that it will not be so, but the chances of such a result are exceedingly slender. The facts developed by the war, and the concordant precedents of all military history, enable one easily to convince one's self that it cannot be so. In fact, Germany not only is proceeding with the organization of Pan-Germany, but she proposes also to exploit Russia, whence she will obtain immense supplemental resources. The means of resistance of the Germans on the Western front must be regarded therefore as augmented in at least as great a measure as the means of offensive action

which the Allies will be able to accumulate on that front. Consequently it is, to say the least, extremely doubtful whether the results on the Western front can be decisive for the Allies.

Now, the mere fact that any doubt about it exists is enough to make it the duty of the Allies to take the precautions which wisdom enjoins against this new possible blunder, which this time would be beyond remedy. They must therefore understand that, to win the war, they must enter upon military operations elsewhere than on the Western front. As I hope to show, such supplementary operations are comparatively simple to undertake.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND THE WESTERN FRONT

In his reverberating speech at Paris on November 12, 1917, Mr. Lloyd George performed the service of proclaiming aloud the military blunder of the Allies, — which he justly characterized as ‘inconceivable,’ — in having fixed their attention solely on the Western front. I quote the essential passages of this speech which particularly merit the notice of American readers. But I must call attention to the fact that, although Mr. Lloyd George did fully realize the vital nature of the Danube front from the *military* standpoint, he did not grasp its capital *political* importance, as is shown by his speech of January 5, 1918, in which he sanctions the maintenance of the integrity of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. I allude further to this speech at the end of my article.

There is one feature of this war which makes it unique among all the innumerable wars of the past. It is a siege of nations. The Allies are blockading two huge empires. It would have been well for us if at all times we had thoroughly grasped that fact. In a siege, not only must every part

of the line of circumvallation be strong enough to resist the strongest attack which the besieged can bring to bear upon it; more than that, the besieging army must be ready to strike at the weakest point of the enemy, wherever that may be. Have we done so? Look at the facts.

The enemy was cut off by the Allied navies from all the rich lands beyond the seas, whence he had been drawing enormous stores of food and material. On the east he was blockaded by Russia, on the west by the armies of France, Britain, and Italy. But the south, the important south, with its gateway to the East, was left to be held by the forces of a small country with half the population of Belgium, its armies exhausted by the struggles of three wars, and with two treacherous kings behind, lying in wait for an opportunity to knife it when engaged in defending itself against a mightier foe.

What was the result of this inconceivable blunder? What would any man whose mind was devoted to the examination of the whole, not merely to one part, of the great battlefield, have expected to happen? Exactly what did happen. While we were hammering with the whole of our might at the impenetrable barrier in the West, the Central Powers, feeling confident that we could not break through, threw their weight on that little country, crushed her resistance, opened the gate to the East, and unlocked great stores of corn, cattle, and minerals, yea, unlocked the door of hope — all essential to enable Germany to sustain her struggle.

Without these additional stores Germany might have failed to support her armies at full strength. Hundreds of thousands of splendid fighting material were added to the armies which Germany can control — added to her and lost to us. Turkey, which at that time had nearly exhausted its resources for war, cut off from the only possible source of supply, was reëquipped and resuscitated, and became once more a formidable military power, whose activities absorbed hundreds of thousands of our best men in order to enable us at all to retain our prestige in the East. By this fatuity this terrible war was given new life.

Why was this incredible blunder perpetrated? The answer is simple. Because it

was no one's business in particular to guard the gates of the Balkans. The one front had not become a reality. France and England were absorbed in other spheres. Italy had her mind on the Carso. Russia had a thousand-mile frontier to guard, and, even if she had not, she could not get through to help Serbia, because Roumania was neutral. It is true we sent forces to Saloniki to rescue Serbia, but, as usual, they were sent too late — when the mischief was complete.

Half of those forces sent in time — nay, half the men who fell in the futile attempt to break through on the Western front in September of that year — would have saved Serbia, would have saved the Balkans and completed the blockade of Germany.

You may say that is an old story. I wish it were. It is simply the first chapter of a serial which has been running to this hour. . . .

When we advance a kilometre into the enemy's lines, snatch a small shattered village out of his cruel grip, capture a few hundreds of his soldiers, we shout with unfeigned joy. And rightly so, for it is the symbol of our superiority over a boastful foe and a sure guaranty that in the end we can and shall win. But what if we had advanced 50 kilometres beyond his lines and made 200,000 of his soldiers prisoners and taken 2500 of his best guns, with enormous quantities of ammunition and stores?

THE ALLIED LEADERS FAIL TO CONSULT THE 'EXPERTS'

Fundamental strategic errors, then, have been committed. The responsible cause of these errors is very simple. The leaders of the Entente, with the assurance born of their misconception of actual European conditions, of which they have afforded so many proofs, deeming themselves sure of their position, have obstinately refused to listen to the few men who are aware of the real object with which Germany entered on the war, and therefore of the means which would permit effective opposition to her success.

The same reason explains why Mr.

Lloyd George's speech of January 5, 1918, contains the heartrending contradictions and technical blunders to which I deem it my imperative duty to call the attention of my American readers. If his declarations relative to war-indemnities should be followed by a practical application, France, on the signature of the treaty of peace, would be condemned to absolute bankruptcy, and the value of the French bank-note would vanish with magical rapidity.

On the other hand, the declaration concerning the maintenance of the integrity of the Austro-Hungarian Empire is utterly at variance with the principle laid down by the Allies, that the different races must be permitted to decide freely concerning their own destiny. Now, the Czechs and Jugoslavs want no more of the Hapsburgs or of Austria-Hungary. Why compel them to remain subject to the yoke of Vienna, which, as all those familiar with the Central European problem are well aware, is unable to escape from the grip of Berlin? They know equally well that it is altogether impossible to place the slightest reliance on Austria-Hungary, which is not a nation, which is not even a state, but which is, in reality, a system of ultra-reactionary oppression, operating for the benefit of the German-Magyar hegemony of Europe. As for the Hapsburg dynasty, for centuries past it has broken its word as freely as the Hohenzollerns have broken theirs. Not the slightest credit can be given to its signature by any sane person.

On the other hand, if Austria-Hungary is allowed to exist, the promises of integral restitution made by Mr. Lloyd George to Roumania, Montenegro, and Serbia, are valueless, because incapable of fulfillment by reason of the contiguity of the Austro-German mass. Nor has the promise of restitution of Alsace-Lorraine any greater value.

Such restitution could not be permanent unless Pan-Germany is definitively crushed, that is to say, unless Austria-Hungary disappears.

It is not pleasant to place one's self in opposition to the almost universal concert of approval which has greeted Mr. Lloyd George's declaration in the Allied countries; but I cannot consent to conceal a truth of which, in my judgment, it is indispensable for the Allies to be informed. For twenty years I stood alone in proclaiming the Pan-Germanist peril, and the impending war in exactly the shape which it has assumed. I shall stand alone, if I must, in telling you this: Mr. Lloyd George's peace terms are either unrealizable or can result only in a terrible deception of the Allies which would cause them to lose the war by making Pan-Germany triumphant.

If the enormous political blunders which I am forced to point out have been committed by Mr. Lloyd George in his peace programme, it is still for the same old reason: he has neglected to consult the real experts, that is, the Englishmen who have given long study to the problem of Central Europe. To consult these men is an absolute necessity, for at this moment there is not in the whole Entente any political leader, any diplomat, who is personally thoroughly conversant with this question of Austria-Hungary, the thorough comprehension of which requires about twenty years of study.

What has Mr. Lloyd George done? He has consulted Sir Edward Grey, Mr. Asquith, and Mr. Henderson, who certainly have never been to Austria-Hungary to make serious investigations. Whereas, Mr. Lloyd George would assuredly never have been guilty of the serious errors that I am indicating, if he had chosen to listen for one hour to the only three Englishmen who, to my knowledge, have given genuine study

to the Austro-Hungarian question on the spot, for many months: Sir Arthur Evans, Mr. Seton-Watson, and Mr. Wickham Steed. The last-named gentleman was for ten years before the war the remarkably able correspondent of the *Times* at Vienna. His service of information was so well organized that it was to him that the French and British embassies applied for information on a multitude of matters, which they were utterly unable to procure for themselves. It is, therefore, contrary to elementary common sense, to say nothing of British interests, not to place the greatest reliance on his opinion as to the proper solution of the problem of Central Europe.

All the foregoing leads us to insistence upon the urgent necessity of this step: to revise the revision of the war-aims of the Allies as set forth in Mr. Lloyd George's programme; for that programme embodies technical blunders which make it either infinitely hazardous or practically unworkable.

CONCLUSIONS

It will be enough, I believe for every right-thinking American to know that Mr. Lloyd George made these no less justifiable than alarming statements concerning the strategic blunders of the Entente in November, 1917, or after forty months of warfare; and that in the forty-second month the same Lloyd George was guilty of the technical political blunders which I have pointed out, in connection with the Allies' terms of peace — this will be enough, I say, to convince every such American that the conduct of the war, and the preparation for peace, so far as it has developed at present as well in the military as in the political aspect, can no longer be tolerated.

One of the greatest services that the United States could render to the Al-

lies in Europe would be to say to them: 'We, the United States, are determined to wage war to the limit by all the means at our disposal, but we do not propose that our men and our money shall be wasted to no avail. Henceforth the war must be carried on, and peace prepared for, in accordance with seriously considered, and hence truly scientific, plans, as well in the intellectual as in the material domain, and as well from a political as from a military standpoint.'

I am well aware that you Americans, by the very force of circumstances, have much to learn from our military leaders in order to be able to carry on effectively this great war in which you have become involved so suddenly; but you have special advantages over the Allies in Europe, which should be utilized. Your distance from the other side of the Atlantic gives you the necessary interval of space to avoid being hypnotized by the special views of each of the Allies, and hence to see the conflict as a whole, which is most essential. Having never been obliged up to the present time to take sides in European political questions, you have none of the old-time erroneous ideas with regard to them which are held by the Allied diplomats in Europe — archaic ideas which are the initial cause of all the diplomatic set-backs of the Allies. You have therefore nothing to forget. That gives you an immense chance of avoiding many disastrous blunders.

As it is certain that you have no predetermined plan, and as you are seeking honestly the actual truth, you will inevitably find it if you follow the method of your great captains of industry, all of whom know that, in order to accomplish anything important and efficacious in a province with which

they are not familiar, they must begin by applying to the 'expert.' Of course, the expert is not infallible: he may, like all of us poor mortals, be mistaken; but when he really deserves to be called an expert, he avoids, with certainty, the commission of such monumental blunders as those heaped up by the European Allied leaders simply because they did not realize the necessity of consulting experts. Now, there are among the Allies experts on each of the great questions presented by the war and the peace that is to ensue, who are neither politicians, nor diplomats, nor soldiers, but who must be consulted because they *know* these questions, root and branch, for the very simple reason that they have studied them long and freely. To be sure, these men are far from numerous, but I declare that they do exist. If you Americans demand that henceforth a call shall be made upon men of real competence, and that there shall be no more discussion about phrases, but solely about carefully studied realities, you will confer upon all the Allies a tremendous service, which will bring us considerably nearer to victory.

All these advantages are peculiarly yours, Americans. If you choose to make the utmost use of them, you will then be, in many instances, in a position to play the part of a beneficent arbiter between the European Allies. Although their leading minds, having been taken unawares, have not conducted the war as they should have done, they are honest, well-meaning men. Your advice will certainly be welcomed provided they feel that it is invariably dictated in the interest of a mutual, decisive, complete victory — the only sort that can ensure peace for many years to come, and save civilization.

A DESTROYER IN ACTIVE SERVICE

BY AN AMERICAN OFFICER

April 7 [1917].

WELL, I must confess that, even after war has been declared, the skies have n't fallen and oysters taste just the same. I never would have dreamed that so big a step would be accepted with so much equanimity. It is due to two causes, I think. First, because we have trembled on the verge so long and sort of dabbled our toes in the water, that our minds have grown gradually accustomed to what under other circumstances would be a violent shock. Second, because the individual units of the Navy are so well prepared that there is little to do. We made a few minor changes in the routine and slipped the war-heads on to the torpedoes, and presto, we were ready for war. One beauty of a destroyer is that, life on board being reduced to its simplest terms anyhow, there is little to change. We may be ordered to 'strip,' that is, go to our Navy yard and land all combustibles, paints, oils, surplus woodwork, uniforms, etc.; but we have not done so yet.

We were holding drill yesterday when the signal was made from the flagship, 'War is declared.' I translated it to my crew, who received the news with much gayety but hardly a trace of excitement.

April 13.

There is absolutely no news. We are standing by for what may betide, with not the faintest idea of what it may be. Of course, we are drilling all the time, and perfecting our readiness for action in every way, but there is a total ab-

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sence of that excitement and sense of something impending that one usually associates with the beginning of war. Indeed, I think that the only real anxiety is lest we may not get into the big game at all. I do not think any of us are bloodthirsty or desirous of either glory or advancement, but we have the wish to justify our existence. With me it takes this form — by being in the service I have sacrificed my chance to make good as husband, father, citizen, son, in fact, in every human relationship, in order to be, as I trust, one of the Nation's high-grade fighting instruments. Now, if fate never uses me for the purpose to which I have been fashioned, then much time, labor, and material have been wasted, and I had better have been made into a good clerk, farmer, or business man.

I do so want to be put to the test and not found wanting. Of course, I know that the higher courage is to do your duty from day to day no matter in how small a line, but all of us conceal a sneaking desire to attempt the higher hurdles and sail over grandly.

You need not be proud of me, for there is no intrinsic virtue in being in the Navy when war is declared; but I hope fate will give me the chance to make you proud.

April 21.

I have been having lots of fun in command myself, and good experience. I have taken her out on patrol up to Norfolk twice, where the channel is as thin and crooked as a corkscrew, then into dry dock. Later, escorted a sub-

marine down, then docked the ship alongside of a collier, and have established, to my own satisfaction at least, that I know how to handle a ship. All this may not convey much, but you remember how you felt when you first handled your father's car. Well, the car weighs about two tons and the W—a thousand, and she goes nearly as fast. You have to bring your own mass up against another dock or oil-ship as gently as dropping an egg in an egg-cup, and you can imagine what the battleship skipper is up against, with 30,000 tons to handle. Only he generally has tugs to help him, whereas we do it all by ourselves.

This war is far harder on you than on me. The drill, the work of preparing for grim reality, all of it is what I am trained for. The very thought of getting into the game gives me a sense of calmness and contentment I have never before known. I suppose it is because subconsciously I feel that I am justifying my existence now more than ever before. And that feeling brings anybody peace.

May 1.

Back in harness again and thankful for the press of work that keeps me from thinking about you all at home.

Well, we are going across all right, exactly where and for how long I do not know. Our present orders are to sail to-morrow night, but there seems to be wild uncertainty about whether we will go out then. In the meantime, we are frantically taking on mountains of stores, ammunition, provisions, etc., trying to fill our vacancies with new men from the Reserve Ship, and hurrying everything up at high pressure.

Well, I am glad it has come. It is what I wanted and what I think you wanted for me. It is useless to discuss all the possibilities of where we are going and what we are going to do. From the look of things, I think we are go-

ing to help the British. I hope so. Of course, we are a mere drop in the bucket.

May 5.

As I start off now, my only real big regret is that through circumstances so much of my responsibility has been taken by others—you, my brother, and your father. I don't know that I am really to blame. At least, I am very sure that never in all my life did I intentionally try to shift any load of mine onto another. But in any case, it makes me all the more glad that I am where I am, going where I am to go—to have my chance, in other words. I once said in jest that all naval officers ought really to get killed, to justify their existence. I don't exactly advocate that extreme. But I shall all my life be happier for having at least taken my chance. It will increase my self-respect, which in turn increases my usefulness in life. So can you get my point of view, and be glad with me?

Now I am to a great extent a fatalist, though I hope it really is something higher than that. Call it what you will, I have always believed that if we go ahead and do our duty, counting not the cost, then the outcome will be in the hands of a power way beyond our own. But if it be fated that I don't come back, let no one ever say, 'Poor R——.' I have had all the best things of life given me in full measure—the happiest childhood and boyhood, health, the love of family and friends, the profession I love, marriage to the girl I wanted, and my son. If I go now, it will be as one who quits the game while the blue chips are all in his own pile.

GENERAL POST OFFICE, LONDON
May 19, 1917.

On the trip over, we were steaming behind the R——, when all at once she steered out and backed, amid much running around on board. At first we

thought she saw a submarine and stood by our guns. Then we saw she had a man overboard. We immediately dropped our lifeboat, and I went in charge for the fun of it. Beat the R——'s boat to him. He had no life-preserver, but the wool-lined jacket he wore kept him high out of water, and he was floating around as comfortably as you please, barring the fact that his fall had knocked him unconscious. So we not only took him back to his ship, but picked up the R——'s boat-hook, which the clumsy lubbers had dropped — and kept it as a reward for our trouble.

We are being somewhat overhauled, refitted, etc., in the British dock-yard here. Navy yards are much the same the world over, I guess. I will say, however, that they have dealt with us quickly and efficiently, with the minimum of red tape and correspondence. We have become in fact an integral part of the British Navy. Admiral Sims is in general supervision of us, but we are directly in command of the British Admiral commanding the station. Of the U-boat situation, I may say little. There is nothing about which so much is imagined, rumored and reported, and so little known for certain. Five times, when coming through the danger zone, we manned all guns, thinking we saw something. Once in my watch I put the helm hard over to dodge a torpedo — which proved to be a porpoise! And I'll do the same thing again, too. We are in this war up to the neck, there is no doubt about that — and thank Heaven for it!

Kiss our son for me and make up your mind that you would rather have his father over here on the job than sitting in a swivel-chair at home doing nothing.

May 26.

I never seem to get time to write a real letter. All hands, including your

husband, are so dead tired when off watch that there is nothing to do but flop down on your bunk — or on the deck sometimes — and sleep. The captain and I take watch on the bridge day and night, and outside of this I do my own navigating and other duties, so time does not go a-begging with me. However, we are still unsunk, for which we should be properly grateful.

I have seen a little of Ireland and like New York State better than ever. It is difficult to realize how matter-of-fact the war has become with every one over here. You meet some mild-mannered gentleman and talk about the weather, and then find later that he is a survivor from some desperate episode that makes your blood tingle. I would that we were over on the North Sea side, where Providence might lay us alongside a German destroyer some gray dawn. This submarine-chasing business is much like the proverbial skinning of a skunk — useful, but not especially pleasant or glorious.

June 1.

When I said good-bye to you at home, I don't think that either of us realized that I was coming over here to stay. Perhaps it was just as well. Human nature is such that we subconsciously refuse to accept an idea, even when we know it to be a true one, because it is totally new — beyond our experience. Pursuant to which, I could not believe that my fondest hopes were to be realized, and that not only I, but the whole of America, would really get into the big game. Oh, it is big all right, and it grows on you the more you get into it.

Now, I realize that it is asking too much of you or of any woman to view with perfect complacency having a husband suddenly injected into war. But just consider — suppose I was a prosperous dentist or produce mer-

chant on shore, instead of in the Navy. By now you and I would be undergoing all the agonies of indecision as to whether I should enlist or no; it would darken our lives for weeks or months, and in the end I should go anyhow, letting my means of livelihood and yours go hang, and be away just as long and stand as good a chance of being blown up as I do now. So I am very thankful that things have worked out as they have for us.

There is very little to tell that I am allowed to tell you. The technique of submarine-chasing and dodging would be dry reading to a landsman. It is a very curious duty in that it would be positively monotonous, were it not for the possibility of being hurled into eternity the next minute. I am in very good health and wholly free from nervous tension.

P.S. When despondent, pull some Nathan Hale 'stuff,' and regret that you have but one husband to give to your country.

June 8.

Once more I get the chance to write. We are in port for three days, and that three days looks as big as a month's leave would have a month ago. Everything in life is comparative, I guess. When we live a comfortable, civilized, highly complex life, our longings and desires are many and far-reaching. Now and here such things as sleep, warmth, and fresh food become almost the limit of one's imagination. Just like the sailor of the old Navy, whose idea of perfect contentment was 'Two watches below and beans for dinner.'

You get awfully blasé on this duty — things which should excite you don't at all. For instance, out of the air come messages like the following: 'Am being chased and delayed by submarine.' 'Torpedoed and sinking fast.' And you merely look at the chart and decide whether to go to the rescue full

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speed, or let some boat nearer to the scene look after it. Or, if the alarm is given on your own ship, you grab mechanically for life-jacket, binoculars, pistol, and wool coat, and jump to your station, not knowing whether it is really a periscope or a stick floating along out of water.

June 20.

Well, we got mail when we came into port this time, your letter of May 28 being the last one. I don't mind the frequent pot-shots the U-boats take at us, but doggone their hides if they sink any of our mail! We won't forgive them that.

My health is excellent, better than my temper, in fact. I am beginning to think that we are not getting our money's worth in this war. I want to have my blood stirred and do something heroic — *à la* moving-pictures. Instead of which it much resembles a campaign against cholera-germs or anything else which is deadly but difficult to get any joy-of-battle out of.

Do tell me everything you are doing, for it is up to you to make conversation, since there is so little of affairs at this end that I can talk about. It is a shame, for you always claimed that I never spoke unless you said something first; and now I am doing the same thing under cover of the letter.

July 2.

The other day, half-way out on the Atlantic, we sighted a periscope, and some one at the gun sent a shell skimming over the C——, who was in the way, and then the periscope turned out to be a ventilator sticking up over some wreckage. However, the incident was welcome. You have no conception of how gray life can get to be on this job, and the shock of danger, real or imaginary, is really beneficial, I think. All hands seem to be more cheerful under its influence.

July 4.

I was so glad to get your letters. A man who has a brave woman behind him will do his duty far better and, incidentally, stand more chance of coming back, than one who feels a drag instead of a push.

I am glad son had his first fight. You were perfectly right to make him go on. Mother used to tell how, when brother was a wee boy, he came home almost weeping, and said, 'Mother, a boy hit me.' Instead of comforting him, she said, 'Did you hit him back?' It almost killed her, he was so utterly dumbfounded and hurt; but next time he hit back and licked.

I am well but get rather jumpy at times. Strangely enough, it is always over more or less trivial matters. Every time we have a submarine scare, I feel markedly better for a while — it seems to reestablish my sense of proportion.

It is a mighty nerve- and temper-wearing life — at sea nearly all the time and with the boat rolling and bucking like a broncho, you can't exercise. You can hardly do any work, but only hold on tight and wipe the salt spray from your eyes. Sometimes I have started to shave and found the salt so thick on my face that soap would not lather.

July 16.

Things are the same as before with us. Time passes quickly, with navigating, standing watch, and sleeping when you get a chance. One day or two passes all too quickly. I wish there were more to do in the shape of relaxation when we do get ashore. The people here are cordial enough, according to their lights, but those that we meet are practically all Army and Navy people, who have no abode here themselves and are almost as much strangers as we are; and there is no resident population of that caste that would

ordinarily open its doors to foreign naval officers.

Ireland is a poor country comparatively. A town of 50,000 here shows less in the way of facilities for diversion than the average town of 10,000 in the States.

Don't worry about my privations — 'which mostly there ain't none.' Such as they are, they are necessary and unavoidable; and, above all, we are fitted for them. You can't well sympathize with a man who is doing the thing he has longed for and trained for all his life. Besides, physical privations are nothing; it is the mental ones that hurt. A soldier in the trenches, with little to eat and nothing but a hole to sleep in, can feel happy all the same — particularly if life has something in prospect for him if he lives. But a man out of work at home, sleeping in the park and panhandling for food, is much more to be pitied, though his immediate hardships may be no greater.

The weather over here is very passable at present, but they say it is simply hell off the coast in winter. However, somebody said the war will be over in November. I hope the Kaiser and Hindenburg know it, too!

July 26.

I haven't done anything heroic, which irks me. We would like to get in on the ground floor, while all hands are in a receptive mood, and before the Plattsburgers and other such death-defying supermen make it too common.

July 22.

Your two letters of July 7 and 8 came this afternoon, but I got the latter first and expected from what you said in contrition that there was hot stuff — gas-attack followed by bayonet-work — in the former; therefore I was all the more ashamed to find you had dealt so leniently and squarely

with me. Why did n't you come back with a long invoice of troubles of your own, as 99 per cent of women would? Evidently you are the one-per-cent woman. I bitterly regretted my whines after having written them, for their very untruth. Alas, how many people think the world is drab-colored and life a failure, and so have done or said something they regret all their lives, when a vegetable pill or a brisk walk would have changed their vision completely! Why is it that people sometimes deliberately hurt those they have loved most in the world? I suppose it is because we are all really children at heart and want some one else to cry too. The other day Smith shamefacedly abstracted from the mail-box a letter to his wife, and tore it up, and I know — oh, I know!

At a husbands' meeting on the ship the other day, we all agreed that the heavy hand was the only way to deal with women; but it seemed on investigation that no one had actually tried it, the reason being apparently a well-grounded fear that our wives would n't like it.

This war has n't had as much action, variety, and stimulation for us as I would like. Danger there always is, but being little in evidence, you have to prod your nerves to realize it rather than soothe them down. Lately, however, things have changed in a manner which, though involving no more danger, furnishes a somewhat greater mental stimulation, and thence is better for everybody. I regret to say that I am gaining in weight. It was my hope to come back thin and gaunt and interesting-looking. Instead of which, you will likely be mad as a hornet to find me so sleek, while you at home have done all the thinning down. Truth to tell, if you compare our relative peace and war status, you are much more at war than I am.

If you find son timid in some things, just remember that I was, too. Lots of things he will change about automatically. At his age I had small love for fire-crackers or explosives of any kind, but in two or three years, and without any prompting, I became really expert in guns and gunpowder. Try to get him to realize that the very highest form of courage is to be afraid to do a thing — and do it!

August 3.

Once in a while some one of us gets a torpedo fired at him, and only luck or quick seamanship saves him from destruction. Some day the torpedo would hit, and then the Navy Department will 'regret to report.' But the laws of probability and chance cannot lie, and as the total U-boat score against our destroyers so far is zero, you can figure for yourself that they will have to improve somewhat before the Kaiser can hand out many iron crosses at our expense.

We had a new experience the other day when we picked up two boatloads of survivors from the —, torpedoed without warning. I will say they were pretty glad to see us when we bore down on them. As we neared, they began to paddle frantically, as though fearful we should be snatched away from them at the last moment. The crew were mostly Arabs and Lascars, and the first mate, a typical comic-magazine Irishman, delivered himself of the following: 'Sure, toward the last, some o' thim haythen gits down on their knees and starts calling on Allah; but I sez, sez I, "Git up afore I swat ye wid the axe-handle, ye benighted haythen; sure if this boat gits saved 't will be the Holy Virgin does it or none at all, at all! Git up," sez I.'

The officers were taken care of in the ward-room — rough unlettered old sailormen, who possessed a certain fineness of character which I believe the

deep sea tends to breed in those who follow it long enough. I have known some old Tartars greatly hated by those under them, but to whom a woman or child would take naturally.

What you say about my possibly being taken prisoner both amuses and touches me. The former because it seems so highly unlikely a contingency. Submarines do not take prisoners if they can help it, and least of all from a man-of-war. But I have often thought of just what I should do in such a case, and I have decided that it would be far better to die than to submit to certain things. In which case, I should use my utmost ingenuity to take along one or two adversaries with me.

August 11.

So the boys at home don't all take kindly to being conscripted, eh? Well, I wish for a lot of reasons that the conscription might be as complete and far-reaching as it is in, for instance, France. I think for one thing that universal conscription is the final test of democracy. Again, I think it would do every individual in the nation good to find out that there was something a little bit bigger than he — something that neither money nor politics nor obscurity nor the Labor Union nor any one else could help him to wriggle out of. It would go far towards disillusioning those many who seem to feel that they do not have to take too seriously a government because they have helped to create it.

While I have precious little sympathy for slackers of any variety, one must not judge them too harshly because their minds do not happen to work the same as ours. In nine cases out of ten it is not a question of courage, but one of mental process. Some people come of a caste to whom war or the idea of fighting for their country is second nature. They take it for

granted, like death and taxes. If they ever permitted themselves seriously to question the rightness of it; to submit patriotism and courage to an acid analysis, they might suddenly turn ardent cowards. How much harder is it, then, for people who have never even faced the idea of it before to be suddenly placed up against the actual fact!

August 18.

I have been having a little extra fun on my own hook recently. The poor captain has had to have an operation, and will be on his back for some weeks.

Do I like going to war all on my own? Oh no, just like a cat hates cream. It is a wee bit strenuous, as I have to do double duty; and one night I was on the bridge steadily from 9 P.M. to 7 A.M. But the funny part is that I did n't feel especially all in afterward, and one good sleep fixed me up completely.

I had a big disappointment on my first run out. I nearly bagged a submarine for you. We got her on the surface as nice as anything, but it was very rough, and she was far away, and before I could plunk her, she got under. If she had only — but, as the saying goes, if the dog had n't stopped to scratch himself, he would have got the rabbit (not, however, that we stopped to scratch ourselves).

August 27.

I am still in command of the ship and love it, but there is a difference between being second in command and being It. It makes you introspective to realize that a hundred lives and a \$700,000 ship are absolutely dependent upon you, without anybody but the Almighty to ask for advice if you get into difficulty.

It is not so much the submarines, which are largely a matter of luck, but the navigating. Say I am heading back for port after several days out, the

weather is thick as pea-soup, and I have not seen land or had an observation for days. I know where I am, — at least I think I do, — but what if I have miscalculated, or am carried off my course by the strong and treacherous tides on this coast, and am heading right into the breakers somewhere, or perchance a mine-field! Then the fog lifts a little, and I see the cliffs or mountains that I recognize, and bring her in with a slam-bang, much bravado, and a sigh of relief. Don't you remember the days when you thought son was dying if he cried — or if he did n't? Well, that's it!

Don't get the idea that I have no recreations. We walk and play golf, go to the movies on occasion, and there is always a jolly gang of mixed services to play with.

September 9.

Life here does n't vary much. The captain is up and taking a few days' leave, though I doubt if he will take command for two or three weeks yet. But I am having a lovely time running her.

The other night we had a very interesting chap for dinner — a New Zealander he was, who has served in Egypt, Gallipoli, the trenches in France, and is now in the Royal Naval Reserve. The tales he told were of wonderful interest. He was modest and seemed to have been a decent sort, but you could sense the brutalizing effect of war on him. Some of the things he told were such jokes on the Germans that we laughed right heartily.

The beast in man lies so close to the surface. We think we are human and law-abiding of our own volition, whereas, as a matter of fact, nine-tenths of it is from pure habit. It does n't occur to us to be anything else. But let all standards and customs be scrapped, let us see the things done freely that never even entered our minds before,

and a lot of us are liable to develop ape and tiger proclivities. We nearly all put unconscious limits to our humanity. The most chivalrous and kindly Westerner or Southerner would admit that massacring Chinamen, Mexicans, or Negroes is not such a great crime; and the most devoted mother or father is prone to regard as unspanked brats children who to a third party appear quite as well as the critic's own.

September 20.

I am still in command and loving every minute of it. With any other captain than ours it would be a come-down to resume my place as a subordinate. But in his case I think that all mourn a little when he is away.

September 29.

Oh, it's great stuff, this being in command and handling the ship alone. Particularly I enjoy swooping down on some giant freighter, like a hawk on a turkey, running close alongside, where a wrong touch to helm or engine may spell destruction, and then demanding through a megaphone why she does or does not do so and so. I have learned more navigation and ship-handling since being over here than in all my previous seagoing experience. In the old ante-bellum days one hesitated to get too close to another ship, even in daytime, far more so at night, even with the required navigation lights on. Now, without so much light as a glow-worm could give, we run around, never quite certain when the darkness ahead may turn into a ship close enough to throw a brick at.

However, I am back in the ranks again now, as the captain has come back and resumed command.

October 9.

You must not be resentful because of the things you have gone through,

unappreciated by those perhaps for whom you have undergone them. It is one of the laws of life, and a hard law too, but it comes to everybody, either in a few big things or a multitude of little ones. Do the people who keep the world turning around ever get due recognition? I was thinking in much the same resentful vein myself to-day, in my own small way, how thankless the job of an executive officer is; how you never reach any big end, or even feel that you have made progress, but just keep on the job, watching and inspecting and fussing to keep the whole personnel-matériel machine running smoothly, and knowing that your recognition is purely negative, in that, if all goes well, you don't get called down. And then I calm down and realize that it is all in the game, and that it is the best tribute so to handle your job in life that nothing has to be said. If your car runs perfectly, you neither feel nor hear it, and give it little credit on that account. But let it strip a gear or something go!!

I hate to tell you what I was doing this afternoon. You will think I am not at war at all when I tell you that I have been roller-skating. I was a bit rusty at first, but warmed up to it. It is about the only exercise we can get on shore, for it rains all the time. Each shower puts an added crimp in my temper, as I have been trying to get a new coat of camouflage paint on the ship. I think, if some of the old paint-and-polish captains and admirals could see her now, they would die of apoplexy.

I fear there is no chance for you to come over. Admiral Sims disapproves, — not of you personally, — one cannot find a place to live here, and there would be too many hardships. How would it be for you when we had said good-bye, and you saw the ship start out into a howling gale or go out right

after several ships had been sunk outside? With you at home among friends, I can keep my mind on my job, which I could n't if you were alone over here.

Let me say right now that the destroyer torpedoed was not ours. It was hard on you all to have the news published that one had been and a man killed, and not say what boat, as that leaves every one in suspense. I suppose the relatives of the man were notified, but that does n't help other people who were anxious.

I don't suppose I can tell you which boat either, if the authorities won't. You do not know any one on board of her, however. They saw it coming, jammed on full speed, and nearly cleared it. It took them just at the stern and blew off about 30 feet as neatly as son would bite the end off a banana. The submarine heard the explosion, of course, from below, and came to the surface to see the 'damned Yankee' sink, only to find the rudderless, sternless boat steaming full speed in a circle with her one remaining propeller, and to be greeted by a salvo of four-inch shells that made her duck promptly. The man killed saw the torpedo coming and ran aft to throw overboard some high explosives stowed there — but he did n't quite make it.

Our destroyers are really wonderful boats — you can shoot off one end of them, ram them, cut them in two, and still they float and get back to port somehow.

Some time ago, on a pitch-dark night, one of them was rammed by a British boat and nearly cut in two. Was there a panic? Not at all. As she settled in the water, they got out their boats and life-rafts, the officers and a few selected men stayed on board, and the rest pulled off in the darkness singing, 'Are we downhearted? No!' and 'Hail, hail, the gang's all here.' She floated, though with her deck awash; the boats

were recalled, and they brought her in. She is fixed up and back in the game again now.

October 25.

Where did you hear that about two destroyers being sunk off the coast of Ireland on September 3? False alarm. Of course, you have read in the papers about the convoy destroyed in the North Sea by German raiders. The two British destroyers with the convoy stood up to them and fought as a bulldog would fight a tiger — and with the same result. Somebody was arguing with the Admiral, our boss, to the effect that it would have been better for them to have saved themselves, trailed the raiders, and sent radio, so that British cruisers could have intercepted and destroyed them. Said the Admiral, 'Yes, it would have been better, but I would court-martial and shoot the man that did it.' He's a wonder to serve under, as grim and strict as a Prussian, but very just, and runs things in a way that secures all our admiration — though we may fuss a bit when, expecting two or three comfortable days in port, we get chased out on short notice into a raving gale outside.

A BRITISH DOCK YARD
November 4.

There are lots of our army people here. Some of them are just passing through, while others are stationed at near-by training camps or hospitals. I was wandering around the big hotel here, when I saw a familiar face in army uniform, and who should it be but M——. Much joy! He is near here, on temporary duty at a British hospital. I had him over to the ship for lunch, and hope to see him again. I certainly respect that boy. He has no military ambitions, and wishes the war were over, so he could get back to his wife and children; but *he* answered the call while others were hiding behind

volleys of language, and he is here to see it through. I am afraid he is homesick and lonely, for it is harder for a boy who does not know the English than for us hardened mercenaries, who are accustomed to hobnob with everybody from Cubans to Cossacks.

I will be glad when American Army and Navy uniforms are designed by a tailor who really knows something about it. Alas, our people are distinctly inferior to the British in the cut of their jib. I think it is the high standing collar that queers us. It is only at its best when one stands at Attention, — head up, chest out, arms at side, — being distinctly a parade uniform. The British, with their rolling collar, and coat tight where it may be and loose where it needs to be, are, you might say, less military and better dressed.

Tell the *Enfant* that I am very proud when he gets gold honor-marks on his school-papers, and I think that it probably means about the same as a star on a midshipman's collar. (That ought to get him.)

I must close and get a bit of sleep. It seems as if, when it is all over, all the heaven I will want is to be with you and son again, perfectly quiet.

AT SEA, *November 16.*

I think a true democracy is necessarily inefficient in a way. The only really efficient government in the world is the one which we intend to pull down, or else go down ourselves, trying to!

Can't you imagine, in the dim Valhalla beyond, how the archer of Pharaoh, the swordsman from the plains before Troy, and the Roman legionary will greet the hurrying souls of the aviator, the bomb-thrower, and the bayonet-man with, 'Brother, what were you?'

I'd hate to have to explain to their uncomprehending ears what a conscientious objector is!

December 2.

Well, to-day is one of the big days of my life, for I assumed command of this little packet. I put on my sword and fixings and reported to Captain Paine, who was most benevolent. Several of us went on shore to celebrate with a little dinner. Some of the boys just over joined in, and we became involved with some Highland officers of a fighting regiment famous throughout Europe for the last three hundred years. One's first ship, like the first baby, is an event that cannot be duplicated.

December 21.

I needed your letter, being about twenty years older than I was a week ago. No, no harm done. Just had my first experience of what it means under certain circumstances to be in command. Went out with certain others on a certain job. All went well, though we had a poor grade of oil in our bunkers and were burning more than we should ordinarily. Then, through certain chances, we had to go farther than expected. Still, I figured to get back with a moderate margin, when the gale struck us. You may have read of Biscay storms; well, believe me, they are not overrated. I have seen just as bad, perhaps, but not from the deck of a destroyer. And while I am frantically calculating whether I shall have enough fuel to make port or not, there is a wild yell from the bridge that the rudder is jammed at hard-a-starboard and can't be moved. She, of course, at once fell off into the trough of the sea, and the big green combers swept clear over her at every roll, raising merry hob. All the boats were smashed to kindling-wood; chests, and everything on deck not riveted down, went over the side. In that sea you could no more manoeuvre by your engines alone than you could dam Niagara with a handful of sand. A man alongside of me aft, where

we were working on the steering-gear, was swept overboard, but, having a line around his waist, was hauled back like a hooked fish.

All I could do was to steam in a big circle, and at one point would be running before it, and could work for an instant or two with the seas running up to our waists. When they get over your head, you probably won't be there any longer. At that time I didn't really expect to stay afloat, but was too busy with the matters in hand to care. Well, we finally got it fixed, though we could only use about 15 degrees of rudder instead of full.

All this time we were drifting merrily to leeward at a rate that I hated even to guess at, with the certainty, unless matters mended, of eventually piling up on the Spanish coast, then not faraway, though I had n't had a sight of sun or stars in days, and did n't know within fifty miles where I was. Well, when I finally headed up into it, I could just about hold her, without making any headway to speak of. You cannot drive a destroyer dead into a heavy sea at full speed without busting her in two. Still the situation would have been nothing to worry about much if I had had sufficient fuel. Now, you on shore may fancy that a ship just keeps on steaming till she gets there, whether it takes a month or more; but such is far from the case. Every mile you go consumes just so much fuel, and, if your margin of safety is too small, you are liable to be out of luck. And my calculations showed me that while I was using up oil enough to be making — knots, in the teeth of the gale we were only making — knots, and that at that rate I never would make port.

There were three courses open to me: to let her drift, consuming my oil, in the hope that it would blow over; to run into a Spanish port; or to run for France, my destination, and, if I fell

short of it, to yell for help by radio, and trust to luck that they could send out and pick me up. The first course was too risky. I would be making untold miles to leeward all the time, would probably roll the masts and funnels out of her, and maybe bust down anyhow, too far off for help. The second choice was the safest. I could reach Ferrol or Vigo all right, but they would probably try to intern me; and while I had heard that King Alfonso was a regular guy and a good scout to run around with, the ensuing diplomatic complications would make me about as popular in Allied circles as the proverbial skunk at a bridge-party. So I took the final alternative, and jammed her into the teeth of it for all I thought she could stand without imitating an operahat or an accordion. And, glory be, she made it, the blessed little old cross between a porpoise and a safety-razor blade! Whether the gale really moderated, or I got more nerve, I don't know; but anyhow I gave her more and more, half a knot at a time, until we were actually making appreciable headway against it. I never thought any ship could stand the bludgeoning she got. It seemed as if every rivet must shear, every frame and stanchion crush, under the impact of the Juggernaut seas that hurtled into her. As a thoroughbred horse starts and trembles under the touch of the whip, so she reared and trembled, only to bury herself again in the roaring Niagara of water. Oh, you thoroughbred high-tensile steel! blue-blooded aristocrat among metals; Bethlehem or Midvale may claim you, — you are none the less worthy of the Milan casque, the Damascus blade, your forefathers! Verily, I believe you hold on by sheer nerve, when by all physical laws you should buckle or bend to the shock!

And so we kept on. Don't you know how in the stories it is always in a ter-

rific gale that the caged lion or gorilla or python breaks loose and terrorizes the ship? We don't sport a menagerie on the —, but I did pick up the contents of the dry gun-cotton case, which had broken and spilt the torpedo detonators around on deck contiguous to the hot radiator! And, of course, the decks below were knee-deep in books, clothes, dishes, etc., complicated in some compartments by a foot or two of oil and water.

Well, the next day we made a little more, and the seas were only gigantic, not titanic. The oil was holding out better, too, as we struck a better grade in some of our tanks, and I saw that we had a fighting chance of making it. By night I felt almost confident we could, and I really slept some. Next day I expected to make land, but, of course, had little idea how far I might really be from my reckoning. Nevertheless, we sighted — Light about where I expected to, and laid a course from there into the harbor. It was a rather thick, foggy day, and pretty soon I noted a cunning little rock or two dead ahead, where they did n't by any means belong. So I rather hurriedly arrested further progress, took soundings, and bearings of different landmarks, and found that we were some twenty-five miles from our reckoning — so far, in fact, as to have picked up the next light-house instead of the one we thought.

After this 't was plain sailing, though I had never been into that port before. Made it about noon, took possession of a convenient mooring-buoy inside the breakwater, — which buoy I found out later was sacred to the French flag-ship or somebody like that — called on our Admiral there, and was among friends. Yes, by heck, I let 'em buy me a drink at the club — I needed it! Had oil enough left for just about an hour more!

FLYING THOUGHTS

BY CHARLES BERNARD NORDHOFF

HERE at Avord there are about seventy-five Americans of every imaginable sort — sailors, prize-fighters, men of the Foreign Legion, and a good scattering of University men. As good a fellow as any is H——, formerly a chauffeur in San Francisco. He is pleasant, jolly, and hard-working, with an absurdly amiable weakness for 'crap-shooting,' in which he indulges at all times, seconded by an American dorky who is a pilot here — and a good one.

I can hear them as I write, snapping their fingers as the dice roll: 'Come on 'leben — little seben, be good to me! Fifty days — little Phoebe — fever in the South! Read 'em and weep! Ten francs — let 'er ride. I'll fade you!' The crap-shooting circle is always either stuffed with banknotes or reduced to a few sous — which latter predicament is a bit serious here, where we have to pay eight to ten francs a day to get sufficient nourishing food.

We sleep in barracks, about twenty to the room, on cots with straw mattresses. All days are pretty much alike. At three A.M. a funny little Annamite Chinaman, with betel-blackened teeth, comes softly in and shakes you by the shoulder in an absurdly deprecating way. You reach for your tin cup, and he pours out a quarter-litre of fearful but hot liquid, somewhat resembling coffee. Then a cigarette in bed, amid drowsy yawns and curses; a pulling on of breeches, golf-stockings, and leather coats; a picking up of helmets, and a sleepy march to the *bureau*, under the wind-gauges, barometers, and the

great red balls that show the passing side (right or left) for the day.

'Rassemblement! Formez-vous par quatre!' barks the adjutant, and off we go to the field. There till nine, or till the wind becomes too strong — each man taking his *sortie* of ten minutes as his name is called. Back about ten; then a lecture till eleven, a discussion after that, and the first meal of the day. Sleep afterwards till three or three-thirty; then a bath, a shave, brush teeth, and clean up in general. At five, assembly again, the same march, the same lessons till nine; then a meal, a smoke, and to bed at eleven.

It has been a bit strenuous this past month, getting accustomed to this life, which is easy, but absurdly irregular. Up at three-thirty A.M., and never to bed before eleven P.M. Meals snatched wherever and whenever possible. Some sleep by day is indispensable, but difficult in a barrack-room with twenty other men, not all of whom are sleepy. This, together with fleas and even more unwelcome little nocturnal visitors, has made me rather irregular in my habits, but now I have got into a sort of régime — four and a half hours of sleep at night, some sleep every afternoon, and decent meals. Also I have discovered a sort of chrysanthemum powder, which, with one of the 'anti' lotions, fairly ruins my small attackers. Baths, thank Heaven! I can get every day — with a sponge and soap. There is no real hardship about this life — it is simply a matter of readjusting one's self to new conditions and learning

where and what to eat, how to sleep, how to get laundry done, and so forth.

This school is superb. I shall have the honor of being one of the last men in the world trained on the famous Blériot monoplane — obsolete as a military plane, but the best of all for training, because the most difficult. In spite of the fact that from the beginning to the end one is alone, it is said to be the safest of all training, because you practically learn to fly in the 'Penguins' before leaving the ground; and also because you can fall incredible distances without getting a bruise.

In practically all of the French planes the system of control is the same. You sit on cushions in a comfortable little chair — well strapped in, clothed in leathers and helmet. At your left hand are two little levers, one the mixture, the other the throttle. Your right controls the *manche-à-balai*, or *cloche* — a push forward causes the machine to point downward (*pique*) and a pull back makes it rise. Moving it sideways controls the *ailerons*, or warps the wings — if you tip left, you move the *cloche* right. Your feet rest on a pivoted bar which controls the rudder.

To rise, you head into the wind, open the throttle (steering with great care, as a little carelessness here may mean a wrecked wing or a turn over), and press forward the *cloche*: you roll easily off; next moment, as the machine gathers speed, the tail rises, and you pull back the stick into the position of *ligne de vol*. Faster and faster you buzz along, — thirty, thirty-five, forty miles an hour, — until you have flying speed. Then a slight backward pull on the *cloche*, and you are in the air.

I made my first flight in a small two-place machine of the fighting type — a Nieuport. It is a new sensation, — one which only a handful of Americans have experienced, — to take the air at

seventy-five or eighty miles an hour, in one of these little hornets. The handling of them is incredibly delicate, all the movements of the stick could be covered by a three-inch circle. A special training is required to pilot them, but once the knack is acquired they are superb, except for the necessity of landing at eighty or ninety miles an hour. In the air you can do anything with them — they will come out of any known evolution or position.

Lately I have been making short low flights in a Blériot, and enjoying it keenly. All I know (a mere beginning) I have learned entirely alone, and the first time I left the ground, I left it alone. They simply put you in the successive types of machines, with a brief word of instruction, and tell you to fly — if you have n't the instinct, you are soon put out of the school. After your month of preparation in 'Penguins' and 'grass-cutters,' the first short flight is a great experience.

My name was at the end of the list, so for two hours of increasing tension I watched my mates make their débuts. We were about a dozen, and there were some bad 'crashes' before my turn came. At last the monitor called me and I was strapped in behind the whirling stick. The monitor waved his arm, the men holding the tail jumped away, and I opened the throttle wide, with the *manche-à-balai* pushed all the way forward. Up came the tail; I eased back the control bit by bit, until I had her in *ligne de vol*, tearing down the field at top speed. Now came the big moment, mentally rehearsed a hundred times. With a final gulp I gingerly pulled back the control, half an inch, an inch, an inch and a half. From a buoyant bounding rush the machine seemed to steady to a glide, swaying ever so little from side to side. A second later, the rushing green of grass seemed to cease, and I was horrified to

find myself looking down at the landscape from a vast height whence one could see distant fields and hangars as if on a map. A gentle push forward on the *manche* brought her to *ligne de vol* again; a little forward, a reduction of gas, a pull back at the last moment, and I had made my first landing — a beauty, without a bounce. To-night I may crash, but I have always the memory of my beginner's luck — landing faultlessly from fully twelve feet!

Lack of sleep is our main foe — a hard one to combat, as all sorts of other things develop as its followers; one has simply to learn to sleep in any odd moments of the day or night.

I may still 'fall down' and be 'radiated' to an observation or bombing plane (which is of course no disgrace); but on the whole I have good hopes of making a fighting pilot. Flying (on a Blériot monoplane) is by no means as easy as I had supposed. It took us four weeks to learn to run one at full speed, *in a straight line*, on the ground. The steering and handling of the elevators (which regulate height of tail) are extremely tricky, and many men are thrown out or sent to other schools (Caudron, Farman, or Voisin) for inaptitude or 'crashes' at this stage.

Then comes the stage of low straight-away flights, when you leave the ground fast and in correct line of flight, and have to land smoothly. Make no mistake — landing any kind of an aeroplane is hard, and to land the fast fighting machines is a very great art, which forty per cent of picked young men never acquire. They are so heavy for their supporting area, that the moment they slow down below seventy-five or one hundred miles an hour they simply fall off on a wing (or 'pancake'). Even a Blériot requires a good eye and a steady delicate touch and judgment to land in decent style. You are flying, say, three hundred feet up, and wish to

land. Forward goes your stick, the machine noses down as you cut the motor. The ground comes rushing up at you until the moment comes when you think you should 'redress' — precisely as a plunging duck levels before settling among the decoys. If you have gauged it to a nicety, you skim over the ground a few yards up, gradually losing speed, and settling at last without a jar or break in the forward motion. If you redress too late, you turn over (*capoter*), or else bounce and fall off on a wing. (I have seen men bounce fifty feet!) If you redress too high, you lose speed too far above the ground, and either *pique* into the ground and turn over, fall flat, or crash on one wing.

The secret of the whole game of learning to fly is, I believe, never to get excited. I have seen beginner after beginner smash when he was first sent up to fly. They run along the ground, pull back the stick, as told, and a moment later are so astounded to find themselves twenty or thirty feet off the ground that they can think of nothing but shutting off the throttle. Many crash down tail first, with controls in climbing position to the last. If they would simply think, —

'Ha, old boy, you're in the air at last — some thrill, but the main thing now is to stay here a bit and then ease down without a crash. Ease the stick forward — now we have stopped climbing. Feel that puff — she's tipping, but a little stick or rudder will stop that. Now pique her down, and reduce the gas a notch or two. Here comes the ground — straighten her out; too much, she's climbing again; there, cut the gas — a little more — there — not a bad landing for the first try.'

Really there is no system in the world like learning alone, but it costs the government, I am told, from thirty to forty thousand dollars to turn out a fighting pilot. Three, six, ten

machines — beautiful, costly, delicate things — are smashed daily in the school. Never a word is said, until a man smashes one too many, when he is quietly sent to the easier double-command school of bombardment or observation flying.

Some of the fellows are in bad shape nervously. Any night in our barracks you can see a man, sound asleep, sitting up in bed with hands on a set of imaginary controls, warding off puffs, doing spirals, landings, and the like. It is odd that it should take such a hold on their mental lives.

I enjoy hugely flying the old monoplane, especially when I fly home and nose her down almost straight for a gorgeous rush at the ground. As you straighten out, a few yards up, lightly as a seagull, and settle on the grass, it is a real thrill.

I have purchased, for twenty-five francs, a beautiful soft Russia-leather head-and-shoulder gear, lined with splendid silky fur. It covers everything but one's eyes, — leaving a crack to breathe through, — and is wonderfully warm and comfortable.

I have finally finished the Monoplane School, which is the end of preliminary training. There remain spirals, etc., an altitude, and a few hundred miles of cross-country flying, before I can obtain my *brevet militaire* and have the glory of a pair of small gold wings, one on each side of my collar. After that I shall have seven days' leave (if I am lucky), followed by two or three weeks *perfectionnement* on the type of machine I shall fly at the front. If I smash nothing from now on, I shall have practically my choice of 'zincs' — a monoplane *de chasse*, or anything in the bombing or observation lines. If I break once, I lose my *chasse* machine, and so on, down to the most prosaic type of heavy bomber. Only one compensation in this very wise but

severe system — the worse the pilot, the safer the machine he finally flies.

In spite of all my hopes, I had the inevitable crash — and in the very last class of the school. Landing our Blériots is a rather delicate matter (especially to a beginner), and last week I had the relapse in landings which so few beginners escape, with the result that I crashed on my last flight of the morning. I felt pretty low about it, of course, but on the whole I was not sorry for the experience, which blew up a lot of false confidence and substituted therefor a new respect for my job and a renewed keenness to succeed. After that I did better than ever before, and made a more consistent type of landing.

Guynemer, the great French 'Ace,' has disappeared, and from accounts of the fight one fears that he is dead. What a loss to France and to the Allies! the end of a career of unparalleled romantic brilliancy. I shall never forget one evening in Paris last spring. I was sitting in the Café de la Paix, under the long awning that fronts the Boulevard des Capucines. All Paris was buzzing with Guynemer's mighty exploit of the day before — four German planes in one fight, two of them sent hurtling down in flames within sixty seconds. It took one back to the old days, and one foresaw that Guynemer would take his place with the legendary heroes of France, with Roland and Oliver, Archbishop Turpin, Saint Louis, and Charles Martel.

Presently I looked up. A man was standing in the aisle before me — a slender youth, rather, dressed in the black and silver uniform of a captain in the French Aviation. Delicately built, of middle height, with dark tired eyes set in a pale face, he had the look of a haggard boy who had crowded the experience of a lifetime into a score of

years. The mouth was remarkable in so young a man — mobile and thin-lipped, expressing dauntless resolution. On his breast the particolored ribbons of his decorations formed three lines: Croix de Guerre, Médaille Militaire, Officer of the Legion of Honor, Cross of St. George, English Military Cross, and others too rare for recognition.

All about me there arose a murmur of excited interest; chairs were pushed back and tables moved as the crowd rose to its feet. Cynical Swiss waiters, with armloads of pink and green drinks, halted agape. A whisper, collective and distinct, passed along the terrace: 'It is Guynemer!'

The day before, over the fiery lines, he had done battle for his life; and this evening, in the gay security of Paris, he received the homage of the people who adored him.

He had been looking for a table, but when it became no longer possible to ignore the stir, he raised his right hand in embarrassed salute and walked quickly into the café.

I spent my ten days' leave in a trip to Nice, and used up about half of it in getting there.

The trip south was a martyrdom — a long stifling ride to Paris, three days' wait there for a reserved place to Marseilles, a day and a night standing up in a corridor from Paris to Marseilles (had to give up my seat to an unfortunate woman with two youngsters), and twenty-three hours more in a corridor to get to Cannes. On the whole, the worst journey I recollect. No stops for meals, so we all nearly starved, till I finally obtained an armful of bottled beer and some sandwiches.

I sat down on a trunk in the corridor and nodded off to sleep, only to be awakened half an hour later by H—— F—— (S——'s cousin), who stole up with a gesture for silence, and pointed

at me with a shake of his head and a broad grin. It must have been rather a rakish tableau. On the floor to my left were half a dozen empty bottles; on one end of the trunk I sat, heavy-eyed and half awake, and beside me, sound asleep, with her head on my shoulder, was a respectable, very attractive, and utterly unknown young woman! *C'est la guerre!* I motioned H—— away and promptly went to sleep again.

In Marseilles I had time for the Corniche, to see Monte Cristo's castle, and eat a *bouillabaise*, which I cannot recommend without reserve. With an enormous floating population of sailors, shipping booming, and streets ablaze at night, Marseilles seems far away from the war, after the hushed gloom of nocturnal Paris.

The trials for my military *brevet* were by far the most interesting thing I have done in aviation. On finishing the 60 h.p. Blériot class, I was told that I would have to do my brevet work on a small Caudron biplane, as there were no Blériots available. A few short flights in the Caudron gave me confidence that I could handle it; so one rather cloudy morning the officer told me to make my official altitude — which is merely one hour's stay at heights of over seven thousand feet. I pulled on my great fur combination and fur-lined boots, adjusted mittens, helmet, and goggles, and stepped into my machine, number 2887, which the mechanic had been tuning up. '*Coupe, plein gaz,*' he shouted, above the roar of a score of motors, and gave the stick half a dozen turns. Then, '*Contact réduit*'; and as I yelled back, '*Contact réduit,*' after the old starting formula, he gave a quick half turn to the blades. Off she went with a roar, all ten cylinders hitting perfectly, so I motioned him to pull out the blocks from before the wheels. A quick rush and a turn headed me into the wind,

and the next moment the starter's arm shot forward.

Old 2887 is a bully 'bus. I was off the ground and heading up in forty yards. It was rather an occasion for a beginner who had never before flown over 2500 feet. The little Caudrons, of course, are not high-powered, but she climbed splendidly. In ten minutes I was circling over the camp at 3800 feet, and in twenty, I had reached 6000, just under the roof of the clouds. There was only one blue hole through, so up this funnel I climbed in decreasing circles, till I finally burst out into the gorgeous upper sunlight. At 8000 feet I began to float about in a world of utter celestial loneliness — dazzlingly pure sun, air like the water of a coral atoll, and beneath me a billowy sea of clouds, stretching away to infinity. Here and there, from the cloudy prairies, great fantastic mountain ranges reared themselves; foothills and long divides, vast snowy peaks, impalpable sisters of Orizaba or Chimborazo, and deep gorges, ever narrowing, widening, or deepening, across whose shadowy depths drove ribbons of thin gray mist.

Once, as I was sailing over a broad cañon, I saw, far off in the south, a dark moving dot, and knew with a sudden thrill that another man like myself, astride his gaunt buzzing bird, was exploring and marveling at this upper dream-world.

At last the hour was up. I shut off the motor and drove downward in a series of long easy glides. Going through the clouds, one loses all sense of balance and direction. It is bizarre and sometimes dangerous. You plunge out into the old gray world beneath, to find yourself in a nose-dive, or off on a wing, or upside down — it is all the same in a cloud.

The balance of the military trials consists in spirals, and so forth, and a lot of cross-country flying by map and

compass. First you make two round trips to a place fifty miles away, and then two triangular trips of about one hundred and fifty miles each. It is very easy, if you keep your wits about you and have no hard luck. Roads, railroads, rivers, woods, and canals are the principal guides to follow; towns and cities you can only recognize by having counted their predecessors, unless there is some very prominent building, cathedral, or factory. A road, from 3000 feet, shows as a very straight white line, occasionally making angular turns. A railroad is a dark gray line, always curving gently when it turns. Canals are ribbons of water, very straight, between twin lines of trees. And so on. You watch your compass, to check up the trend of roads and railroads, watch your altimeter and tachometer (which tells the speed of your engine), and above all watch always ahead for suitable landing fields, in case of motor trouble. The wind also must be borne in mind; its direction can be told from smoke. I was lucky and had no trouble at all.

At Nice I ran into many Americans, and there were a good many Britishers about, recovering from the recent severe fighting around Passchendaele. They are a quiet and agreeable lot — very interesting when they talk about their work, which is seldom.

One captain had strolled into some heavy fighting with no weapon but a heavy cane, and with this, walking astride of a deep narrow enemy trench, he had killed eight Germans! An Australian captain, with the rare ribbon of the V.C. on his breast, had gone into a crowded German dugout with one companion, who was wounded at the first exchange of bombs. Single-handed, he had bombed out the Boches, taken forty prisoners back single-handed, and returned to bring out his wounded brother officer. An epic feat!

Soon after my stay at Nice I went for a month to the Combat and Acrobatic School of Pau, which completes the most dangerous of all the flying training. A wonderful experience — somersaults, barrel-turns, corkscrew dives, every conceivable aerial caper, and long flights daily: skimming the highest peaks of the Pyrenees at three hundred feet above the snow — trips to Biarritz and along the coast, flying ten feet above the waves, etc.

It is hard to say enough in praise of the school at Pau — the hundreds of splendid machines, the perfect discipline and efficiency, the food, the barracks, the courteous treatment of pilots by officers and instructors. We were twenty Americans, in a clean airy barrack, with an Annamite to make the beds and sweep up. The school covers an enormous area in the valley of the Gave, just under the Pyrenees, and is ideal for an aviation centre so far as weather conditions go, its one drawback being that motor-trouble, out of range of the aerodromes, means almost inevitably a smash. All along the Gave they have the smallest fields and the highest hedges I ever saw. The climate is superb — like the foothill climate of California: cool nights, delicious days, wonderful dawns and sunsets.

They started us on the eighteen-metre machine, doing vertical spirals, which are quite a thrill at first. You go to a height of about 3000 feet, shut off the motor, tilt the machine till the wings are absolutely vertical, and pull the stick all the way back. When an aeroplane inclines laterally to over 45 degrees, the controls become reversed — the rudder is then the elevator, and the elevator the rudder, so that, in a vertical spiral, the farther back you pull the stick, the tighter the spiral becomes. You are at the same time dropping and whirling in short circles. I once did five turns in losing a thousand

feet of altitude — an unusual number, the monitor told me with satisfaction. Usually, one loses about 300 feet to each turn, but on my first attempt, I lost 2100 feet in three fourths of a turn, because I did not pull back enough on the stick.

After the eighteen-metre spirals we were given a few rides on the fifteen-metre machine — very small, fast and powerful, but a delicious thing to handle in the air; and after left and right vertical spirals on this type, we went to the class of formation-flying, where one is supposed to learn flying in squadron formation, like wild geese. This is extremely valuable, but most men take this chance for joy-riding, as they have petrol for three hours, and are responsible to no one.

On my first day in this class I found no one at the rendezvous, so I rose to about 4000 feet, and headed at a hundred miles an hour for the coast. In thirty-five minutes I was over Biarritz, where my eyes fairly feasted on the salt water, sparkling blue, and foam-crested. I do not see how men can live long away from the sea and the mountains. My motor was running like a clock and as I was beginning to have perfect confidence in its performance, I came down in a long coast to the ground, and went rushing across country toward the mountains, skimming a yard up, across pastures, leaping vertically over high hedges of poplar trees, booming down the main streets of villages, and behaving like an idiot generally, from sheer intoxication of limitless speed and power.

In a few moments I was at the entrance of one of the huge gorges that pierce the Pyrenees — the sort of place up which the hosts of Charlemagne were guided by the White Stag: deep and black and winding, with an icy stream rushing down its depths. Why not? I gave her full gas and whizzed

up between black walls of rock that magnified enormously the motor's snarl, up and up until there was snow beneath me and ahead I could see the sun gleaming on the gorgeous ragged peaks. Up and up, nine, ten, eleven thousand feet, and I was skimming the highest ridges that separate France and Spain. Imagine rising from a field in Los Angeles, and twenty-five minutes later flying over the two-mile-high ridges of Baldy and Sheep Mountain, swooping down to graze the snow, or bounding into the air with more speed and ease than any bird.

At last, as my time was nearly up, I headed back for Pau. A few minutes later, just as I sighted the pygmy groups of hangars, my motor gave forth a loud bang and a sheet of flame, and several chunks of metal tore whizzing through the aluminum hood. Automatically, I pulled at the lever which closes the gasoline flow and tilted the machine forward to keep my speed. Another bang, accompanied by black smoke. 'Holy mackerel!' I thought; 'this is the end of me! Let's see — in case of fire, shut off petrol, open throttle, and leave the spark on. Then go into a nose-dive.'

Somehow you can't seem to get very excited at such moments, — everything seems inevitable, — good or bad luck. I nose-dived, came out at 5000 feet, killed my propeller, and was gratified to see, on looking behind, that there was no more smoke. Starting the motor was of course out of the question, as it would have promptly taken fire; so I shut off throttle and spark, struck an easy glide, and began an anxious search for a field. Most of them were no larger than postage-stamps, and I knew they were hedged by the beastly poplars, but at last I spotted a long one, in the direction of the wind, though not long enough to afford more than a bare chance of avoiding a crash.

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It was the only hope, at any rate; so down I coasted in glides and serpentine, jockeying to lose height just over the trees. As luck would have it, I was a few feet low and had to chance jumping the trees with none too much speed. The splendid stability of the Nieuport saved me from a wing-slip, and a moment later I landed with a bang in a ditch, breaking one wheel and stopping within ten yards of a formidable line of willows.

I crawled out of my seat and lay down in the long grass to rest, as my head ached villainously from the too rapid descent. Somehow I dozed off and was awakened by the friendly tongue of a huge Basque shepherd dog. His mistress, a pretty Spanish-speaking peasant girl, appeared a minute later, and her family were very decent to me. After some hot coffee with brandy, and a piece of goat cheese, I attended to the formalities and went back to camp.

After formation-flying we went to the acrobatic class or 'Haute École du Ciel,' where you are taught to put a machine through the wildest kinds of manœuvres. This is the most dangerous class in any aviation training in France — many excellent pilots, whose nerves or stomachs would not stand the acrobatics, rest in the little cemetery at Pau. Wonderful sport, though, if nature intended one for that sort of thing! The most dreaded thing one does is the spinning nose-dive, or *vrille* (gimlet), which formerly was thought invariably fatal. They have now discovered that the small, very strong machines will come out of it safely, if the rudder is put exactly in the middle and the stick pushed forward.

The instructor in this class was a very dandified lieutenant, in a Bond Street uniform, and wearing a monocle, who lay in a steamer-chair all day,

gazing up into the sky at the antics of his pupils. Around him stood assistants with field-glasses, who watched the heavens anxiously, and would suddenly bark out, 'Regardez, mon lieutenant — l'Américain Nordhoff en vrille.' The lieutenant would then languidly look up at the machine pointed out (they are distinguished by broad stripes, or checker-boards, or colors), and, if the 'type' up above had done well, would remark, 'Pas mal, celui-là.' If some unfortunate plunged into the ground and killed himself, the officer would rise gracefully from his chair, flick the dust from his sleeve, and call for the 'Black Cat,' his special 'taxi.' Jumping in with remarkable speed, he rose in a series of the most breakneck evolutions, and flew to the scene of the accident. In reality, his pose is the best in the world, as it keeps the pilots *gonflés*, that is, courageous and confident, as opposed to *dégonflés*, or scared and nervous.

I was watching all this from the ground, when a monitor unexpectedly called out, 'Nordhoff, Nordhoff!'

'Present!' I yelled, as I ran toward him.

'You will take the checker-board,' he ordered, 'rise to twelve hundred metres, and do one *vrille* and two upside-down turns.'

I admit that I had a slight sinking spell as I walked to the machine, a little thirteen-metre beauty. (Think of it, only thirteen square yards of supporting surface!) It was all right as soon as I was strapped in and had the motor going. Up we went, the '*Bébé*' climbing like a cat, at incredible speed, while I anxiously repeated, again and again, the instructions. Two turns of the field gave me my 3600 feet. This was no time to hesitate, so, as I reached the required spot, away from the sun, I shut off the motor, took a long breath,

and pulled back a bit on the stick. Slower and slower she went, until I felt the rather sickening swaying that comes with a dangerous loss of speed. The moment had come. Gritting my teeth, I gave her all the left rudder and left stick, at the same moment pulling the stick all the way back. For an instant she seemed to hang motionless — then with unbelievable swiftness plunged whirling downwards. 'Remember, keep your eyes inside — don't look out, whatever happens,' I thought, while a great wind tore at my clothing and whistled through the wires. In a wink of time I had dropped 600 feet: so I carefully put the rudder in the exact centre, centred the stick, and pushed it gently forward. At once the motion grew steadier, the wind seemed to abate, and the next moment I dared to look out. It was over — I was in a steep glide, right side up, safe and sound. I had done a *vrille* and come out of it! A gorgeous sensation! I loved it, and queerly enough my first bewildered thought was, 'M—— would adore that!'

Just to show the lieutenant that I was having a good time, I buzzed up again and did two more *vrilles*, looking out the whole time at the panorama of Pyrenees, villages, and river, whirling around with the most amazing rapidity. Not a thing for bilious or easily dizzy people though, as it means horses at the walk if you fail to do the right thing at exactly the right moment.

After the acrobatics, we went to classes in machine-gun shooting and combat-flying — very interesting and practical, but not to be talked about.

After Pau, I had forty-eight hours' leave in Paris, bought a few things I needed for the front, and was then sent to a place it is forbidden to mention, expecting soon to get to flying over the lines.

THE WESTERN FRONT

BY H. SIDEBOTHAM

SIR DOUGLAS HAIG's long dispatch, published in the first week of January, covered the whole of the fighting on the British front in France and Belgium between the battle of the Ancre and the battle of Cambrai.

Sir Douglas Haig is not a born dispatch-writer. He has neither the power of resolving by an epigram the tangles of a complicated strategic situation, nor the faculty of graphic description and the quick Irish sympathy which made the dispatches of Sir Ian Hamilton from Gallipoli such fascinating reading. He is a diplomat, too, and one would search his dispatches in vain for the indiscreet or hasty phrase which reveals more of the truth than it is intended to do. He eschews generalities and is sparing of the *obiter dicta* on military affairs beloved by the layman. Still, his dispatches are instructive reading. Collate this long one with the famous speech of Mr. Lloyd George in Paris in November, and we have, if not all the facts about the British offensive in 1917, enough to enable us to form a fair and reasonable judgment. The critics, in England certainly, and perhaps in America too, have done less than injustice both to Sir Douglas Haig and to Mr. George, but a careful reader can now correct his misapprehensions and form a surer judgment about our future military policy.

At Paris, it will be remembered, Mr. Lloyd George laid all the blame for our failures in the war on the fact that the Allied strategy had not been an organic unity, but merely had tacked and

stitched together the military plans of each of the Allies. It is no secret that from the early years of the war he was an 'Easterner' in his views. He very early began to doubt the feasibility of a break-through on the Western front, and preferred the chances of an offensive in the East. With the Dardanelles expedition he did not identify himself so completely as Mr. Churchill, and his prejudice was in favor of an attempt to attack Austria from the side of Serbia. To this view the French General Staff also inclined; and thus, before the over-running of Serbia, there was formed a somewhat unusual degree of sympathy between him and the French command.

Begun too late to save Serbia, the Macedonian campaign degenerated into an extravagant insurance premium on the safety of Saloniki and on the neutrality of Greece; but just as the advocates of the Dardanelles campaign argued that it was the execution of the business, not its strategy, that was at fault, so the Franco-Serbian school insisted that the idea of assisting Serbia and attacking Austria from the southwest was quite sound, and that the cause of its failure was the tardiness and vacillation of its execution.

The views of this school were confirmed by the fate of Roumania. It was easy to put the blame for her breakdown on Russia, who was primarily responsible; but had the Allied forces at Saloniki been in a position seriously to coöperate with Roumania on the south, Roumania would never have made the mistake of invading Transylvania — a

mistake which was in fact her undoing. And the fall of Roumania was the real, though not the avowed, cause of the fate of the Asquith government. Logically, having come into power owing to the failure of its predecessor's policy in the East, the present government should have begun by correcting the obsession of our strategy with the West, which was responsible for the slow weakening of Russia, our disastrous failure in the Balkans, and our mid-dling success in the war with Turkey.

There were, however, great and, as it turned out, insuperable difficulties in effecting a new orientation of our policy. In the first place, our best chances of exercising a decisive effect on the war in the East had disappeared with the abandonment of the Gallipoli expedition and the overrunning of Serbia and Roumania. All that we could do now in the East was to put fresh vigor into our campaigns against Turkey on the Mesopotamian and Egyptian front; and this the new government did, and it had its reward in the capture of Bagdad. But the capture of Jerusalem, which should have taken place at the same time, was delayed nine months, partly by mistakes in the leading of the British army of Palestine, but still more by the failure to give Sir A. Murray the necessary support. The Palestine campaign was, in fact, like all our eastern campaigns, starved for men and material; and not until General Allenby had taken command and been given heavy reinforcements of both men and material, did Jerusalem fall.

Thus, even under a government which was convinced of the importance of the East in our military strategy, the same mistakes — in kind though not in degree — were made as under the Asquith government, and our advance against the Turkish Asiatic empire was in consequence many months in rear of scheduled time. It would have made

all the difference to our prospects if Jerusalem had fallen, as doubtless was intended, at the same time as Bagdad. By now there would probably not be a Turkish division south of the Taurus.

The reason for this modified success was that, at the beginning of 1917, the General Staffs of both England and France were fairly confident of breaking through on the West. Their plans had already been prepared in concert, and after the British victories on the Somme and the Ancre, their hopes of a break-through seemed not unreasonable. It must be remembered further that the progress of the U-boat campaign had greatly strengthened the arguments for making our main offensive on the West. The shortage of mercantile tonnage was a serious and valid objection to the beginning of a new and ambitious over-seas campaign in the eastern Mediterranean. The longer the sea voyage, the more tonnage required; and the war in France had this great advantage, that the sea passage for supplies was very short.

Sir Douglas Haig's plans for 1917 had been arranged with General Joffre. Their idea was to continue the offensive on the Somme which had been begun on July 1, 1916, the French operating as before in the direction of Péronne, and the English, on their left, attacking both sides of the marked salient which had been formed in the German lines as a result of our successes in the autumn of 1916. On one side of this salient an attack was to be delivered on the Vimy Ridge, on the other side the attack was to press the advantages we had already won on the Ancre. That done, the British were then suddenly to transfer their offensive to Flanders, where, in Sir Douglas Haig's opinion, the chief British military interests lay. It was a rational plan, and, difficult as the campaign in Flanders promised to be, there was good rea-

son to hope that, begun early enough, it would recover the whole of the Belgian coast before the winter set in.

This plan seems to have been arranged in November, 1916. It is not certain that the War Cabinet of the new government was greatly enamored of it, and the criticism was early made that it would be very costly in men. Mr. Lloyd George would have preferred an offensive, not against Germany, or in Flanders, where the enemy's positions were strongest, but against Austria, and in conjunction with the Italian offensive. At the beginning of 1917, there was some reason to fear that Germany might effect a concentration against Italy (which she in fact did at the end of the year), and there was a school of strategy in England which favored meeting and, if possible, anticipating it by a bold offensive by the Napoleonic route to Vienna over the Carnic Alps and through Laibach. This view, however, was not shared by the General Staff, which now as always insisted that the war must be won in the West; and its opinion was accepted, though not without demur from some of its members, by the War Cabinet.

But now an unfortunate thing happened: General Nivelle succeeded General Joffre in the command of the French armies and had different views about the offensive. General Nivelle thought that his best chances of success were against the hills behind the Aisne; instead of attacking immediately on the British right, as in the Somme battle, he proposed to deliver the main French attack from the south, and this plan, as General Haig puts it, entailed 'a considerable extension of my defensive front, a modification of a rôle previously allotted to the British armies, and an acceleration of the date of my opening attack.' It is clear that these alterations were not to his liking. He wanted to get busy in Flanders as soon

as he could, and the shifting of the main French attack to the south and east threatened to impair his chances in Flanders, or at any rate to postpone the beginning of the attack there.

Now, as in the autumn of 1914, the British and French commands saw the problem from a slightly different angle. If General French had been perfectly free, he might never have fought the battle of the Aisne, but would have transferred his troops into Flanders, perhaps a month before he actually did. General Haig's views were on this matter identical with those of General French, and he preferred the original plans because they promised to release his armies earlier for the campaign in Flanders which he had most at heart. He had, however, to give way. 'I received instructions,' he writes, 'from His Majesty's Government to readjust our previous plans to meet the wishes of our Allies.' There is no trace of feeling, still less of bitterness, in this sentence; but there is no doubt that a great deal of history is concealed behind it.

In the agitation which arose in the British press over Mr. George's speech in Paris, it was stated freely that Mr. George had been anxious for a united command. A united command in France could mean only French command; so that, if this proposition was ever made, it was one for putting General Nivelle in supreme command of the British and French armies on the West. Had it been carried out, General Haig would presumably have gone to Italy to conduct an offensive against Austria. The plan actually adopted, therefore, was in the nature of a compromise. It neither put General Nivelle in supreme command, nor left General Haig free to carry out his original plan.

For a variety of reasons the new plans were not successful. General Nivelle is accused of having made his attacks without sufficient artillery pre-

paration, and his losses were certainly much heavier than they should have been. His calculation, perhaps, was that the most important factor of success was surprise, and that prolonged artillery bombardment, by giving notice of the attack, did more harm than good. Be that as it may, the French offensive was too costly to be kept up, and General Nivelle made way for General Pétain, whose principles, as we shall see, were entirely different.

In the meantime the French offensive on the Aisne had a very disturbing effect on the British plans. General Haig's idea had been to waste no time in pressing his attack near Arras after he had captured the Vimy Ridge. 'I did not consider,' he writes, 'that any great strategical results were likely to be gained by following up on the front about Arras and to the south of it.' The British attack on the Vimy Ridge was made on April 9, and the French attack on the Aisne began a week later. Under the original plans, General Haig, after capturing the Vimy Ridge, would have transferred his armies to Flanders; but the battle of Arras was prolonged in order to assist the French offensive. The later stages of the Arras battle were much more obstinately contested than its beginning on the Vimy Ridge, and except that it brought us up to the Hindenburg Line, and familiarized us with the new defense tactics of the Germans, it is hard to see what all this hard fighting contributed to the business in hand. Doubtless it relieved the pressure on the French, but apart from that our troops would have been more usefully employed in Flanders.

The first attack in Flanders, that on the Messines Ridge, was delivered on June 9, but the attack on the ridge east of Ypres was not begun until July 31, seven weeks later, and by that time the best weather of the year had all been used up. The disappointments of

General Haig came very thick about that time. He had counted on the Russians, and it was now clear that the Russians were, for all practical purposes, out of the war. He had counted also on the active coöperation of the French in this offensive, but the new commander-in-chief, General Pétain, was a convinced believer in the strategic defensive. Not that General Pétain had abandoned all hopes of breaking through the German lines; but he held that at present France could not afford the losses necessary to force the pace. Later, perhaps, when the American reinforcements had reached their maximum, the attempt to break through might be resumed, but for the present his policy was purely Fabian. His great anxiety was to conserve the man-power of France. Where an opportunity for attack presented itself, no one knew better than he how to make full use of it, but there is all the difference between brilliant but isolated successes and the steady pressure of a long-continued offensive such as the British were engaged in.

The French army on the British left did excellent work in the operations east of Ypres; but, when all is said, the bulk of the work was thrown on the British army. What wonderful work it was, all the world knows, but it was costly in men, and it failed to give the results for which we had been hoping. At one time, indeed, it looked as if we should break the German lines completely, and compel an extensive evacuation of the Belgian coast; a fortnight's fine weather and we should have done so. Even as it was, there is some reason to think that the Germans were preparing to evacuate the Belgian coast. Not for nothing did Von Kühlmann renounce German political ambitions in Belgium, for the enemy's politicians speak only after consultation with the soldiers, and in the light of

their interpretation of the military situation. As it was put by a writer in the *Manchester Guardian*, the speeches made by the government in the Reichstag were only the shadows on the blinds that concealed the conferences of the General Staff.

It was at this time too that Germany is believed to have made an offer to France, through an agent in Switzerland, to evacuate Belgium, and even to make concessions to France in Alsace-Lorraine, if only she were given a free hand in the East — an offer that was promptly rejected. It is clear how her mind was working. She was genuinely alarmed at the progress made by the British in Flanders. Under pressure from Austria she had committed herself to a campaign against Italy, but she could not be certain what measure of success she would have, and if the worst came to the worst, it might be that she would have to evacuate the Belgian coast for the sake of this Italian campaign, which she had delayed until as late in the year as she dared, so that she might first take the full measure of the British offensive. She was face to face with a military crisis comparable with that of the autumn of 1916, when Roumania entered the war. She was about to venture a great military gamble, and before risking it she paused and made a bid for peace with the Western Powers. But the gamble came off beyond all her expectations. Not only was Italy driven from Austrian territory, but she was forced to retire, after suffering very heavy losses, to a line far in the rear of that from which she started when she first entered the war. To protect even that line, troops had to be withdrawn from both Belgium and France, and the offensive in the West was now definitely over. Better still (from Germany's point of view), Russia entered into negotiations for a formal peace.

Napoleon required his generals not only to be good but to be lucky, thereby recognizing luck as one of the factors in war. Sir Douglas Haig in 1917 was abominably unlucky. He had had his original plan spoiled by a general who was almost immediately superseded, and whose supersession brought yet another change in the military policy of our ally which was even less advantageous. Forced by circumstances beyond his control to postpone his offensive in Flanders, he thereby lost all the fine weather of the year; but, thanks to the incredible exertions of his troops, he gained enough success to show what he could have done if the weather had been reasonable. At the end events occurred in Italy and Russia which clouded over achievements as remarkable as any in the history of the British army, and made a long offensive of nearly eighteen months spell something like defeat. Sir Douglas Haig and his army deserve congratulation on their achievements, and condolence on the sheer bad luck that blighted them.

It was under these circumstances that Mr. Lloyd George made his speech at Paris, explaining his reasons for setting up the new Inter-Allied Council. His instances of the failures which had resulted in the lack of a single united strategy were most of them drawn from the early history of the war, not from the events of 1917. The English Premier, being a man of imagination, doubtless felt that at such a moment the British army in the West was in need of sympathy rather than of criticism, however kindly and sincere. But looking back on the past from the vantage-ground of Sir Douglas Haig's dispatch, we must recognize that the whole campaign in Flanders was a mistake after General Pétain's appointment. The two armies in the West, after the failure of the offensive on the

Aisne, proceeded on different principles. The principle of Pétain was economy of man-power; General Haig, on the other hand, having been fighting all the year for what he regarded as subsidiary objects, could not bring himself to abandon his project in Flanders. The Ypres salient had tortured the British army for two and a half years, and the temptation to clear the enemy from the hills east of the city was irresistible. If he could have resisted it, he would have saved many lives; but some of the saving might have been lost later, for the Germans holding the ridge east of Ypres had an excellent jumping-off ground for renewing their attempts to win through to the Narrows; and the autumn campaign, for all the blood and mud which suffocated it, secured us against that danger.

It is, however, interesting to speculate on what our probable course of action would have been if the Inter-Allied Council had been in existence when Nivelle succeeded Joffre and was succeeded by Pétain.

The charge so commonly brought against Mr. Lloyd George of wanting to supersede General Haig by General Nivelle would, under such circumstances, have had no point. The view of the British Staff, which, as General Haig complains, was summarily set aside, would have had a better chance of presentment, and the policy would have been determined after the arguments on both sides had been put. It is even possible that the French offensive would not have taken place on the Aisne at all, or even on the Somme, but would have been directed to the recovery of the French mining and manufacturing districts.

Again, after the succession of General Pétain to the French command, the question would then necessarily have come before the Allied Council what the British policy ought to be un-

der those circumstances; and it is conceivable that such a discussion would have directed attention to the risks on the Italian front. General Cadorna, at any rate, after the military collapse of Russia became certain, was under no illusions about his own position. He feared a concentration against him, and though he never thought that his defeats would be so sudden and so overwhelming, he expected to be driven slowly back. Had there been an Inter-Allied Council, this point of view would have been put, and it is possible that the Italian defeat would have been avoided and even replaced by victories which would have further increased the war-weariness of Austria.

The controversy which assumes such an important place in the discussions of Mr. Lloyd George's Paris speech — whether the new Inter-Allied Council should have over-riding powers over the separate general staffs — is not, after all, of first-rate importance. Between equal allies there can be no such thing as over-riding their separate wills. The main thing is to ensure that the common interest shall be kept steadily in view at each crisis, and that there shall be some permanent machinery for coördinating the efforts of the Allies.

The British General Staff cannot justly be charged with selfishness, but it is often charged, and not without reason, with taking too narrow and provincial a view of its duties, and with acting as if the campaign in Flanders and Northern France were the whole war. And some part of this blame must be shared by the British Admiralty. The department which understood the nature of sea-power should have been the first to see the importance of the East in our imperial strategy, and should have insisted more strongly on its views being adopted. But then, the Admiralty never had a Lord Haldane at its head, and its staff work never at-

tained the degree of influence and authority in the national councils that the Imperial General Staff at the War Office acquired as the result of Lord Haldane's work. Lord Haldane's services to War Office organization were very great, but they produced a somewhat lopsided development of British strategy. In this war, for the first time in English history, the dominating ideas of the national strategy have been military and not naval, and we have suffered in consequence; for our traditional naval strategy would have recognized the Dardanelles as the key of the whole war so far as this country was concerned, and there would have been no collapse of Russia if our navy could have done for her what it has done for France. Nor was there any way of rendering that service except by the Black Sea.

The year 1917, then, in spite of brilliant work, was a disappointment for the Allies. What are the prospects for the coming year? Russia is out of the war; Italy no longer threatens Trieste, but has been hard put to it to defend Venice. The French who, a year ago, were full of hopes of a break-through, have fallen back on the defensive. We ourselves, after incredible exertions, ended our offensive with something very like a reverse at Cambrai. If we could not break through last year what conceivable chance, it is asked, is there of breaking through this year? To add to our worries, the U-boat campaign is beginning, for the first time in the war, to have some effect on the morale of the people. There is no despondency, but there are far more skeptics than there were of the possible solution of the military difficulty being found; and for the first time in the war there is some danger of a failure of resolution, not from lack of faith in our cause, but from doubts as to how far victory is physically possible along the lines we

have been pursuing. This state of mind is dangerous, and though much may be done to fortify the people by the consolations of oratory, our best consolation, with Germany in its present mind, is military and naval victory. If there is a real prospect of that, the rest can be managed; if there is none — well, the rest cannot be managed.

It is not a fashionable thing to say nowadays, but in the writer's opinion our prospects of military victory are on the whole rather better now than they were last year at this time. All last year Russia gave no real help to the Allied cause. She detained on her frontier, it is true, a great number of German and Austrian troops, but their fighting strength bore no real relation to their numbers. All through the year the Russian front was a rest cure for the German army. Divisions shattered in the Western fighting were being sent to Russia and replaced by fresh divisions from Russia; and it is hardly too much to say that the British and French faced, not at any one time, but during the year, practically the whole fighting strength of the German army.

Sir Auckland Geddes, in a late speech, by adding up the total number of Germans and Austrians on the Eastern front, calculated that we may have to face on the West an increase in the enemy forces of no less than 1,600,000 men — an alarming calculation, especially when we remember that these figures do not include any allowance for the German and Austrian prisoners who would presumably be released by Russia if she made a separate peace. In asking the House of Commons to give him power to raise another 450,000 men, his principle apparently was to divide the possible enemy increase by four, there being four Allies left in the war, and to assign to our own army the duty of providing a good fourth.

He was right to provide against the

worst possible contingency, but there is good reason to think that his estimate of the probable increase in the numbers of the enemy was exaggerated. One does not see Austria, in her present state of feeling, providing large numbers of men for service in France or Flanders, and even Germany would not be able to withdraw all her troops from the East. Nor will the restoration of the prisoners add very greatly to the enemy's strength. Many of them would be wounded, and few will be fit for service for months after their return. Many more will take good care not to return until the war is over, and the Russians certainly will not force them to return against their will.

All things considered, the effect of Russia's defection will be to add perhaps a million men to the strength of the Germans in the West. To that number we should add the demands that the defense of Italy may make on the resources of the Allies — demands, however, which the 450,000 men for whom Sir Auckland Geddes is asking should allow us to ignore in our calculations. On the other hand, against that increment we must set the new American army in France, which by the end of this year, especially if the Germans use up men in a new offensive in the West, as seems generally to be expected, should have restored something like equality in numbers. In the writer's opinion, this is a better military prospect than we had a year ago, and for this reason: a year ago the Germans were satisfied to be on the defensive in the West, whereas this year the successful defensive will not satisfy them. Unless they win outright this year, they have lost the war. Indeed, if they do not win outright, it may be doubted whether they will await the American blow in 1919, and will not choose to make peace before it falls.

The great miscalculation of the Brit-

ish and French General Staffs from 1915 to 1917 was that they ignored the enormous difference in standard of strength required for successful defense and for successful offense. Because they beat back the German offensive in France in 1914, both staffs seemed to have assumed that even a slight increase of strength would give them a chance of a successful offensive. This chance never existed in 1915 or 1916, and perhaps not in 1917 either, except on the basis of a ridiculous estimate of Russia's strength and France's endurance. All our attacks on the West in 1915 were a misapplication of energy and a waste of man-power; for to break through lines so strongly held as those of the Germans, a superiority largely in excess of that which we had in 1915 or in 1916 was necessary. In setting ourselves, therefore, to break through on the West, we were loading the dice against ourselves. We indulged in false optimism. For the same reason, we are indulging in false pessimism now, when we suppose that an increment even of a million men in the German strength is in itself enough to make the difference between a barely successful defensive like the German campaign last year and the brilliantly successful offensive which presumably Hindenburg hopes for this year. An increment considerably greater than that number of men in our own strength failed to give us what we wanted, and there is no reason whatever to suppose, so far at least as numbers are concerned, that the Germans can do in 1918 what they failed to do in 1914 and we in 1916 and 1917.

It is natural that those who were optimists last year should be pessimists now, because in both cases they ignore the vast disproportion between the demands of successful defense and successful offense. But for the converse reason, those of us who were pessimists then should be optimists now. Given

reasonably good management, there should be no chance of a German breakthrough this year; and unless it is done this year, it will never be done and Germany will be beaten. The chances of her failure now are greater than the chances of our success a year ago.

But it is absolutely necessary that we should realize the conditions of successful defense, and should resolutely and consistently observe them. That numbers will help the defense goes without saying, but they are perhaps the least important factor in success. The most important is the staff work, and that is why English critics have attached so much importance to the publication of the facts about Cambrai, and why the government's suppression of the facts has had such a depressing effect on English opinion. The duties of a staff which is conducting a strategic defensive are threefold. First, it should economize man-power by every possible means. The true tactics of the defense, as Hindenburg has shown, are to hold the first lines with as few men as possible. That can safely be done only by the possession of great superiority in artillery, by elaborate fortifica-

tion, by the provision of comfortable dug-outs, and by the accumulation of every possible artificial obstacle. Hitherto the British army, hoping to change its quarters, has given insufficient attention to these matters. Secondly, a corollary of holding the front line lightly is that we should have powerful and well-placed reserves for counter-attack. The promptness and efficiency of these counter-attacks will depend most of all on the quality of the railway communications. Lastly, the Intelligence Service must be perfect, and that depends on our aeroplanes and on the way we use them. It will be seen that these conditions for successful defense are all mechanical, and mere numbers of men come last in the order of importance.

Two provisos should be added. First, that no revolutionary change is made by the enemy in his armament such as might disturb the present balance of force. Second, and this is still more important, we must have enough ships to ensure the largest armies America can raise being brought safely to Europe and maintained there. That is a master condition of our hopes; and to its fulfillment everything else must give place.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE PLUMBER APPRECIATED

'DID you ever,' said he, 'know a plumber who had grown rich?'

We stood in the kitchen. Outdoors it was a wonderful winter morning, snow-white and sparkling, felt rather than seen through frosted windows, for the mercury last night had dropped below zero, and, although reported on

the way up, was not climbing with real enthusiasm. On the floor was a little sea of water, in shape something like the Mediterranean, with Gibraltar out of sight under the kitchen sink. The stove (unfortunately) had been lighted; and a strange, impassive boy stood beside it, holding in pendant hands various tools of the plumber's craft. The plumber stood in the Mediterranean.

And I, in my slippers and bath-robe, — a foolish costume, for the sea was not deep enough to bathe in, — hovered, so to speak, on the edge of the beach.

I suppose I wished to impress this plumber with my imperturbable calm. Upset as I was, I must have realized the impossibility of impressing the boy. Swaggering a little in my bath-robe, I had said something jocular, I do not remember just what, about the rapid accretion of wealth by plumbers. He lit his pipe. 'Did you ever,' said he, 'know a plumber who had grown rich?'

Now until that winter I had never thought of the plumber as a man in many respects like myself. One may winter for years in a city apartment without meeting a plumber, but hardly without reading a good many humorous trifles about them in current literature; and my idea of this craftsman had been insidiously formed by the minor humorists. Summer, in my experience, had been a plumberless period, in which water flowed freely through the pipes of my house, and gushed obligingly from faucets at the touch of a finger. It was like an invisible brook; and, like a brook, I thought of it (if I thought of it at all) as going on forever. Nothing worse happened than a leak at the faucet. And when that happens I can fix it myself. All it needs is a new washer.

I run down cellar and turn off the water. I run up from the cellar and take off the faucet. I put in the new washer, which is like a very fat leather ring for a very thin finger, and screw on the faucet. I run down cellar, turn on the water, run up from the cellar, and look at the faucet. It still leaks. So I run down cellar, turn off the water, run up from the cellar, take off the faucet, make some slight alteration in the size, shape, or position of the washer, put on the faucet, run down cellar, turn on the water, run up from the cellar, and look at the faucet. If it *still* leaks (as it is

rather to be expected), I repeat as before; and if it *then* leaks (as is more than likely), I run down cellar, turn off the water, run up from the cellar, take off the faucet, make some slight alteration in the size, shape, or position of the washer, put on the faucet, run down cellar, turn on the water, run up from the cellar, and look at the faucet. Perhaps it leaks more. Perhaps it leaks less. So I run down cellar — and turn off the water — and run up from the cellar — and take off the faucet. Then, talking aloud to myself, I take out the new washer, throw it on the floor, stamp on it, kick it out of the way, put in a newer washer, put on the faucet, run down cellar, turn on the water, run up from the cellar, and look at the faucet. If (and this may happen) it still *leaks*, I make queer, inarticulate, animal noises; but I run down cellar, turn off the water, run up from the cellar, and take off the faucet. Then I monkey a little with the washer (still making those queer animal noises), put on the faucet, run down cellar, turn on the water, run up from the cellar, and look at the faucet. *Sooner or later the faucet always stops leaking.* It is a mere matter of adjusting the washer; any handy man can do it with a little patience.

Winter in the country is the time and place to get acquainted with the plumber. And I would have you remember, even in that morning hour when the ordinary life of your home has stopped in dismay, and then gone limping toward breakfast with the help of buckets of water generously loaned you by your nearest neighbor, — rarely, if ever, does he carry his generosity so far as to help carry the buckets, — that because of this honest soul in overalls, winter has lost the terrors which it held for your great-grandfather.

Revisit your library, and note what the chroniclers of the past thought about winter — 'this cousin to Death,

father to sickness, and brother to old age' (as Thomas Dekker bitterly called it; and well would your great-grandfather have agreed with him), when 'the first word that a wench speaks on your coming into a room in the morning is "Prithee send for some faggots."'" It is bad enough when (to adapt Dekker's sixteenth-century phraseology) the first word that a wench speaks on your coming into a room in the morning is, 'Prithee send for a plumber' — but how seldom it happens! And because we *can* send for a plumber, our attitude toward winter is joyfully changed for the better: lovely autumn is no longer regarded as melancholy because winter is coming, nor backward spring esteemed beyond criticism because winter is over.

Those good old days, after the sun had entered Capricorn, were cold and inconvenient old days. Observe great-grandfather: all his plumbing was a pump, *which often froze beyond his simple skill in plumbery*; and then he drew water from the well in a dear old oaken bucket (as *we* like to think of it), emptied it into other buckets, and carried it by hand, even as a man now carries the water loaned him by his generous neighbor, wherever the useful, uninviting fluid was needed. No invisible brook flowed through his house, and gushed obligingly at faucets, hot or cold according to great-grandfather's whim; no hot-water pipes suffused his dwelling with grateful warmth. These are *our blessings* — and it is the plumber, with only a boy to help him, who contends manfully against the forces of nature, and keeps them going. For the life of the house depends nowadays on its healthy circulation of water; and when the house suffers from arterio-sclerosis, the plumber is the doctor, and the strange, impassive boy is the trained nurse.

Sometimes in an emergency he ar-

rives without this little companion: I have myself, rising to the same occasion, taken the boy's place. I was a good boy. The plumber admitted it. 'Fill th' kettle again with hot water off th' stove,' said he, over his arched back as he peered shrewdly down a pipe to see how far away it was frozen, 'there's th' good boy.' Thus I know that the boy is not, as our minor humorists would have us believe, a mere flourish and gaudy appanage to the plumber's autocratically assumed grandeur. His strange, impassive manner is probably nothing more or less than concentrated attention; as if he said, with Hamlet, 'Yea, from the table of my memory I'll wipe away all foolish, fond regards, all saws of books, all forms, all pressures past, that youth and observation copied there; and thy commandment all alone shall live within the book and volume of my brain, unmixed with baser matter. Yes, by Heaven!' Even in putting in a new washer, I should do better with a boy.

The most nervous and conscientious plumber, I tell you, must at intervals appear, to an observer unacquainted with the art and mystery of plumbery, to be proceeding in a leisurely and perhaps idle fashion. The most methodical and conscientious man, plumber or not, will occasionally forget something, and have to go back for it. The most self-respecting and conscientious minor humorist, after he has exhausted his witty invention making a joke on a plumber, will try to sell it for the highest possible price. And if I, for example, am a little proud of my ability, greater than the plumber's, to write an essay, how shall I accuse him of arrogance if he is a little proud of his ability, greater than mine, to accomplish the more necessary feat of thawing a frozen water-pipe? He has a heart.

When I was a plumber's boy myself, I walked with my boss to his office in

the village to get a tool. It was a Sunday afternoon: I remember that a rooster crowed afar off, and how his lonely clarion enhanced and made more gravely quiet the peace of the Sabbath. And the plumber said, 'I would n't have *felt right*, sitting at home by the fire reading the paper, when I knew you was in trouble and I could pull you out.' He had come, mark you, in his Sunday clothes; he had come in his best, not pausing even for his overalls, so that, in our distressed, waterless home, the lady of the house had herself encircled his honest waist with a gingham apron before he began plumbing. And in all the world there was nobody else whom we would have been so glad to see.

And so, bowing, with my left hand over what I take to be the region of a grateful heart, I extended him this praise of plumber. No plumber came over in the Mayflower; but think not, for that reason, that he is a *parvenu*. He is of ancient lineage — this good fairy in overalls of our invisible brooks. The Romans knew him as the *artifex plumbarius*. Cæsar may have interrupted the revision of the *Commentaries* to send for him. He disappeared, with civilization and water-pipes, in the Dark Ages; he came back, with civilization and water-pipes, when the darkness lifted. Neglected by Art, disregarded by Romance, and unconsidered by the drama, these rich and entertaining expressions of life are as nothing when his presence is called for.

We may live without painters
Or writers or mummerys,
But civilized man cannot
Live without plumbers.

He, too, should have his statue, not of bronze, marble, or granite, but of honest lead, with two figures — the Plumber, holding aloft his torch, and the Plumber's Boy, strange, impassive, and holding in his pendant hands a monkey wrench and the coil of flexible

tubing with which his master cunningly directs hot water into the hardened arteries of a suffering house. And on his pedestal I would carve the motto, —

'Did You Ever Know a Plumber
Who Had Grown Rich?'

THE PANACEA

ABOUT the middle of last August we observed in our household that the war was becoming too much for us. At meal-time especially, around the smug compactness of a table set for four instead of six, the change was evident. An unwonted acerbity of tone crept into our discussions of food-saving; the headlines of the evening paper provoked comment and counter-comment, leading to extravagant statement on the part of the Youngest Member, and on the part of the Eldest One to exhibitions of stoicism more irritating still; a luckless caller, skirting the subject of atrocities, aroused behind her retreating back a Hymn of Hate.

It was after the Hymn of Hate that the Eldest One took serious thought and conveyed to us her conclusions.

'It's because we think about it all the time; we never get our minds off it. At this rate, you know, we'll be fit for asylums before the end comes. It's silly, too. Grown-up people!'

'What are you going to do about it?' the Youngest Member inquired tartly. Her accent was the inter-bellum accent of all of us.

'I'm going to change it. I'm going to provide a panacea.'

The Panacea appeared next day. The way of its taking is this.

At dinner, the Eldest One, as she spreads her napkin, speaks cheerfully.

'I see they've decided to locate the Exposition grounds along the north side of the bay.'

There is usually a pause after the initial lead. We are groping back

through the clutter of war in our minds. Exposition? — Oh, San Francisco Exposition, of course! Happy is that one who can place herself swiftly enough on this newly offered shoal and bank of time to respond with a comment on Federal aid or the blighted hopes of New Orleans. Happier still, she whose kinked memory recollects, as sometimes memories will, that the Exposition grounds were chosen the month we put in our new plumbing.

But though we halt at first, we grow surprisingly fluent as the dinner progresses. The shortage of labor in California, Mr. Bryan's grape-juice banquet, the pre-Exposition visit of Cousin Abbie from Pittsfield — before the meal is over, all of these have been dragged from sheltering brain-crevices and received with acclamation.

It is a rule of the game that one dinner may have but one time-setting; but sometimes, in choosing that setting, the Eldest One takes a mean advantage of her seniority.

'It's astonishing, the strength Mr. Blaine is developing,' she opens upon us. 'Now with the Illinois delegation going to him —'

We gaze at her reproachfully, — we to whom Maine's Plumed Knight and Hannibal of Carthage are figures equally remote and shadowy, — and presently our six accusing eyes are too much for her complacency.

'But, on the other hand, if Mr. Harrison holds the South —' she concedes to our ignorance; and by the name puts our feet on earth once more.

Benjamin Harrison — Why, certainly! High tariff and 'grandfather clauses,' full sleeves and Tweed Ring scandals and the family's final moving from Vermont — The material for conversation is in our hands again.

But it is such an excursion as this last which drives the Youngest Member to reprisals. When she pulls out her

chair the next night, she speaks hastily, stooping for her dropped napkin.

'I see he's got over.'

'I beg your pardon?'

'I said, I see he's brought his troops over the Rubicon. Now if he comes straight on to Rome —'

The Youngest Member is a decade nearer to the *Commentaries* than are the rest of us. We stumble disgracefully. Was it Pompey who waded across that fateful river? Wasn't there a Scipio somewhere concerned? And was it before the crossing or after it that there took place that famous partition of Gaul? Warily we try to make use of Gaul, fending off the Pompey-Scipio question for later decision. For the minute our minds are swept clean of later wars. Gas-attacks, food-shortage, the letter the postman did not bring — it is only for a minute that we lose sight of them; but the refreshment of that loss is like the trickle of water on parched tongues. Thanks to the Panacea, for this one hour of the day the present gives way to the comfortable past, and around our dinner-table talk and digestion can again go on together.

ON 'OF NAMES'

MY wife was awaiting me at the breakfast-table. She was reading a magazine, and was evidently deriving great pleasure therefrom.

'Oh — but here is a delightful bit,' she cried, as I took my seat. 'I just love it! I must read it to you!'

And she began reading what proved to be a little essay, the title of which was, she announced, 'Of Names.'

"Who does not know the man who is in the habit of marring the stillness of summer days . . . by glibly reciting the name of every bird within reach of his opera-glasses, or his blood brother who makes night hideous by calling the roll of the stars?"

Thus the essay opened.

'Does your author advocate dropping the specific names of all birds and all stars?' I interrupted to ask.

'Ye-es, I think so,' she replied; 'why not? I think it would be much nicer.'

'You may, if you wish, in the case of stars; but when it's a question of birds, don't! Else you will, the next time you go to the poulterer's, order a fowl, with the chance of getting a duck or guinea, when you know I care only for chicken. Name your bird. Go on.'

My wife sniffed and continued to read. She had just finished the phrase, 'Cloak things with the stupor of a name,' when the door-bell rang.

'Go see who it is, Tom,' she said.

'I cannot see that it matters *who* it is,' I said, tasting my cereal. 'We know it is a person, a man or a woman, a boy or a girl — let that suffice. What would the name of that person benefit us? And please don't cloak me with the stupor of a name — it is so useless.'

The bell clanged again.

'Will you go and see what they want?' she demanded icily.

'Why, certainly!' I replied.

I went to the door, where I found Blimp, our next-door neighbor, who informed me that our dog had come into his yard and killed his Persian cat.

'It was our contiguous neighbor to the east,' I explained, as I sat down again. 'He says that our animal came into his yard and killed his animal.'

She glared at me, a glare that I pretended not to see, and framed a question on her lips. But she did n't ask it. She resumed her reading.

The cereal was excellent and I gave it my attention, but I caught the words, "'Intelligent men and women persist in saying, 'See that bobolink!' or 'Notice the Pleiades!' with a self-indulgent vanity just short of propriety.'"

'Oh, I forgot to tell you,' I broke in

at this point, 'that I decided on the new car, and bought it yesterday.'

'You did? Which one did you get?' she asked excitedly, laying down her magazine; 'the Ulysses or the Achilles?'

'Don't tempt me to indulge my vanity,' I begged. 'I bought a new car yesterday, and I trust it will prove a good car. The meat is very tender this morning. Is there more of that article?'

There was and she read it, but the tenderness of the bacon so distracted me that I caught only the words, — and they seemed to be the closing ones, — "'the evening star flickers in the sky. Would it profit anything, I wonder, to know whether it is Jupiter or Venus?'"

'These tuberous vegetables don't bake so well as the last lot we had,' I remarked. 'That doctrine — if it may be called a doctrine — is a queer one. Pretty thin, I'd say.'

'Do you know what magazine I've been reading from?'

'No, I do not.'

'The *Atlantic*!'

'And pray, my dear, what does it profit me to know whether you have been reading to me from the Atlantic or the Mediterranean?' I asked.

My wife was hurt. I was sorry she was hurt. The conversation, during the remainder of the meal, was not a success. After she had left the table, I sneaked the magazine from the stand where she had laid it, searched for, found, and read 'Of Names.' It was delightful, just as my wife had said. I had finished it and was lighting my cigar when she called to me, 'Oh, Tom, come here and see the birds pecking the pieces of suet we hung out yesterday. There's a cardinal, two juncos, a blue jay, a dozen or more English sparrows, and one I don't know at all. Hurry, and see if you recognize it!'

I hurried, but on the way I indulged in one of my stock remarks: 'The female mind is a funny proposition.'